The Saturday Evening
POST
September 2, 1961 – 15¢

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What Africa Really Needs

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

WIT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

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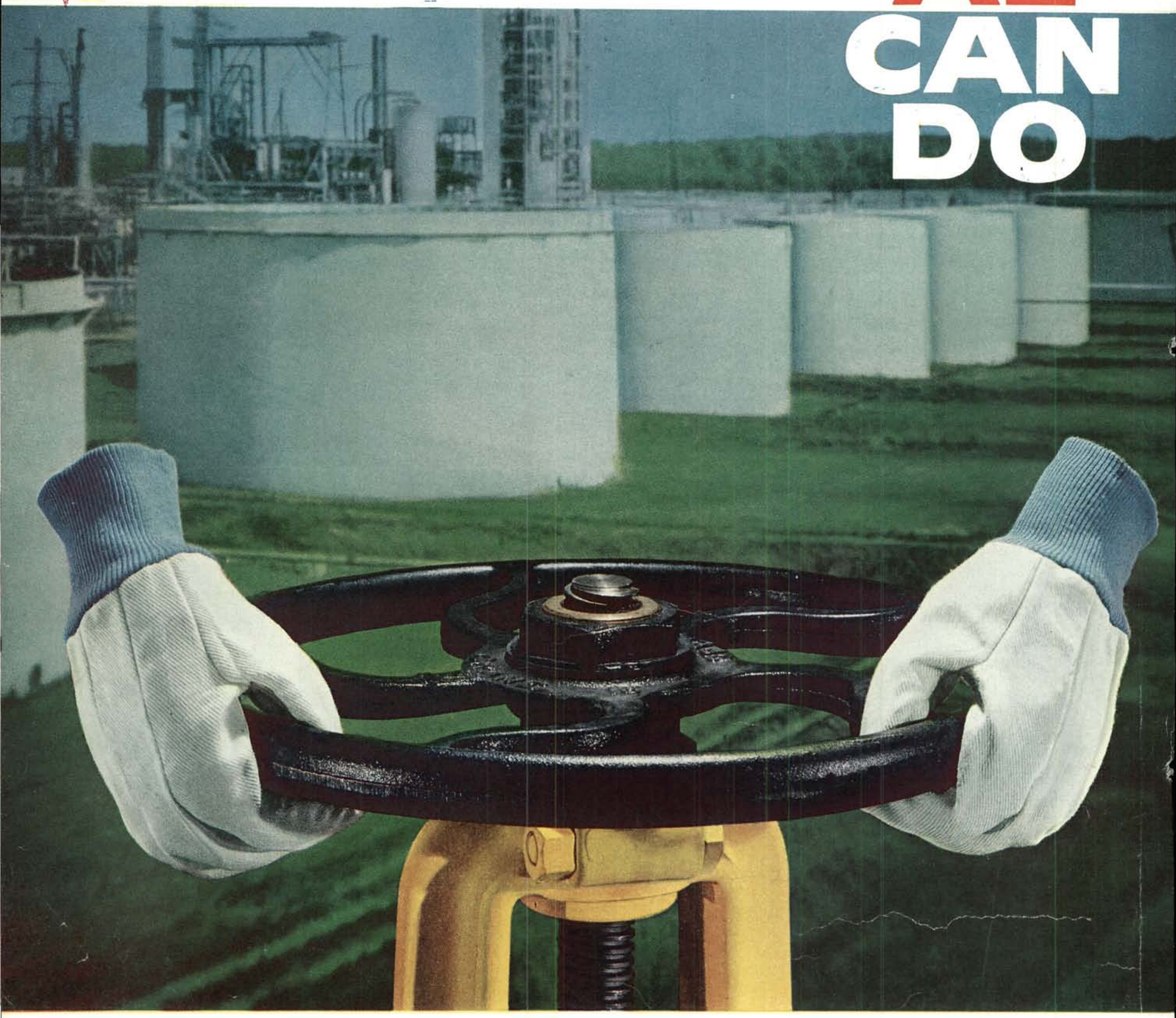

remote control system for pipelines

Today, oil and gas pipeline companies can substantially boost operating efficiency, cut costs and increase profits with AE's new Supervisory Pipeline System.

With this automatic system a single dispatcher at a central location can start or stop remote pumping stations, open or close valves, or perform any other "on-off" function.

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Remote control and supervision solves many problems for the pipeline industry . . . just as it can in *any* field.

If you're looking for the solution to *your* control problem, write the Director, System Sales, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

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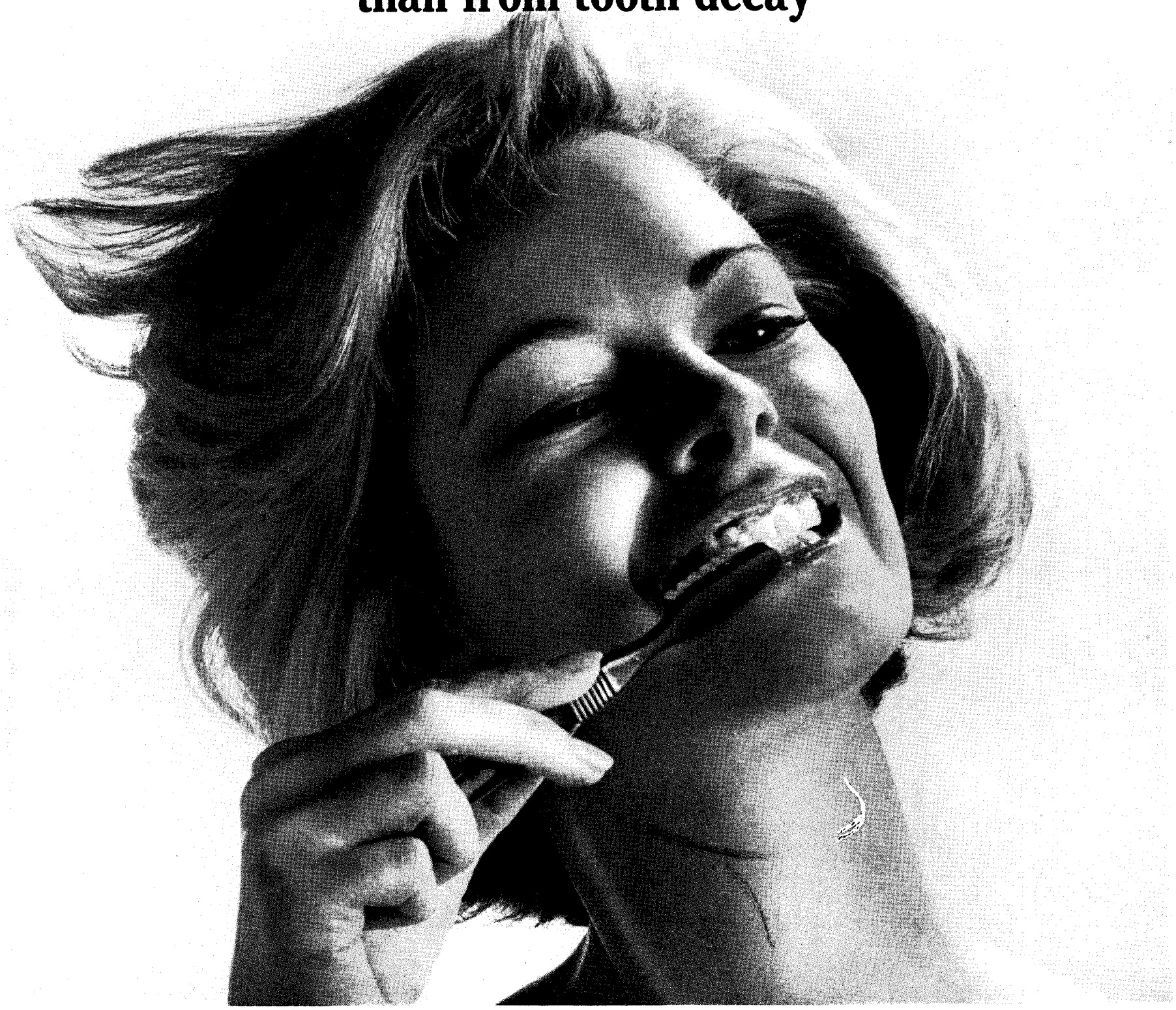
Dental authorities agree:
You can lose more teeth from gum troubles than from tooth decay



How brushing with new Ipana® helps you protect your gums as you protect your teeth

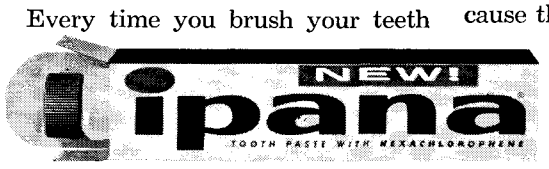
Don't just do half the job! Gum troubles are often caused by tartar that forms on teeth when soft film is not properly cleansed away. Dental statistics prove that it is gum troubles, not tooth decay, that cause most loss of teeth after age 14. So don't do just half the job. Protect your gums as you protect your teeth.

If you brush properly with new Ipana with hexachlorophene, you can help prevent gum trouble due to tartar before it starts. Ipana's film-removing agents help you brush away the soft film that naturally forms on teeth before it hardens into tartar that irritates and inflames gums.

Only your dentist or dental hygienist can remove tartar once it hardens. But proper brushing, according to Ipana directions, can help prevent tartar before it attacks gums.

A superior decay fighter, too! Laboratory tests prove that new Ipana kills more decay germs than any other leading tooth paste—even the leading fluoride tooth paste!

Every time you brush your teeth with new Ipana with hexachlorophene, you destroy decay germs by the millions. Laboratory tests have shown that other tooth pastes leave behind many more decay germs because they don't have Ipana's superior germ-killing power.



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

Proper cleansing of teeth with Ipana helps protect your gums as you protect your teeth. Get new Ipana!

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your physician is many things to many people... STUDENT

FOURTH OF A SERIES

why your doctor never stops learning

The practice of medicine is a unique thing. It requires of the physician one of the longest educational training programs to be undergone by anyone in any field of endeavor.

What's more, the studying does not stop when he finally receives his diploma and license. To remain even modestly well informed about the flood of new discoveries being made in the field of medicine, the physician must continue to be a student for as long as he practices... studying medical journals, attending medical meetings, reading new technical books. (For instance, in the past year there were 738 articles dealing with new medical discoveries and techniques published in the Journal of the American Medical Association alone.) Everyone has to stay up to date with his job to remain effective. Physicians are not unique in that. But the stakes are higher if a physician fails to keep abreast of his field. The stakes are health and life itself... *your* health and life.

Is it any wonder that medical practice is considered by all of us as something more than a routine service? It is a close, *personal* relationship between physician and patient which is based on trust, respect, and confidence. It is a relationship which demands the continuing study and the high standards of professional competence which have long been the hallmark of the medical profession.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

The setting of this depressing encounter is not fifty miles from nowhere. This *is* nowhere. Artist George Hughes pieced together the landscape from some of the more desolate terrain of the Southwest, where the skies are not cloudy all day and where seldom is heard a discouraging word. Both pedestrians on our cover have, however, been subjected to some rather discouraging words: Exactly 2.6 miles in either direction is a fuelless automobile, and in each automobile sits a wife who was ignored earlier in the day when she suggested, "Don't you think we'd better stop? The sign at that station says, Last Gas for 40 Miles." And you should have heard the discouraging mutterings when these chastised males discovered that their spare-gas cans were drier than a sun-baked skull.

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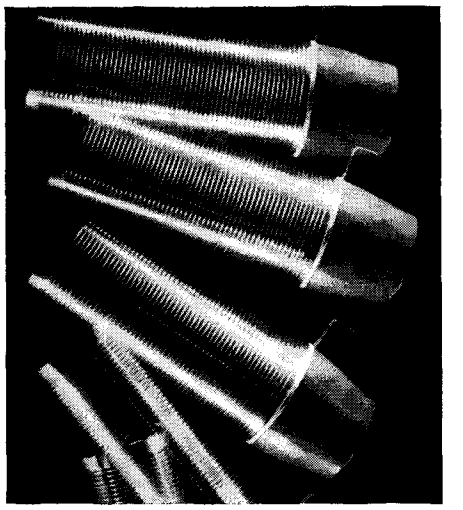

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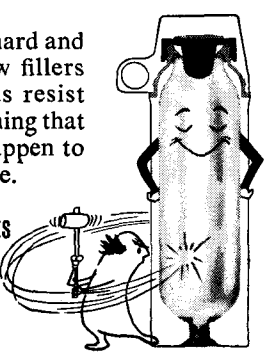

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HAGGAR Slacks

designs "Bowler" slacks (shown) for ease of action. New beltless model has popular extension waistband front and wide, harmonizing side bands that expand and contract with every movement. At better stores, or write Haggar Co., Dallas, Texas.

Letters

Drivers Examine Our Examination Report

Dear Sirs:

With the article by O. D. Shipley [I SAY RE-EXAMINE ALL AUTO DRIVERS, July 29] there was a large and shocking photograph of an automobile accident with a caption stating that the driver of the automobile was *deaf*. This gave the impression that deaf drivers are one of the types of drivers who are dangerous and should not be allowed to drive.

The article itself did *not* classify deaf drivers as being dangerous. The reason for this is that it has been repeatedly proven that deaf drivers, as a group, are not dangerous. On the contrary, they are among the safest of all drivers. Their superior alertness and lack of distractions give them one of the lowest accident rates of any type of driver.

LOWELL J. MYERS, *Attorney at Law*
Member, National Assn. of the Deaf
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion the courts are much too lax in suspending licenses from drivers included in your article. This clipping [below] from the Cleveland *Press*, July 24, 1961, is one example.

MRS. J. WHINERY
Brook Park, Ohio

Deaf Mute Fails to Hear Train, Wife Is Killed

A woman was killed and three other persons injured last night in a crash at the unguarded Erie Railroad crossing on Pettibone Rd. in Bainbridge.

The four occupants of the auto which collided with the train were deaf mutes who

Police said that the driver unable to hear the diesel whistle, drove onto the tracks as the train approached.

Dear Sirs:

You have done a disservice to countless deaf drivers who daily compensate for their hearing loss by extra visual alertness. The driver of that car died because he was obviously inattentive. Deafness, per se, had little bearing on the matter.

H. LATHAM BREUNIG
Indianapolis, Ind.

● *Mr. Shipley says, "Deafness does not rule a driver off the highway under our program. The Pennsylvania Medical Society, in recommending standards to us, felt that loss of hearing could be adequately compensated for in most cases." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I felt I just had to write you concerning my experience. I went to my family doctor for a physical. The extent of my physical consisted of my handing the doctor the form; he asked me how I felt; I said "fine"; he checked off everything negative and told me he would mail it in. I had not had a physical since a year previous and had not had to have the doctor for myself for approximately the same period. I sincerely felt I should have had a complete physical.

Mine is not a unique experience, as others whom I have talked to have gone through the same thing. Their comments have been, "So what? He was my family doctor; he knows me." (How many people go to a strange doctor for a physical?)

My point is: The law requires a physical that a large number of applicants are not receiving, thereby defeating the purpose of the new law and keeping potential "killers" on the roads.

DOROTHY GRIMES
Sharon Hill, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

After one reads Mr. Shipley's article, it would appear that this topic should be number one on the agenda of the next meeting of the governors of these United States. Pennsylvania just cannot meet the driver-competency problem alone. And what about standardizing some of our traffic laws too?

RUSSELL BURKHARD
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

My only regret is that Mr. Shipley neglected to mention the drinking—but not necessarily drunk—driver who in many competent studies has been shown to be the cause of over 50 per cent of fatal automobile accidents.

J. ALBERT SCHAEFER, M.D.
Cazenovia, N.Y.

● *Author Shipley says, "While I agree that the drinking driver is a serious menace, this is primarily a law-enforcement problem that was beyond the scope of the article."—ED.*

Shocking or Sparkling?

Dear Sirs:

All countries have their brash and uncouth, but the printing of BEAUTY CONTEST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE [by Mary Higgins Clark, July 22] proves our lack of taste shows a bit more. . . . And then we are puzzled when Canadians and others can't stand us "nice people."

MRS. GENE L. CAMP
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I hereby propose Mary Higgins Clark as secretary of state or ambassador to the

United Nations. With her wit, perceptiveness and diplomacy, she could solve all the world's problems to everyone's satisfaction.

MARIA SERMOLINO
Westport, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I cannot speak for the citizens of the other countries mentioned in the story,

(Continued on Page 6)

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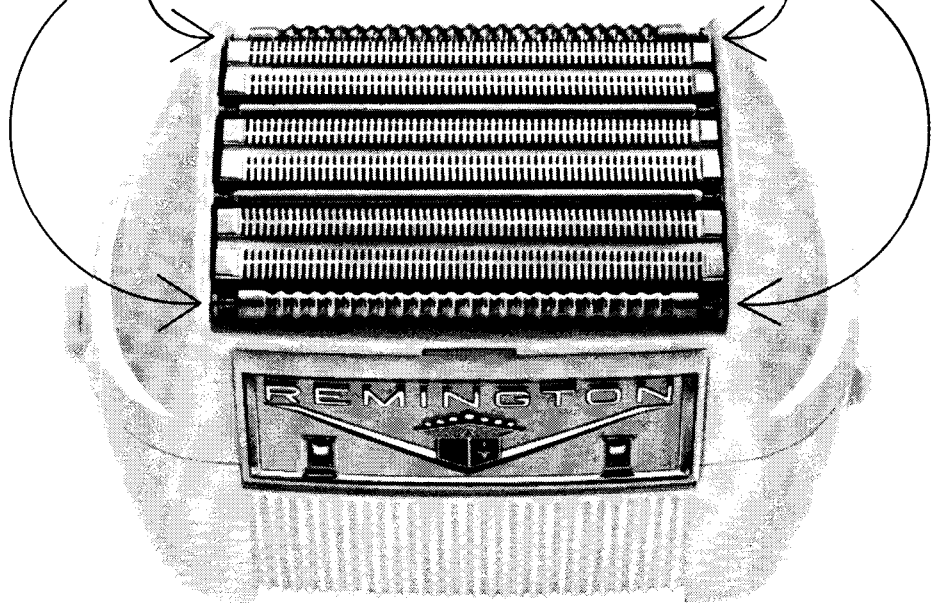
"The Dermatologists' Report"* on shaving took over a year to complete. In that time:

- Close to 1,000 shaving instruments and devices were employed
- 5 leading electric shavers were tested
- The best-selling single- and double-edge razor blades were tested
- 249 male subjects were observed

At its completion, the study revealed:

The electric shaver with adjustable roller combs gave the safest close shave of any shaving instrument, blade or electric

This is the shaver: The Remington® Roll-A-Matic®...
and only Remington shavers have
these adjustable roller combs



*This year-long medical study was the subject of a paper read at a medical convention and was recently published in a leading medical journal. The study and many of its findings have subsequently been reported in newspapers across the country.

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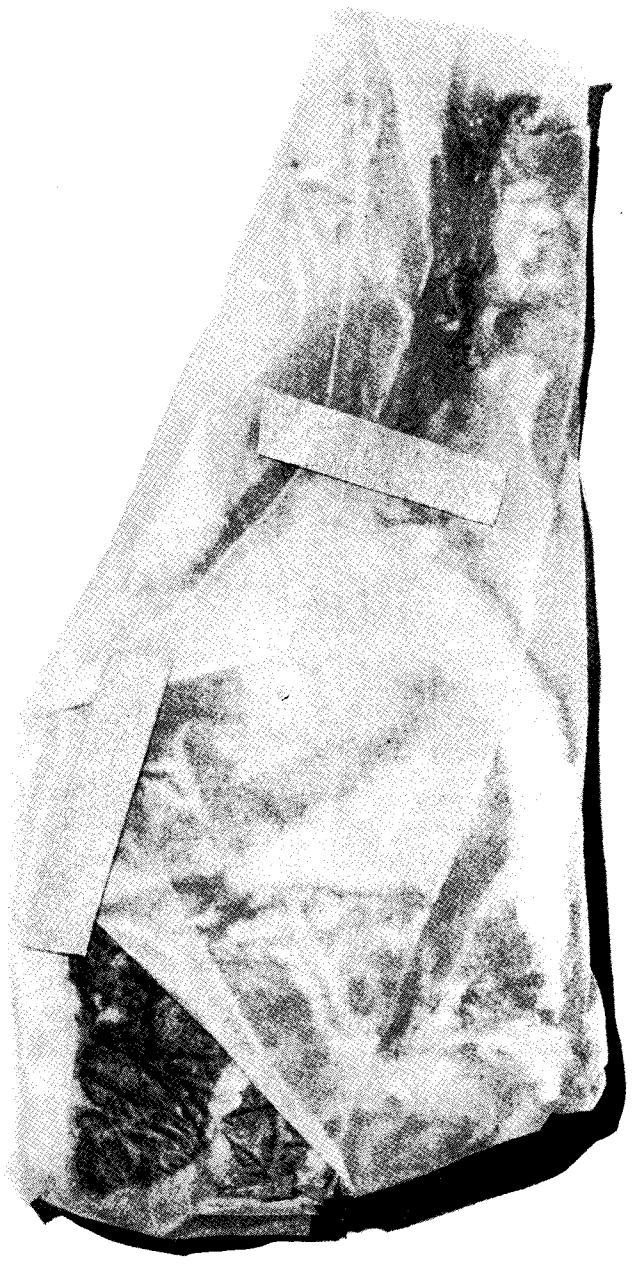

Seal taste in T-Bones with "Scotch" Brand Freezer Tape. Porterhouse...pork chops...any meat you freeze stays flavorful and fresh when you seal your freezer packages with "Scotch" Brand Freezer Tape! Sticks tight to every freezer wrap...actually grips tighter the colder it gets so packages won't pop open! 35¢ and 98¢. In handy cutter-edge boxes! And remember, also look for "Scotch" Brand Plastic Tape·Masking Tape 33 Electrical Tape·Transparent Tape --- Tape is a tool—choose the best tape for the job → "Scotch" Brand!

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...WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

but as a subject of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, I can and will say that never have I read or expected to read any fiction which displayed such execrable taste in a magazine of your caliber.

Americans are constantly asking in print and otherwise why they are not as popular as they would wish to be in countries other than their own. This story provides an excellent answer. It displays all of the poor taste, lack of respect for traditions of others and total disregard of the feelings of nationalities other than American that one has come to expect from many Americans.

MRS. P. WHITCOMB
Malden, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I hope you had to pay a good stiff price for BEAUTY CONTEST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Because it's priceless.

CAROL WESTLAKE MOLITOR
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The popularity of the U.S. has hit a record low here since I arrived from Connecticut three weeks ago. Despite President Kennedy's "panic button" speeches, the trouble really started with that *appalling* story by Mary Higgins Clark! While people here regard Americans as "overgrown children," this sort of trash does nothing to alleviate that impression. . . . and naturally this story has found its way into the newspapers already. The remarks between the Queen and Philip, not to mention Fabiola and the Queen of Iran's musings, were highly insulting to say the least.

ROSALYN MORAN
London, England

Dear Sirs:

When I first started to read the story I was thoroughly irate. "There!", I thought, "Those Americans are casting slurs at our Queen again. Have they no respect for anyone or anything?" I was about ready to throw out the magazine, for I'm a true-blue Royalist. . . . It took me a while to see the funny side, but before I finished I was laughing out loud. It takes something like this story to make us realize that, after all, these people are human too. I'm sending you a pat on the back from one Canadian who doesn't belong to the "Yankee-Go-Home Club" or mind a little teasing about our Queen Bess.

SHIRLEY M. PRICE
Dartmouth, N.S.

Let's Be Friends

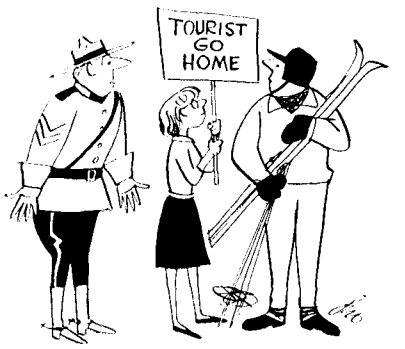
Dear Sirs:

Your Letters [July 22] in answer to ARE THE CANADIANS STILL OUR FRIENDS? [by Harold H. Martin, June 17] really upset me. Don't they [the Canadians] realize that there are Canadian people who are also loud, drunk, and ask foolish questions. I could easily say that I hate Canadians too . . . but that would not be true, even though we did have an unfortunate incident happen to us there. Some people, approximately twenty-five, were very rude to us . . . but we realize that there are people like that all over the world and that isn't going to stop us from going over to Canada and enjoying their beautiful country. . . . We love Canada and the people there, and we hope the feeling will be mutual.

I. WEST
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

The letter from the thirteen-year-old miss who, along with her friends, doesn't "like Americans" shows a rather startling antagonism. Does it occur to Ruth Anne Ashman that we, too, could be critical of some of the traits we observe when



Canadians visit our country? We accept our visitors as they are out of our courtesy toward them. Ruth Anne will do well to remember, as she matures, that . . . hate programs have caused most of the troubles the world has been subjected to over the years.

MRS. C. A. PAQUETTE
Yuma, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Of course Americans are our friends, and I hope they always will be. I'm tired of hearing of the so-called faults Americans have; we have enough of our own.

D. P. KELLER
Edmonton, Alberta

Split Personality?

● *Our readers differ somewhat in answer to our renewal and subscription notices.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I would not consider subscribing to this magazine since you seem to have become a propaganda sheet for the Kennedy administration.

MRS. R. FISCHER
Grand Junction, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Nuts to you—you bunch of Kennedy haters.

LEO DIDUR
Parsippany, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

When my subscription expires I certainly will not renew, as your editorials are so medieval and reactionary.

S. REINDORF
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We just canceled our subscription. We just could not support a magazine with such liberal, left-wing writers.

MR. AND MRS. CRAIG A. TIPS
Dallas, Tex.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
11–Frank Ross. • 12–Three by Bill Shrout; Frank Ross. • 13–Bill Shrout; Frank Ross. 14, 15 Don DeMauro. • 16, 17 Gus Pasquarella. • 18–Lynn Buckham. • 19–Magnum. 20, 21–Mary S. Spencer. • 22, 23–Don W. Jones. • 24–Frank Ross. United Press International. • 25 Bruce Bomberger. • 26, 27–Camera Press (Pix). • 28, 29–Stan Galli. 30, 31–Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–James R. Bingham. • 42–Westinghouse. • 49–Map by Jacques Fliess. • 70–Frank Ross. • 71–Map by Zon Yonkovig. • 74–Mary S. Spencer; Ollie Atkins; U.S. Air Force; Columbine.

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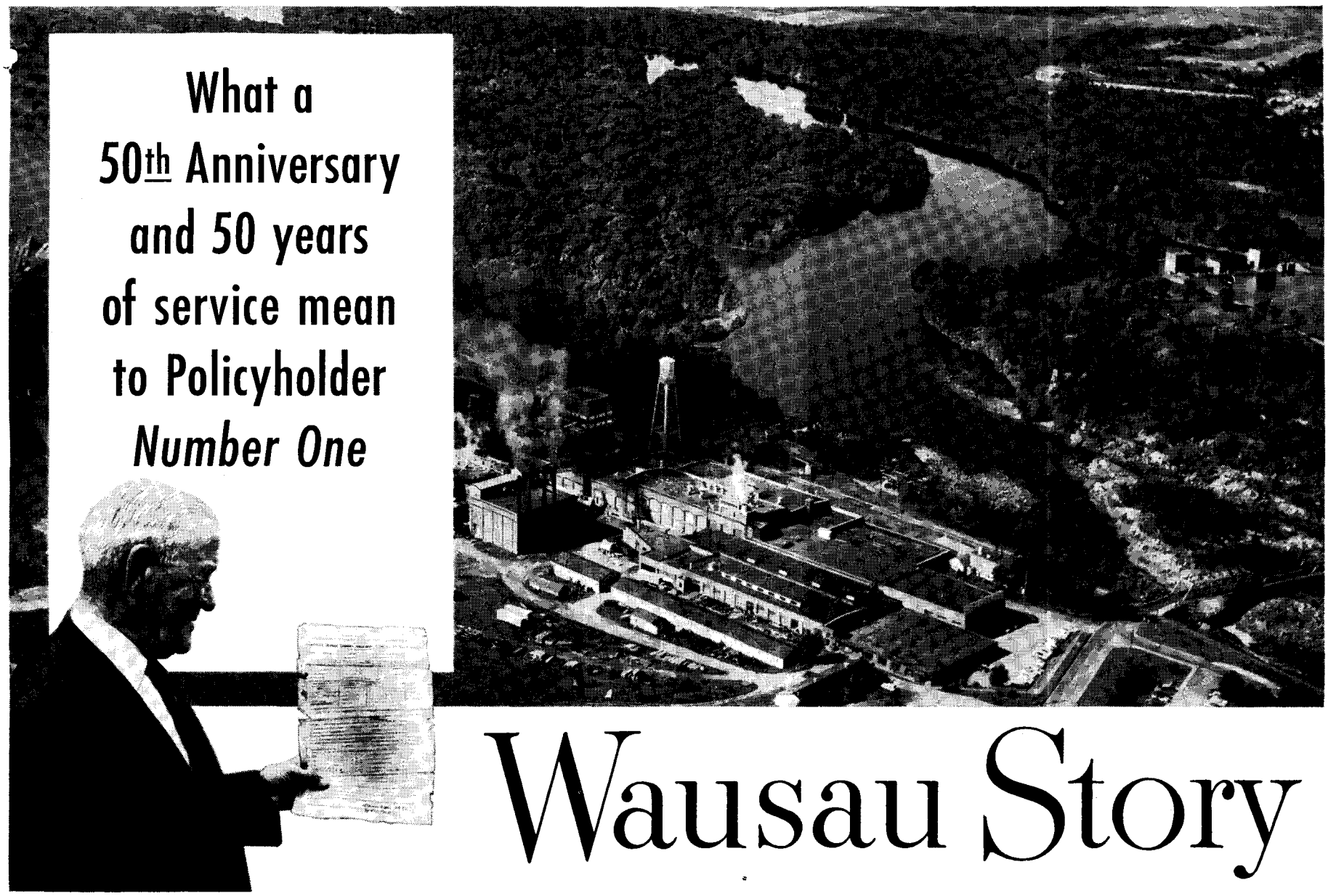


Wausau Story

by **NORMAN S. STONE,** *President*
Mosinee Paper Mills Company, Mosinee, Wisconsin

"No one knows better than we do that Employers Mutuals of Wausau deserves the reputation for being 'Good people to do business with'.

"On September the first, 1911, the new mutual insurance company opened its doors for business. That same day, we became a policyholder, the first policyholder. And Employers Mutuals has been working with us for the full fifty years since Policy Number 1 was signed.

"We were a new company ourselves. We had just put into operation the first integrated sulphate pulp and paper mill in North America. The 85 men employed represented 85 reasons why the men behind this new mill abhorred the necessity of going to court over the just claims of injured workmen. But the old Liability Laws left no other choice. That's why we joined other companies in hailing the passage in Wisconsin of the first constitutionally upheld Workmen's Compensation Law in the United States.

"The problem was to make this law work . . . and work right. That was the express purpose behind the founding of the insurance company known now as Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

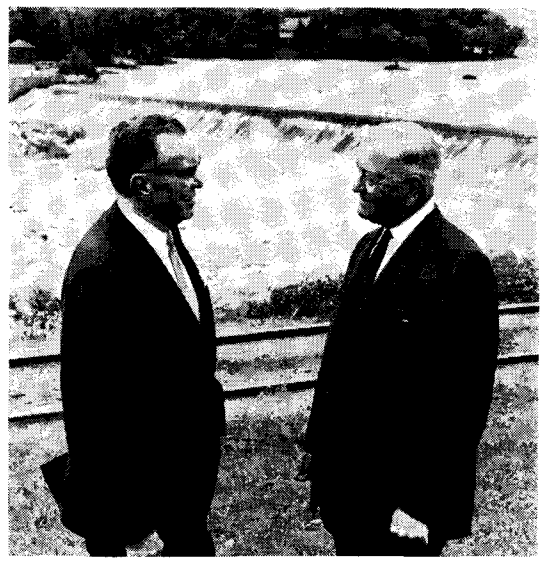
"In the 50 years we've been policyholders, Employers Mutuals safety engineers and specialists have helped us work safely. When a claim is made, it's settled promptly and with fairness. Every Employers Mutuals' service is performed with efficiency and dispatch . . . and an extra measure of devotion and personal interest. Priceless as performance like this is, the actual cost in dollars and cents to us has represented a substantial saving.

"You see, it isn't sentiment that has kept the first policy in force for 50 years. It's hard-headed business sense. Every day, with every part of their service, Employers Mutuals continue to prove they are 'Good people to do business with'."

★ ★ ★

Thank you, Mr. Stone, for telling us what our 50th anniversary and our service mean to you. To us, our anniversary is a challenge. We want to maintain and to build on the principles that have guided our work for 50 years.

We have 138 offices throughout the country to provide prompt and thorough service for our policyholders. We write all forms of fire, group health and accident, and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest Employers Mutuals representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

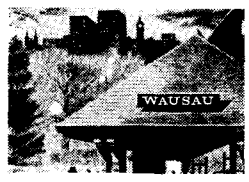


Mr. J. M. Sweitzer (left), President of Employers Mutuals of Wausau, visited Mr. Stone recently for this first-hand report.

September 1, the 50th anniversary of Employers Mutuals of Wausau, is designated as Safety Re-Dedication Day. All our policyholders are asked to join us in re-dedicating ourselves in continuing to work together for safety.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

PIONEER UNDERWRITER OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION INSURANCE IN AMERICA



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Editorials

Why Not Let the Elderly Earn All They Can?

By BRUCE BLIVEN

A controversial feature of the Social Security law is the one that restricts the earnings of the beneficiaries between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-two. Congress seems to have an uneasy conscience about this matter; repeatedly, since the law was first passed in 1935, the regulation has been liberalized. According to the most recent change, the beneficiary must give up only one dollar for each two dollars that he earns between $1200 and $1500, and one dollar for each one dollar earned above $1500.

A good many people feel that the restriction on earnings ought to be abolished entirely, and numerous bills have been introduced to bring this about. Among the arguments in favor of such action are these.

ONE: Elderly people need the money. More than one third of all Americans beyond sixty-five have no income except Social Security payments. A study made in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, showed that the average retired couple was receiving a total of $110 a month at a time when the cost of living for two persons was reckoned at $186.

TWO: This law discriminates against those who must work for their living. You may receive unlimited amounts as dividends, interest, pensions, annuities or rentals, without having your Social Security affected.

THREE: Conditions have completely changed since the law was passed in 1935, when the great depression was severe. It was intended to force people out of the labor market. Today, in view of our grim contest with Soviet Russia, we need every bit of productive power this nation possesses.

FOUR: Health experts are unanimous in saying that elderly people ought to do at least some work to preserve their physical and mental vigor.

FIVE: We now have the anomalous situation where the Government is making a big propaganda drive to persuade industry to hire and retain older workers, and then punishes these workers for accepting employment.

That repeal of this limitation would be overwhelmingly popular with the country there is little doubt. However, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has in the recent past opposed abolition of the restriction. Its arguments are these.

ONE: It would be expensive. The number of persons receiving benefits would be increased by about 1,400,000; the immediate cost would be $2,000,000,000 a year; and the long-range cost would require an increase of 1 per cent in the payroll tax.

TWO: Most of those now receiving Social Security are not well enough to work for wages.

THREE: Social Security was never intended to be a pension or annuity, but insurance against the hazard of unemployment in old age.

Those who favor abolition of the restriction reply that the actual cost to the economy as a whole would not be nearly so large as the figure quoted indicates, whatever the effect on the cost structure of the Social Security system.

Abolition of the restriction would reduce the work of those keeping the records, who now alter thousands of monthly checks in accordance with the changing pattern of work.

The Government would obtain a substantial sum in income taxes on the increased earnings of those now receiving Social Security.

In many cases people who cannot live on their Social Security benefits—since the dollar has lost half its purchasing power in the past two decades—are a burden on local relief rolls. Permitted to earn as much as they can, some of these would require less help from community agencies, or none.

Almost every cent of the extra money that would be earned would go into buying consumer goods.

As to the health of elderly people, a report by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare itself, in September, 1960, states that only 36 per cent of those between sixty-five and seventy-two "were unable [because of chronic conditions] to carry on their usual activity or had some limitation in the kind or amount of activity."

While it may be true that Social Security was not intended as an annuity or pension, it is in fact so regarded today by nearly everybody—including the 1,400,000 who have paid Social Security taxes in the past and are now prohibited from receiving any benefits.

And finally, some people would argue that if the restriction on earnings is socially undesirable, it should be repealed even though this would at first cost a substantial sum.

Pesticides Are Good Friends, But Can Be Dangerous Enemies if Used by Zealots

Although chemical sprays for trees and crops have been essential to agriculture for more than two generations, the indiscriminate use of certain insecticides in recent years is disturbing. Today there are hundreds of powerful preparations on the market which too often are scattered broadcast by airplane in vast quantities and without due care.

One of the work horses of the insecticide group is DDT, which does a remarkable job in killing off bugs and worms. It also kills birds, fish and small game. Some chemists are wondering out loud whether the stuff really is as harmless to the human system as claimed, and the Federal Government will not allow milk to be shipped interstate if it shows any trace of DDT. Tests have shown that once DDT is ingested into the human body, it never leaves. It is indestructible.

A special study done on the Michigan State University campus at East Lansing, by Dr. George J. Wallace, professor of zoology, was revealing. In an area that had about 370 robins in 1954, only fifteen could be found in 1957, after three years of intensive spraying for elm-bark beetles and mosquitoes. Hundreds of dying robins, jerking and trembling, were brought to Dr. Walter Nickell, at the Cranbrook Institute of Science, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, but he was unable to save a single bird. The robins had ingested the poison when they ate earthworms, which had picked it up from decayed leaves that had fallen from the sprayed trees.

Robins are not the only birds to suffer from the sprays. Bluebirds have been decimated in many places. Chickadees, warblers, nuthatches, woodpeckers, titmice, blue jays, thrashers, grackles, flickers and other varieties have suffered alarming declines in numbers.

Perhaps one of the worst examples of misused insecticides can be seen in Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, where a massive extermination program is being carried out against the fire ant. The fire ant is undoubtedly a miserable pest to have around, but it is doubtful that the program justifies the slaughter of millions of birds, fish and small game.

For all these reasons it is encouraging that the Federal Government is setting up a special pesticides coordinating committee to look into the whole matter. One of the group's first tasks will be a close look at the operation of the fire-ant program.

The sad thing about all this is that the new chemicals, properly used, are a tremendous boon to the farmer. Without them our bountiful agricultural plant would be twenty-five years behind the times. But there is no doubt that these new pesticides are not meant to be broadcast from the air willy-nilly on every hamlet that is bothered with mosquitoes.

According to the not exactly complacent Doctor Wallace, "The current widespread and ever-expanding pesticide program poses the greatest threat that animal life in North America has ever faced—worse than deforestation, worse than market hunting and illegal shooting, worse than drainage, drought or oil pollution, and possibly worse than all of these decimating factors combined." If the programs are not curbed, he adds, "we shall have been witnesses, within a single decade, to a greater extermination of animal life than has occurred in all the previous years of man's history on earth."

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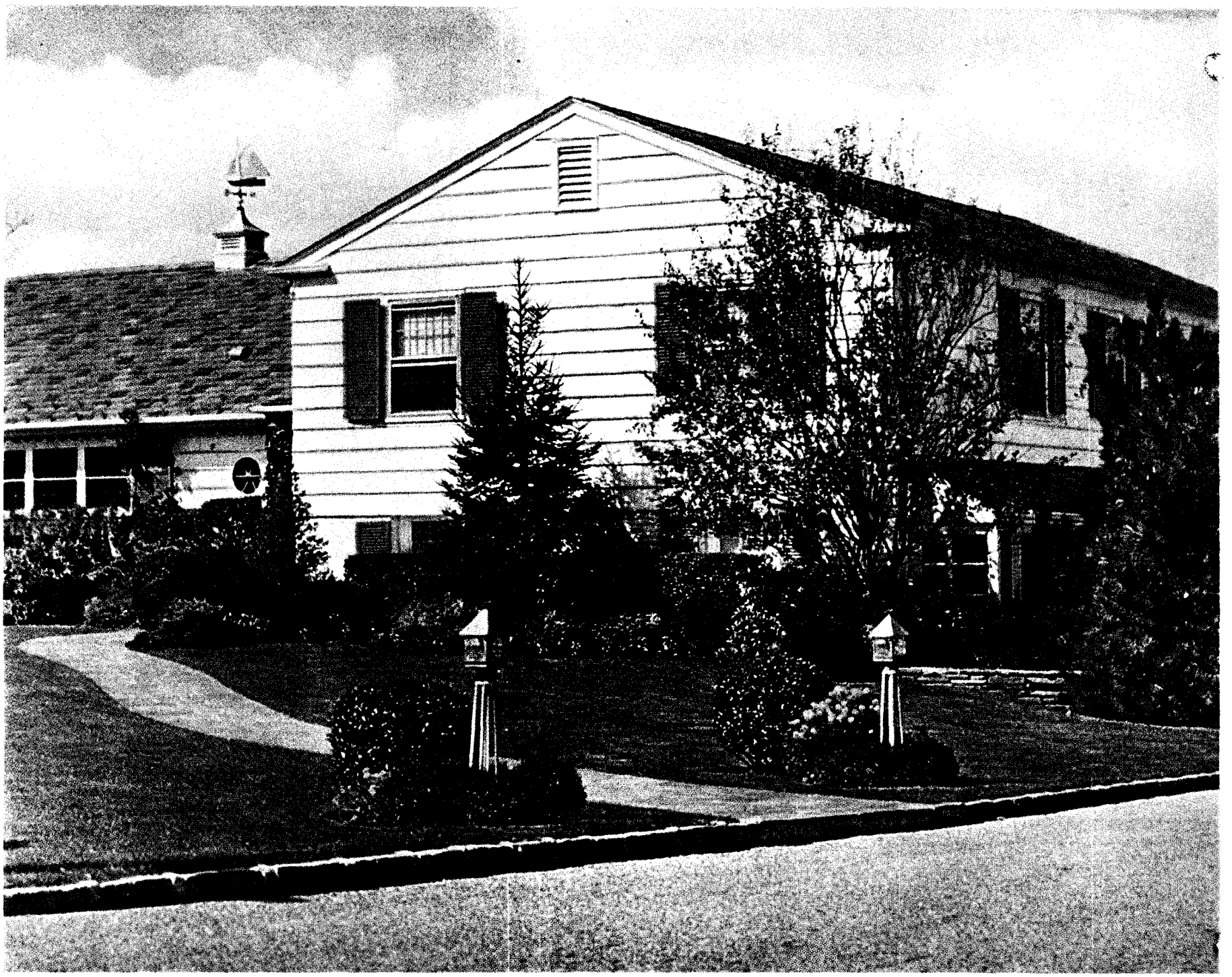

Recent photograph of the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gerstein, 25 Tideway, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y., over 5 years after painting with "Dutch Boy" House Paint.

Homeowners call "Dutch Boy"

"the 5-year house paint"

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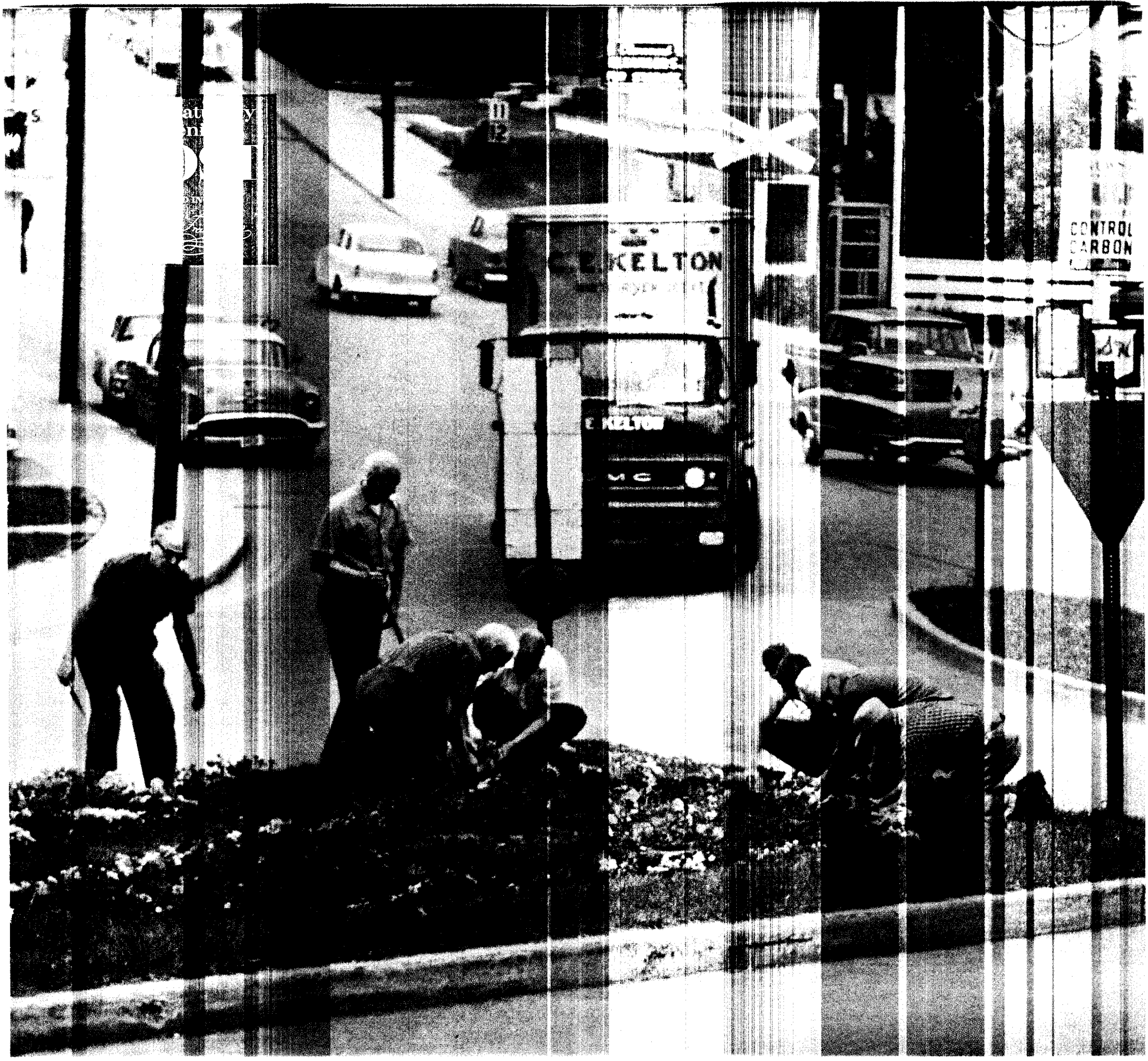

Claremont, N.H.: In the evening after work, men's-garden-club members turn out to brighten up a traffic island with petunias and sweet alyssum.

TEN THOUSAND MEN WITH TROWELS

Garden clubs, once strictly for the girls, now swarm with men who often beat the ladies in the prize-winning department.

By HODDING CARTER

Every Christmas at Merced, California, garden-club members hold a holiday party for charity. They bring blooming plants, tenderly nurtured, to be auctioned off; and baskets of groceries and gifts for small children, to go to the needy. To top off the occasion, they cook and serve dinner for their spouses.

What makes the Merced garden club's activity unusual, if not eye-opening, is the fact that the group consists entirely of men. The club-cooked dinner is a wife pacifier or gracious gesture to mates who have been shut out of all-male debates on the relative beauty of various roses, or whose gardening has been restricted to pulling crabgrass under masculine direction.

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Left: A squad of garden clubbers in Jackson, Miss., at work on a nature trail. The man on the ladder is Bryant Horne, president-elect of Men's Garden Clubs of America.

Below: For St. Louisans who can't tell a hawthorn from a hemlock, John Owens and his club have name-tagged 5000 trees and shrubs in the Missouri Botanical Garden.

Below: A "Youth Garden" in Rockford, Ill. Each youngster gets his own plot, and veteran gardeners help him make it bear. More than 500 children participate.

The Merced club, founded ten years ago in the rumpus room of Dr. Earl Koepke, its first president, soon showed the ladies and all comers some fancy tricks in gardening. Its entries at the annual county fair have taken four firsts and five seconds to date. Branching into civic projects, the club established a hothouse at Merced County Hospital for the aged there; renovated and landscaped a lovely fountain in Applegate Park, and obtained and planted shrubbery and trees for grounds of the new Merced Union High School.

In invading the feminine field of organized gardening, the Merced group has plenty of company. From a small, dirt-smudged beginning twenty-nine years ago, the Men's Garden Clubs of America now musters 234 clubs in forty states and claims more than 10,000 members who will dig and cultivate at the drop of a narcissus bulb.

The busy thousands of male gardeners present a robust line-up. Among them are admirals and generals, industrialists, truck drivers, salesmen, clergymen, firemen, and even some farmers, bent on proving that their green thumbs are versatile. All are shirt-sleeved, hard-toiling enthusiasts who hold their hobby high. Any ultramasculine cynic who disdains gardening as too dainty for men may be awarded a hypothetical bouquet of poison ivy and—far worse—haled to work on one of the major projects of the men's garden clubs.

If there is one thing that distinguishes the men's groups from the ladylike pruning and picking of the women's organizations it is their avidity for heavy-labor undertakings which would have thrown a WPA project of twenty-five years ago into low gear. Under the heading of Community Improvement, the spade-and-trowel men have wrought some roadside and hillside wonders.

The 150 members of the Rockford, Illinois, club march forth shovel in hand and plant trees at each of the community's three schools every Arbor Day. They then turn them over to the youngsters to be raised, so that every child will appreciate the value of trees to the community. Every May, when the danger of frost is past, the club conducts a fund-raising Petunia Day. Some $4000 in proceeds went into converting an unsightly weed patch on a main highway into a beautifully planted arboretum. "This," says club president Leland E. Fetzer, "serves two purposes: It shows new homeowners what any given tree they plant should look like in a few years, and it teaches children how to identify the different trees in our area."

The Rockford club is currently sponsoring and financing a "Youth Garden" project with more than 500 children participating. Naturally it holds an annual flower show. It also conducts a prize-award program for the best lawns every month.

The Men's Garden Club of Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, believes in visual aids to foster interest in trees and shrubs. It made individual name plates for more than 5000

Lancaster, Pa.: At a garden-club cookout, a member examines his host's roses critically. The Lancaster club is the only men's group in the national association willing to take in women—but as associate members only.

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Tulsa, Okla.: Arthur Truex (in light coat) is a rose fanatic in a rose-crazy city. His garden boasts 600 rose bushes and, in the foreground, iris.

in the lovely Missouri Botanical Garden, and went around tagging each with its proper name.

One of the most extensive and outstanding beautification projects adorns the lush, rambling Riverside Park, close by the Pearl River in Jackson, capital of Mississippi. It is a nature trail, brain child of Earl Holmes, a landscape engineer for the Mississippi Highway Department.

The men of the Jackson Garden Club spent interminable hours of backbreaking work on the wooded hillside that descends to the river. Aided by a handful of hired laborers, they pushed wheelbarrows and wielded axes and shovels to clear a path four feet wide and more than a mile long through one of the most diversified agglomerates of trees, shrubs and vines to be found in the South.

The original financing for the project consisted of $2000 from the Civitans Club of Jackson, plus $2000 borrowed by the garden club. The trail was opened nearly five years ago, but club members still toil every weekend to enhance its beauties.

Along the leafy path with its dogwood, papaws, white oaks and mulberries, the members have installed a rustic summer pavilion, a field house, a picturesque little bridge over a gorge, rest points, and feeding and watering stations for the birds and small animals. The path winds through a geologically fascinating area known as Fossil Gulch. There a waterfall, cascading into the Pearl River, lays bare four rock-and-clay formations—calcareous clay, limestone marl, lignite clay and sand, and coal—all easily visible.

In its twenty years the Jackson club has planted crab apples, oaks, azaleas and thousands of day lilies along the city streets. With fine practicality it encouraged the planting of hundreds of vegetable gardens during World War II and the Korean conflict. In more tranquil years it sponsors a flower show at the state fair. And, a few years back, seventy-five members turned out and painstakingly sodded the lawn of the governor's mansion.

Sodding the gubernatorial lawn was almost a point of honor with the proud Jacksonians, because their club first conceived the Lawn-of-the-Month plan to improve greensward generally. Under the plan, which is now almost nationwide, a secret committee selects outstanding lawns in each community for monthly recognition (Continued on Page 70)

Atlanta, Ga.: Garden-club president Philip Stokes, a retired rear admiral, became so fascinated with orchids that he went into business as a grower.

Male garden buffs from upstate New York, with their wives, on a visit to Rochester's celebrated pansy beds. Wives have whetted an enthusiasm for gardening in many a man.

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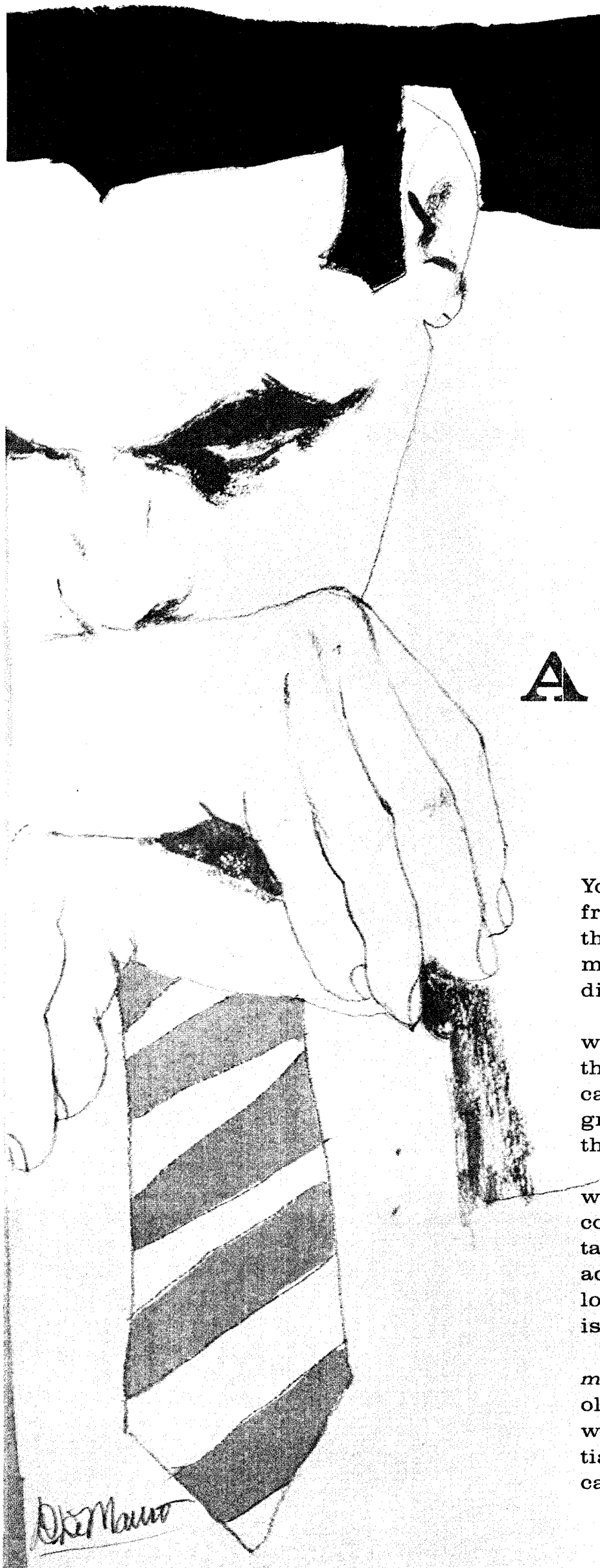

no man could love Daphne without being deviled by...

A KNOWLEDGE OF HER PAST

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

You would not have thought, to look at him, that my friend Apollo was a subject for tragedy. He had none of the great mournfulness of countenance that must have marked Macbeth and Oedipus. But calamity is not the divine right of kings alone.

Apollo played the guitar in the tavern of Ali Pasha, where I worked as a bartender. He was in his middle thirties and of average height. He appeared taller because he had a lean and hard body and moved with the grace of a flamenco dancer. He had strong white teeth that flashed in a warm and engaging smile.

In the evening, when the tables in the tavern filled with patrons, he would ascend the low platform in a corner of the large room. He played bright Greek mountain dances that made any feet but my swollen and aching ones itch to leap into the air. He played bucolic love songs of Zakynthos and Thessaly, and old-country island melodies that I remembered hearing as a boy.

Late at night as the smoke grew thicker and the *mastiha* ran freely down eager throats, a line of wild old men would rise to dance. They would circle and weave among the tables in a brisk Hassapiko or a martial Tsamiko that provided the leaders a chance for precarious leaps and hazardous jumps. continued on page 43

Illustrated by Don DeMauro

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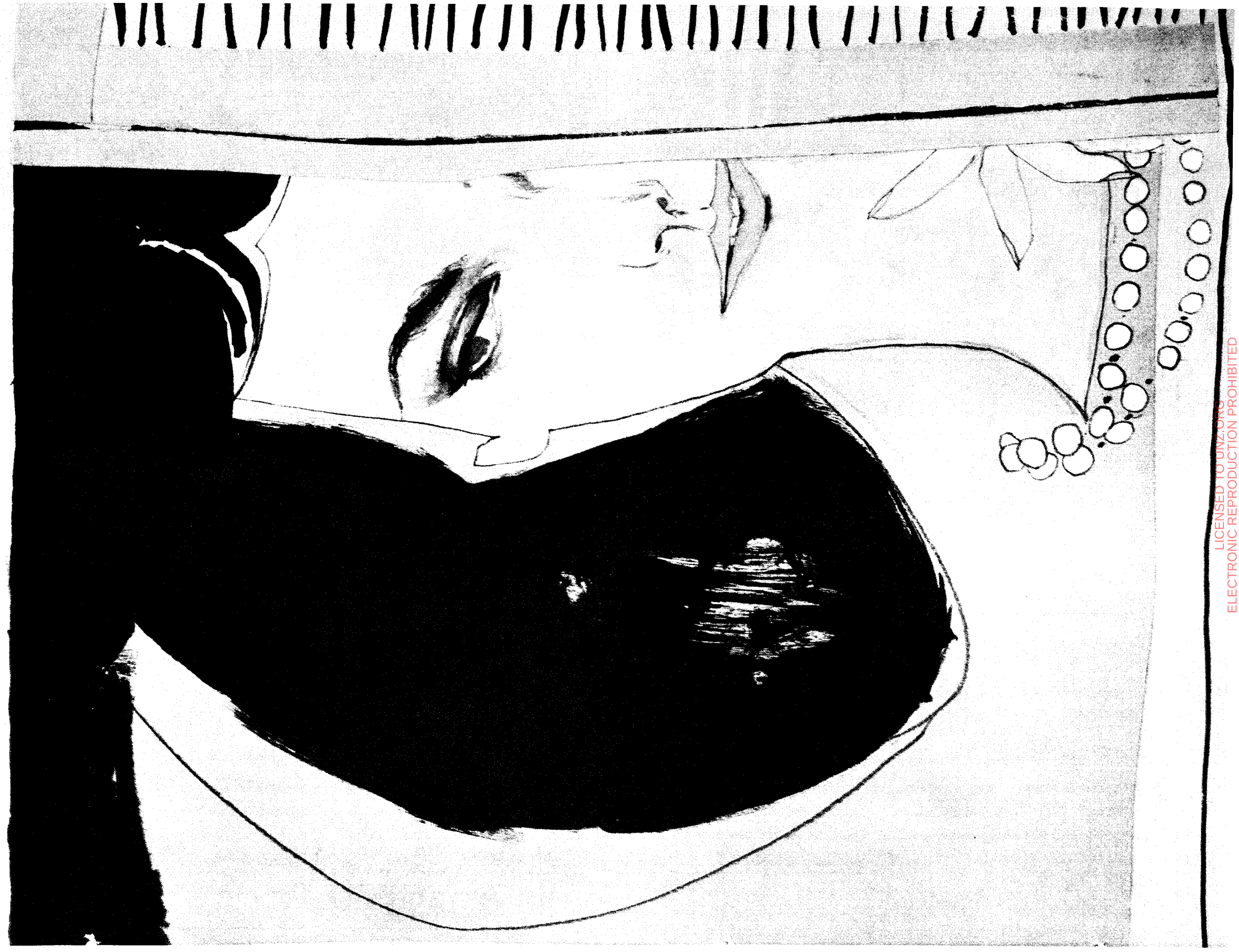

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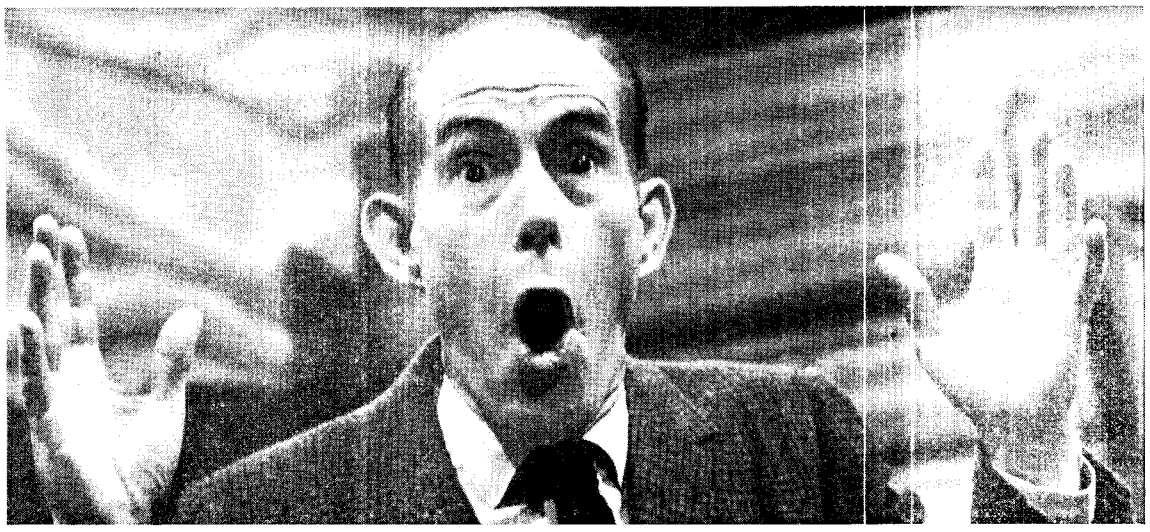
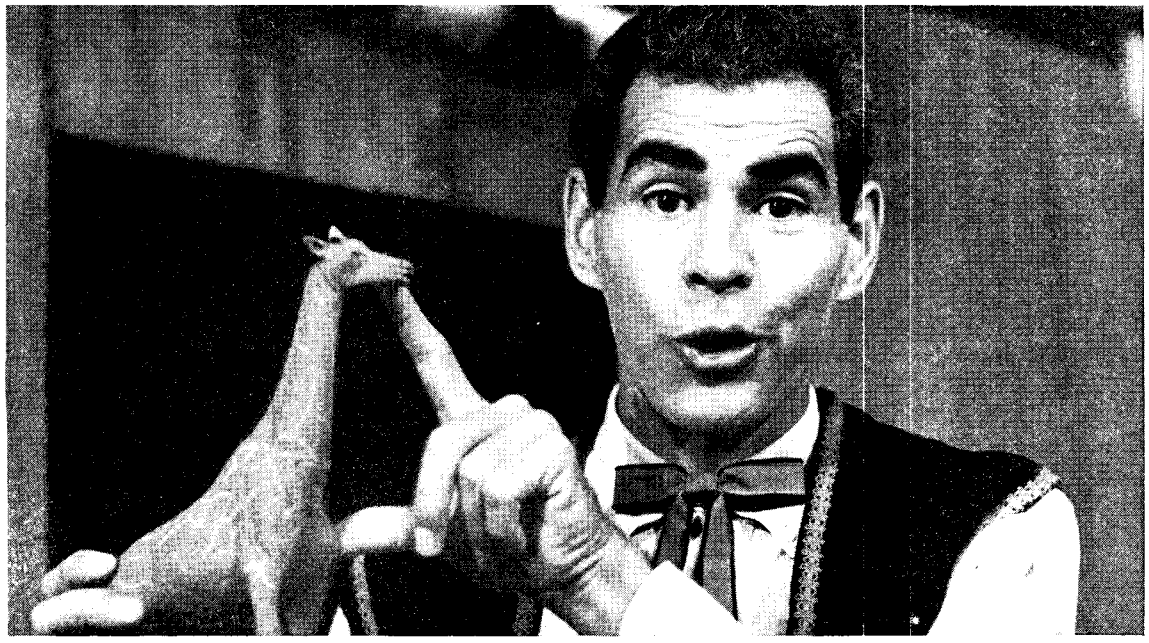
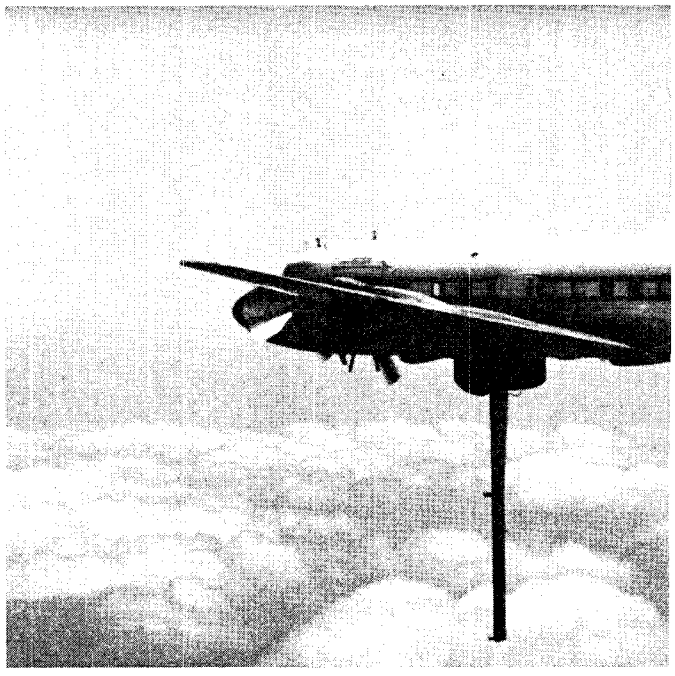


In teaching American history, John Dickey gives out a blood-curdling Indian war whoop to impress his TV students with the perils of pioneer days. Station WTTW in Chicago filmed the lesson for televising.



At Purdue University's TV station, Benito Leuras, in Spanish costume, enlivens a conversational Spanish lesson by addressing his pet giraffe, Pancho. He also introduces puppets to hold the interest of pupils.



High in sky with belly antenna down, telecasting plane weaves over many Midwestern states in wide broadcast. From its Lafayette, Indiana, base, it flies a strict pattern.

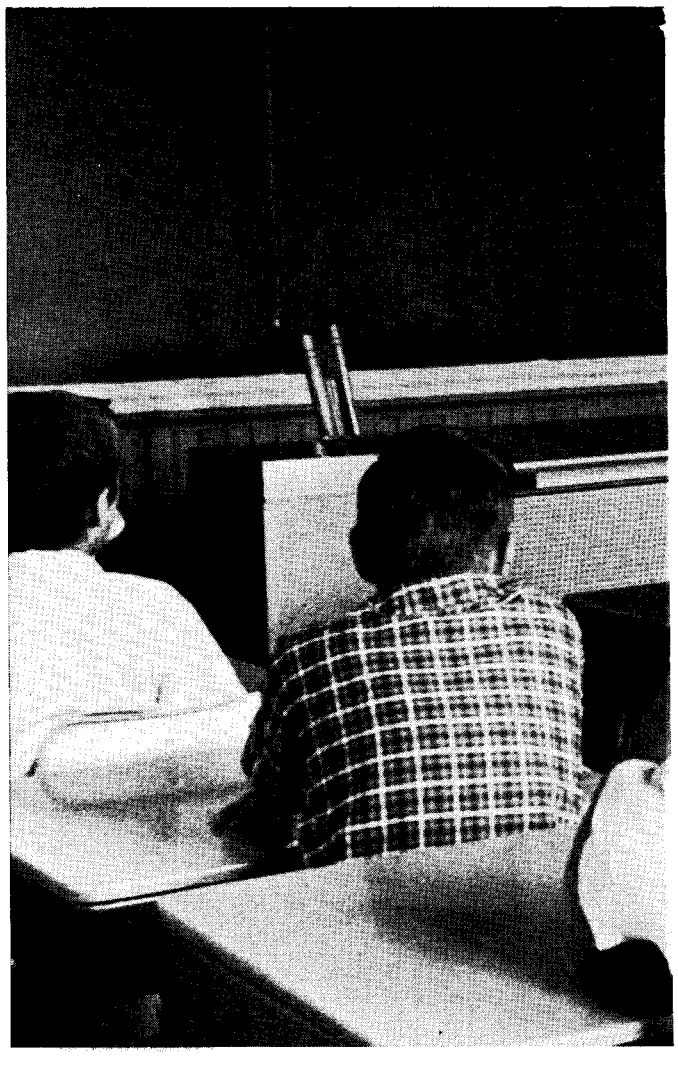
EDUCATION OUT OF THE BLUE

By Evan Hill

John Burns, University of Detroit scientist, points out structure of stone for TV class.

To explain world geography, Chicago teacher Geraldine Workman gets along with one prop: a big map.

An elementary class at Veedersburg, Indiana, watches a lesson telecast from Chicago via plane. After twenty minutes of TV, teacher Marie Carter will resume class instruction.



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How a Texas engineer's "crackpot" dream—airborne telecasts—may revolutionize the American classroom.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

It is a rare day in autumn when flat little, plain little Veedersburg, Indiana (pop. 2000), sends one of its healthy, bright-eyed youngsters on to college. Most of the town's 200 high-school students complete their education in the patched-over halls of Veedersburg-Van Buren Consolidated High School.

Veedersburg is a clean, friendly, agricultural community. It is prudent and conservative, unstimulating, and perhaps resistant to stimulation. Its schools—some built before the turn of the century—are antiquated and dreary, if not downright ugly. Its teachers are earnest and devoted and more enthusiastic than their low salaries warrant.

While Veedersburg is not impoverished, it is hardly wealthy. "Seven hundred dollars to us is like $10,000 to another town this size," says a resident. But like its teachers, the town is rich in heart. And, beginning the week of September eleventh, because it had the heart to raise $700—and because of the crackpot dream of a Texas-born electronics engineer—Veedersburg's third-graders will be offered French or Spanish, and its mathematics, history and science departments will be strengthened with some of the nation's best teaching.

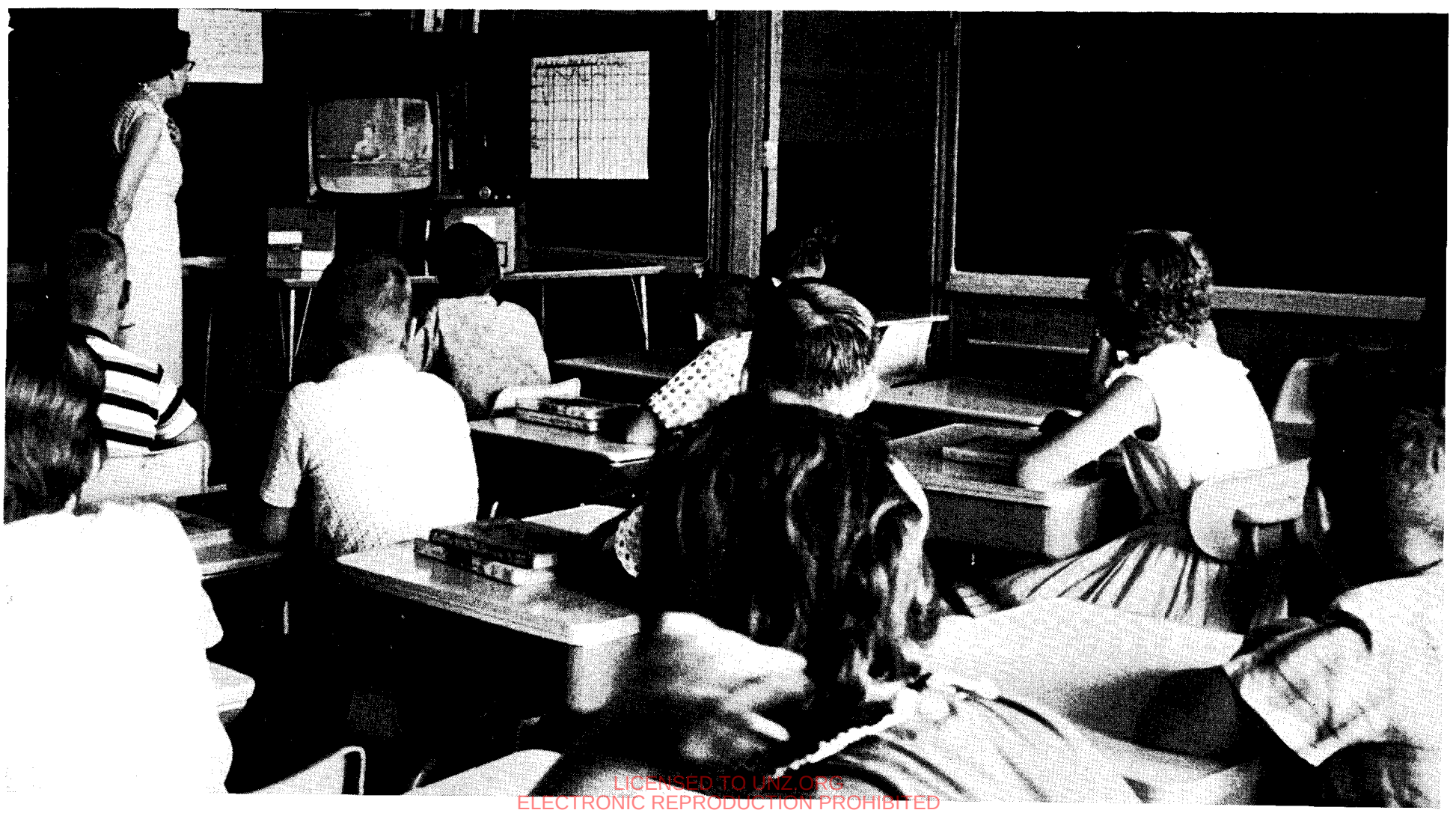
For Veedersburg spent that difficult $700 on television equipment and joined MPATI—the Midwest Program on Airborne Television Instruction. This $10,000,000 project is reaching into six states to teach at least 1,000,000 students now and probably will be serving twice that number by June, 1962.

More than fifty educational TV stations have been fortifying the curricula of American city schools for some years now, but the Veedersburgs of the nation—which suffer most from intellectual and financial malnutrition—have been neglected. Those that needed help most could afford it least, and until MPATI came along there was no economically feasible method of solving the problem.

MPATI's solution is a bright, blue-sky idea, and the American classroom will never be the same again. MPATI has ripped the entrails out of a huge, four-engine cargo plane, equipped it with six tons of television broadcasting equipment and sent it aloft 23,000 feet to broadcast over a 200-mile radius—into Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin and a narrow fringe of southern Canada. Flying a tight figure-eight pattern over Montpelier, Indiana, the aircraft telecasts video-taped lessons over an area with 5,000,000 students in 7000 school districts. About one third of these students are in districts too small to provide top-notch education.

Now those schools with the necessary TV sets can offer college Russian; chemistry, biology or algebra at either advanced-high-school or college level; American history, American government or world history for high school; general science for junior high; or arithmetic, music, science, Spanish, French or English for elementary pupils. In addition there is arithmetic for gifted children in the fifth and sixth grades, and a course in educational methods for practicing teachers. Courses are offered four days a week, Monday through Thursday from eight A.M. to two P.M. (CST). High-school lessons last for thirty minutes, elementary for twenty minutes.

Except for the costs of television receivers and antennas, these lessons are free to schoolteacher and householder alike. But there is one hitch for home viewers. MPATI broadcasts on channels seventy-two and seventy-six, both in the UHF (ultra high frequency) ranges which cannot be received by the normal home television set. However, a set can be converted to receive both frequencies for about forty dollars. Conversion will not be necessary for 1,500,000 Chicago-area families, because the city's educational (Continued on Page 40)



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The Eyeball Bikini

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

The trouble started when she tossed it into a married man's convertible.

Toby Welton sat comfortably on the threshold of opportunity, with his chair tilted back and his feet on the bottle-scarred desk of an old Texas hotel. A week ago he had been Tech. Sgt. Tobias Hall Welton USAF, in a dry, dull air base deep in the dusty heart of Texas; now, with an honorable discharge in his pocket, he wondered idly what a civilian was supposed to do with his time.

The eyes of Texas in this town, to which he had come in curiosity, looked out upon a blue gulf, real wet water tastefully trimmed with white sands. The Air Force Texas had never been like this. A man could live here if he had a job.

Toby turned the pages of the morning paper until he reached the want ads, which he found disappointing. Nobody was offering anything exciting or interesting to a young male. He read through all of the ads doggedly, including the "Help Wanted—Women," which took all of the glamour out of buttons and bows. If a man merely read about the things that women did for a living, he would never give one of them a second look. His eyes moved on to the Personals and came to alert attention. One of those ads was crying "Help!"

> Will the party who tossed a woman's bathing suit into my blue convertible Tuesday afternoon please call and explain to my wife. Reward. Sam Lorton, 1522 Plaza Place.

The Boy Scout past of Toby Welton awoke. He could hear the bugles blowing. Here was a human being in trouble. The one word "reward" was the tip-off. Sam Lorton's wife was giving him a bad time.

"A man couldn't explain a thing like that," Toby said solemnly. "That box is escape-proof. He can't get out of it alone."

He donned his new blue blazer, shrugging his well-packed shoulders into it while he visualized the scene in which an outraged wife discovered a woman's bathing suit in her husband's car. He had an inventive and resourceful (Continued on Page 56)

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That WIT in the White House

The President's humor is cool, detached and spontaneous, with a touch of blarney. Here are some choice samples from Mr. Kennedy's repertoire.

By ROWLAND EVANS JR.

Stripped of its glamour, the White House is a forbidding place, and the Presidency is a lonely and austere responsibility.

At the height of the Civil War, when his country stood on the edge of disaster, and brother slew brother, Abraham Lincoln said, "If I did not laugh I should die."

Lincoln knew that without the leavening effect of humor his dreadful responsibility would be too great even for his shoulders to bear.

Today as another President confronts another crisis of immeasurable dimension and uncertain future, the therapeutic value of humor softens the harsh edges of thought and performance. For John F. Kennedy also belongs to the political breed, whose essential companion is humor. For him it is a saving grace, a bright beam in the dark corners of hard decision.

It is so today and it has always been so in the life of John Kennedy. But nowhere does the Kennedy humor display itself in such generous proportions as it does in his pursuit of the political trade. In Boston, the land of the Sullivans and the O'Neills, the way to the voter's heart is as straight as the spire on the Old North Church. (Continued on Page 52)

Light moment at a White House reception. The President uses banter, says the author, as a highly effective political tool.

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The infant girl at left was accidentally dropped into a cooking fire by her epileptic mother. Both of the baby's feet had to be amputated.

Medicine For a Sick Continent

This pitifully emaciated boy at a Kampala, Uganda, hospital is suffering from advanced starvation. (The bandage holds his nasal feeding tube in place.)

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

A *Post* editor's report from Africa, where disease-ridden millions need medical assistance. Will the West seize this unique opportunity to help?

It was a good strong fish net the Cameroonian was weaving, the knots evenly spaced and tied with firm jerks of the shuttle. The weaver, a handsome man of about thirty-five, flashed a quick smile as we stopped to watch him work, in the shade of a palm-thatch awning.

We were at a mission station deep in the rain forest, 100 miles from the sea. Yet this was obviously a net for ocean fishing. We asked if he was a fisherman. No, he replied, in halting English, but his home was on the coast. He had been the pastor of a church at Kribi. But for some time he had been concerned about small lumps in his skin. Finally the signs became too plain to deny, and a week ago he'd taken leave of his church and his family and come here to the Ndjazeng Leprosy Colony.

"Although he smiled for you and your camera, he's been in utter despair," said our hostess, Mrs. Albert Whiley, a missionary wife and a nurse. "It's not only the fact that he's discovered he has leprosy. Perhaps in a year or so our treatments will arrest it. But he is worried about what will happen to his wife and six children. How can they live without his income? He learned to weave nets in his boyhood, and he likes to make them because he's homesick for the sea. Besides, he wants to send them to the coast to sell, but it isn't enough."

In a village not far from Ndjazeng a young man, less than thirty years old, painfully dragged through the dust a leg swollen with twenty pounds of excess weight. Here one plainly saw the reason for the term "elephantiasis." The thick, dark-skinned flesh overhung the foot so that only the nails of the toes protruded, as do the nails of the elephant. The missionary doctor examined the man, urged him to come to the hospital for an operation.

Leprosy and elephantiasis are only two of many. The causes of disease in Africa are as numerous as the bacilli, the viruses and the parasites that swarm (Continued on Page 70)

Right: Dr. Dan Reynolds, a missionary physician at Pokwo, Ethiopia, operating on an Anuak tribesman with trachoma—a disease which blinds thousands of Africans.

Our Roving Science Editor

Post Contributing Editor Steven Spencer gathered material for this article while touring Africa for the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and its journal, *Presbyterian Life*. The Presbyterians asked Mr. Spencer to make an inspection of their medical missions in Africa, and he was given leave from *The Post* for that purpose.

Photographs by Mary S. Spencer

Right: At a native village Dr. Frank Newman of the hospital at Ebolowa, Cameroon, examines a patient whose leg is swollen with elephantiasis.

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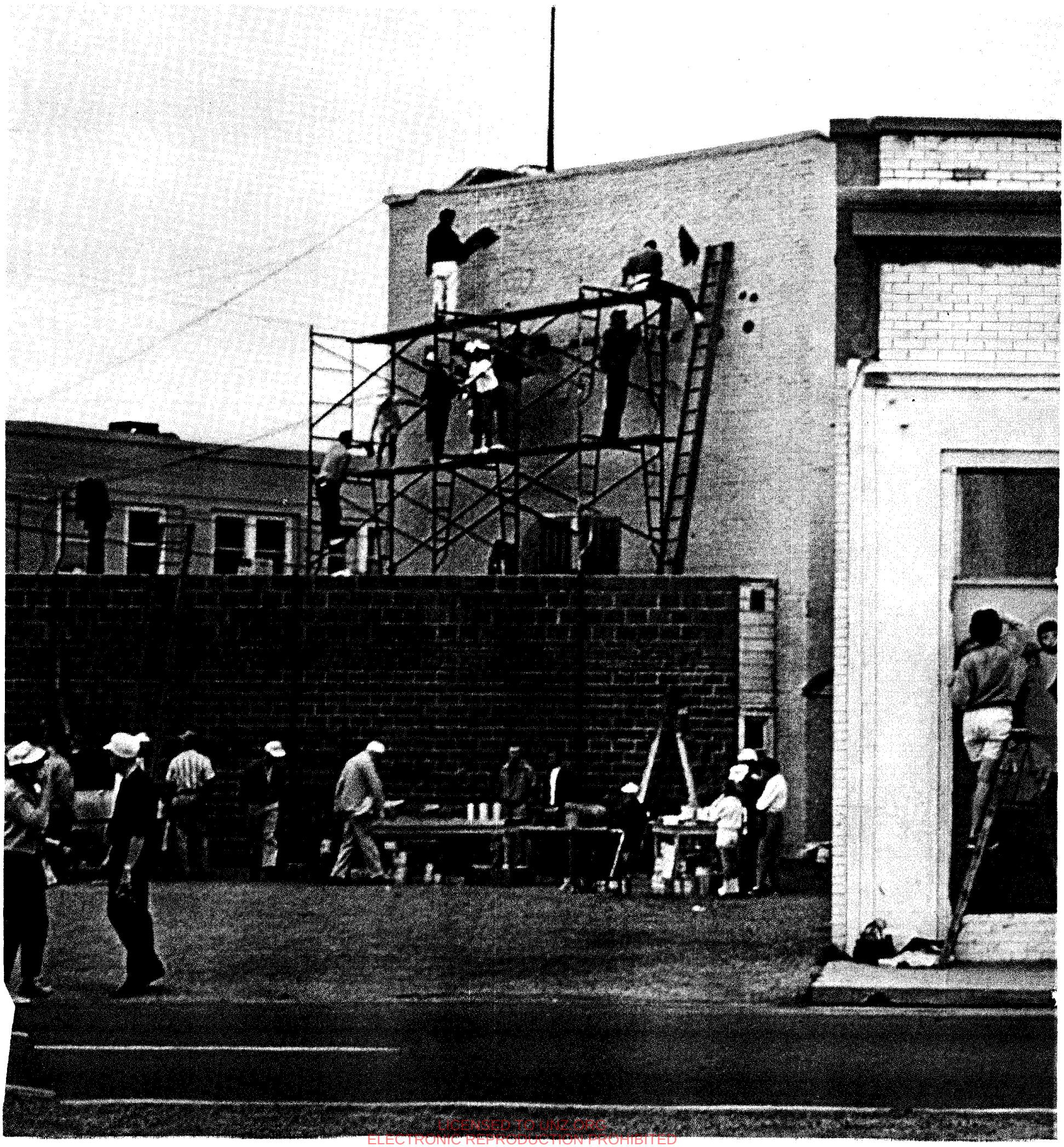
The Face of AMERICA

Painting the Town

When a group of citizens in Ceres, California (pop. 4500), decided their lackluster town needed a paint job, practically everybody in town agreed. And when, after months of planning, a Paint-up Festival was held last May to spruce up the town's business district, more than 500 residents pitched in with their



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paintbrushes. Merchants and building owners supplied the paint. Stanislaus State College and the Ceres schools designed murals to adorn store fronts and walls. The telephone company painted its poles to match the buildings beside them. Twenty-five baby-sitters contributed their services to the painting parents. Free lunches were served. The project started Saturday morning and lasted till Sunday afternoon. When it was over, downtown Ceres—once drab and uninviting—had been transformed into a bright, cheerful section which the whole town could stand back and admire. • Photographs by Don W. Jones

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Maris at bat. Once told he was too small for big-league baseball, Maris (now 6 feet, 197 pounds) was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player last year.

Mighty Mr. Maris

Ruth's rivals: Maris (right) and Mantle. Maris hit four homers in the double-header which followed the taking of this picture July 25th at Yankee Stadium.

New York's fence-busting right fielder may smash Babe Ruth's home-run record—if teammate Mickey Mantle doesn't do it first.

By LEONARD KOPPETT

Roger Maris has been one of the most publicized young men in the country this summer, but as an individual he is still pretty much of an unknown. Anybody with an interest in baseball can identify Maris as one of the few sluggers ever seriously to threaten Babe Ruth's home-run record. And that's about the extent of it. Dozens of ballplayers of lesser achievement have managed to project a much clearer personal image to the public than Maris has.

Perhaps the answer is that this New York Yankee right fielder is a man of contradictions. For instance, he has argued and demanded his own way with managers and general managers at every stage of his career, an approach normally guaranteed to hold a youngster back. Yet here he is, already a five-year man in the majors and an important star before his twenty-seventh birthday, which will arrive on September tenth.

It was in 1927, seven years before Maris was born, that Babe Ruth hit his record sixty home runs. This created no great stir at the time. For years the Babe had been blasting homers with a frequency never before imagined and revolutionizing the game in the process. No one doubted that Ruth was capable of hitting sixty-one or more in some future year.

But he never did, and sixty became the magic figure. The attempts of others to reach it in the years since then have produced much more sustained (Continued on Page 54)

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BOMB BY THE JAILHOUSE WALL

By VERNE ATHANAS

The time was ripe to spring their pal.

Bruce Harper went preoccupiedly up the stairs, unthinkingly thrust the door open, heard the almost musical, metallic gnashing of a Colt's single-action revolver being cocked and reversed himself with such alacrity that he struck the door across the hall with a solid booming noise.

John P. Ballard said almost gently, "Now, dammit, Bruce, you know better. Knock next time."

The sound of a Colt's single-action revolver being made safe is a series of soft clicks, ending as the hammer is lowered on an empty chamber.

Bruce listened carefully for this pleasant and reassuring sound. Equally carefully he said, "Yes, sir." Then he walked back across the hall and into the room.

John P. Ballard, city marshal of Ophir, looked quite cool and almost comfortable, lying in his bed. The bandages did not show under his fine linen shirt, and the pillows propped him in an easy half-sitting position. He had rather remarkable gray eyes, and Bruce often had the feeling that they were boring through his head much as a hardened drill bit under the drive of an expertly swung double jack. Bruce was John P. Ballard's deputy and, just now, acting marshal of Ophir.

"Where is your coat?" asked John P.

"Why, in the office. It's hot out."

John P. Ballard said crisply, "You are a peace officer, Mr. Harper, not an armed thug. When you appear in public, you will please wear your coat hereafter."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce. "I brought the mail."

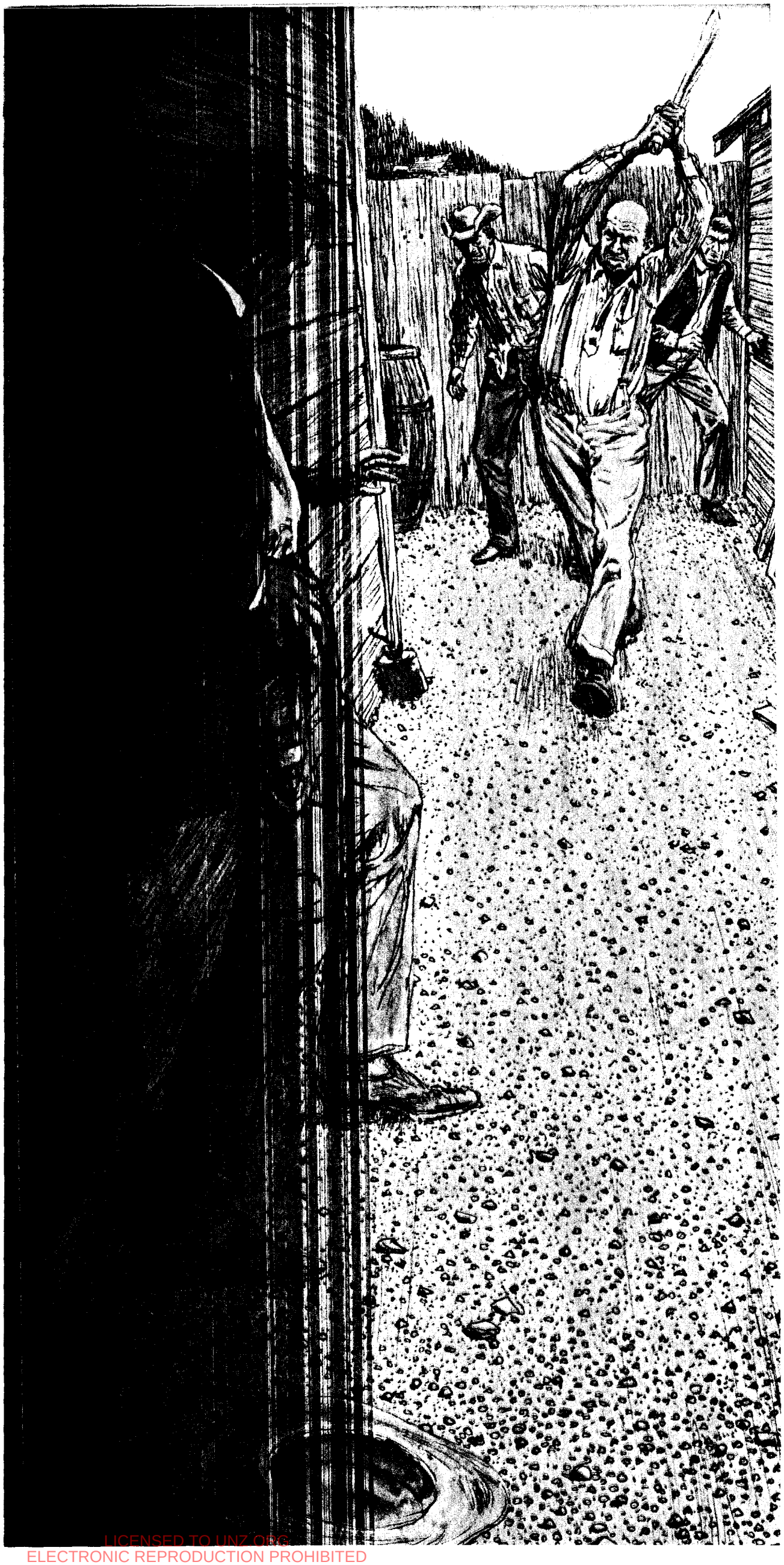
"Fine. Just put it down there. Everything all right?"

"Fine, sir. Quiet."

"Heard some shooting last night. Midnight or later."

"Just a mucker feeling his liquor. Shooting at the moon. I ran him in. He's sleeping it off."

John P. frowned. "Still? You're costing him a day's pay, plus (Continued on Page 60)



Bruce saw the big one coming at him with the pick handle.

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WHO REALLY RULES

Cameron Cobbold (left) belongs to the supposed power-elite—the Establishment—by virtue of his education (Eton, Cambridge), marriage (to Lady Bulwer-Lytton), club (Athenaeum), and former job (head of the Bank of England).

A formidable political hostess, Lady Violet Bonham Carter "drops bees into the right bonnets" for the Establishment. A word from her, it is said, works wonders.

By JOHN KOBLER

One summer morning four years ago the aura of pomp and propriety that normally overhangs London's Television House was shattered by a violent encounter. As young John Edward Poynder Grigg, second Baron Altrincham of Tomarton, emerged from the building after airing his views on the British monarchy, a short, elderly man rushed up to him, cried, "Take that, sir!" and with the flat of his hand fetched his lordship's cheek a sharp clip.

Arraigned next day in Bow Street Court for disturbing the peace, the assailant, Philip Kinghorn Burbidge by name, proved to be a hireling of the League of Empire Loyalists, a quixotic little group standing for the divine right of England to rule the world. What provoked Burbidge's ire was an article Altrincham wrote for a political periodical he edits, *The National and English Review*, wherein he described Queen Elizabeth's public personality as that of a "priggish schoolgirl" and her diction as a "pain in the neck." (In previous issues he had sniped at the House of Lords and the Church of England.) Though the presiding magistrate, Sir Laurence Dunne, felt obliged to fine Burbidge twenty shillings, he clearly sympathized with his motives. "Ninety-five per cent of the population," he estimated, "are disgusted and offended by what was written."

How Sir Laurence arrived at that statistic he never indicated, but undeniably a good many "Top People," to borrow a phrase from the London *Times*' advertising slogan, shared his indignation. "Altrincham should be drawn and quartered," said the Duke of Argyll. "If I had a gun, I'd shoot him," said the Earl of Strathmore. The Archbishop of Canterbury called the editor "a very silly man," while Lord Beaverbrook, the press titan, pronounced his article "vulgar, muddleheaded, destructive."

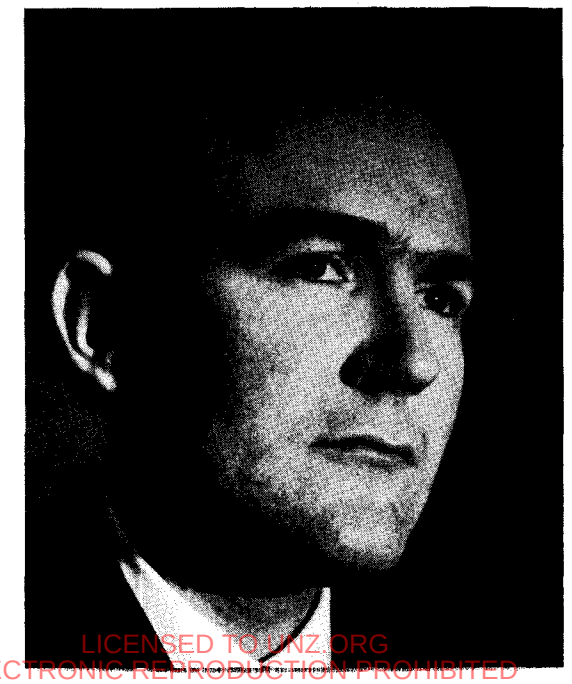
National sentiment was not unanimous, however, and among the dissenters some thought they discerned behind the outcry the shadow of a mysterious, powerful and sinister agency known as the Establishment. Altrincham himself referred to it. Claiming a readership response three to one in his favor, he declared, "It was the Establishment in all its forms who had misjudged public opinion—not I."

Two months later Malcolm Muggeridge, the former editor of *Punch* and a popular television wit, incurred harsher reprisals when *The Saturday Evening Post* published an article of his about Elizabeth and her entourage (Does England Really Need a Queen? October 19, 1957). To Muggeridge their minutely chronicled doings suggested "a royal soap opera," and he reported that the duchesses of Mayfair considered the Queen "dowdy, frumpish and banal."

No sooner had the magazine reached the newsstands than the British Broadcasting Corporation, which, like the London *Times*, is reputedly a voice of the Establishment, canceled Muggeridge's television contract, and Lord Rothermere's *Sunday Dispatch* dropped

Author Nancy Mitford, by background and bank account a member of the Establishment, violated its rules by writing a book which satirized upper-class speech.

Top people were outraged when Lord Altrincham wrote skeptically about the monarchy and other revered institutions. A lesser citizen even slapped his face.



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ENGLAND ?

At the top of the heap, the Queen. Does the upper class really approve of her as a person? As monarch and as the embodiment of English tradition, she is a rallying point for the Establishment, which is quick to defend her against public criticism

Gavin Astor, shown here with Lady Astor, is chairman of the London *Times*, which his father owns. Some say the Establishment dominates the press.

Novelist Evelyn Waugh, the "Establishment jester," squashes criticism from the Unestablished.

Disgruntled critics claim the "Establishment," a subtle conspiracy of upper-crust Britons, runs the show. A *Post* editor reports . . .

the column he had started two weeks before. On the driveway of his country home persons unknown scrawled with yellow paint, APOLOGIZE APOLOGIZE, and on his barn door, QUEEN SMEARED FOR DOLLARS—APPLY MUGGERIDGE. Quoth the Vicar of Cholsey, "Muggeridge has a face it would be most gratifying to poke." At the Garrick Club several of the humorist's fellow members moved to oust him, but failed to muster enough black balls. "I am a victim of the Establishment," said Muggeridge.

More recently a prominent London solicitor, whose client had been evicted from property belonging to the Church of England without ever getting a chance to make a direct, personal appeal, protested in a blistering letter to the Church Commission on Real Estate: "I suppose I ought not to find it surprising that any person of authority within the Establishment should prefer to do almost anything to avoid personal contact with an outsider. There are times when I wonder whether the Establishment has any idea how unpopular a landlord it can be."

In a philosophical treatise, Ernest Gellner, an Oxford-trained philosopher, now a professor at the London School of Economics, hotly contended that contemporary philosophy as taught at his alma mater is an ideological instrument of the Establishment. According to Bertrand Russell, who wrote the introduction to the study, England's leading philosophical journal, *Mind*, ignored it, despite its brilliance and originality, because Gellner dared challenge the Oxford doctrinaires.

To what will probably be the utter confusion of the future historians of twentieth-century England, each of these complainants, not to mention droves of others the country over, attach a different meaning to the term "Establishment." Indeed, it is a moot point whether such a thing exists. But existent or not, and however defined, it continues to precipitate Niagaras of ink, excite endless debate in clubroom and pub and provide a broad target for wits and wags.

In the most prevalent image the Establishment is pictured as a conspiracy waged by a coalition of the tiptop Top People from the dominant spheres of the British community—church, Parliament, the "City," Mayfair, the Oxford-Cambridge axis—to perpetuate the traditions and processes which enable them to stay on top. Preponderantly Tory, they are—so the indictment charges—the real rulers of England who direct from behind the scenes every major policy decision. However their individual opinions may diverge, when alien critics assail a member, they close ranks. They nullify dangerous foes by luring them into the Establishment and ensure continuity through new generations by proffering advancement only to those who play the game the Establishment way. "Power without responsibility" is how a recently published symposium characterizes the (Continued on Page 47)

The Establishment shunned the late Aly Khan (in top hat), not for his wild living, but because his actions brought him too much sensational publicity.

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Illustrated by Stan Galli

Forest OF Death

By Robert Craig

ONLY ONE QUESTION WAS IN THEIR MINDS: WOULD THE PRIMITIVE INDIANS KILL THEM NOW OR LATER?

I'll never be able to tell you how beautiful it is here or how deadly it was in the beginning. I'm not even sure I can explain what happened here, but I've got to try because it haunts me.

The Air Force hasn't blamed me for what's happened. In fact, I hear I'm going to be given a commendation for our work here. But the kid we called "the Turkey"—the kid who wasn't afraid of anybody, the kid who believed he could make friends with everybody in the world and who, in one horrible moment, proved it—he should get the credit. I'm the sergeant in charge, however, and I'll get it; but I want the record straight.

We're in the mountains of Venezuela near the headwaters of the Orinoco, where all the land is hidden under the thick rug of the rain forest, where the steaming fogs grow and drift, and where the rain can wash a man's brain out of his skull.

The great forest around us wasn't ours, not even to walk in. It "belonged" to the Guaharibo Indians, Stone Age men who have thrived here since unrecorded time. The tallest of them is maybe five feet high, but each one of them is built like a stone idol. Their short bobbed hair makes their heads seem round as baseballs, and the features of each face are as strong as their heavily muscled bodies.

Their clothes are not much—a G string—but their weapons are better than ours. Some of them carry seven-foot bows and arrows made of black palm. A Guaharibo hunter can drop onto his buttocks, slip both feet against that bow, nock his long arrow and cock that bowstring with both hands in less time than it's taken me to tell you about it. It's my guess that when that arrow strikes it will stop a jaguar. And that's only part of it. That arrow point is dipped in curare, a poison that would allow a five-hundred-pound tapir only about fifteen minutes of life. But they have still better weapons—blowguns. A Guaharibo Indian can hit a bird a hundred and fifty feet away with a poisoned dart; and when he does, that bird dies right there.

Missionaries, anthropologists and traders who have gone into Guaharibo territory haven't come out. But we had to go in. The local government made a brave try at a peace treaty for us, and the Guaharibos made one concession. The Air Force could fly us in, electronic equipment and all. We could live at our chosen campsite, do our work and get out, but we were not to walk in their forest.

Why did we have to go there at all? We are what is called a "Hiran Ground Team." Our mission is to remeasure the earth. Using an electronic method of surveying, we've already caught the old map makers in a lot of mistakes. For example, when we surveyed the "North Atlantic Tie," working our way from Canada across Greenland, Iceland and England to the European continent, we found out that the (Continued on Page 63)

They closed in on him in a tightening semicircle—blowguns, bows and arrows, and machetes ready.

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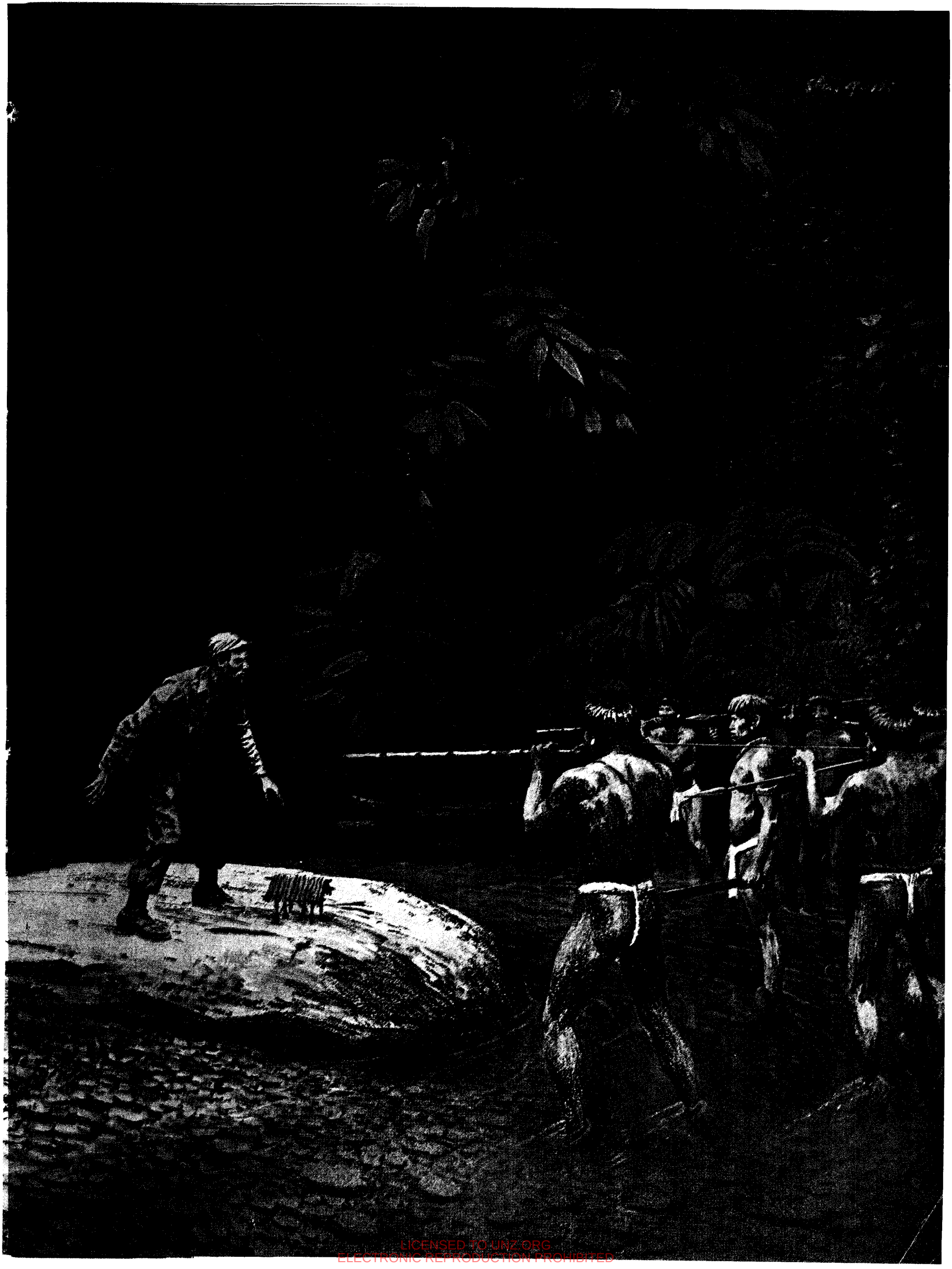

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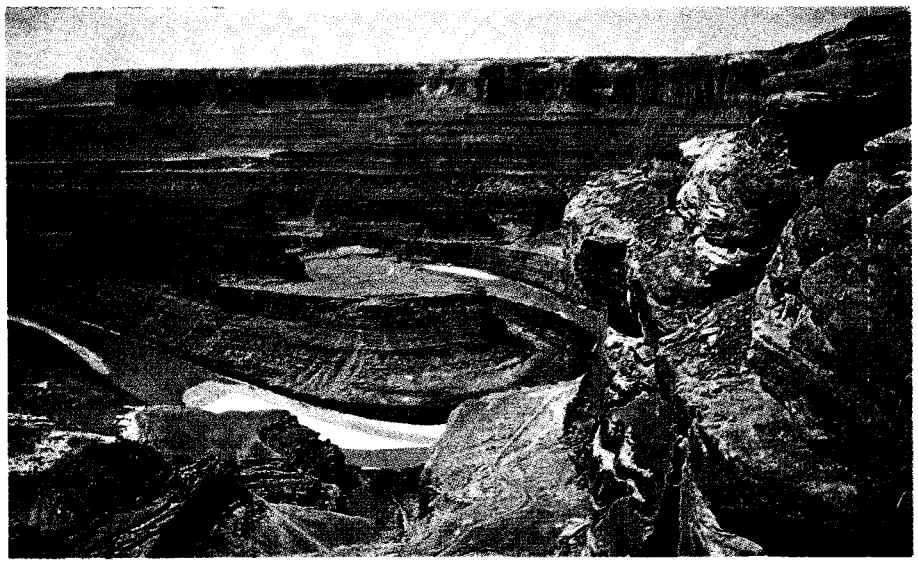


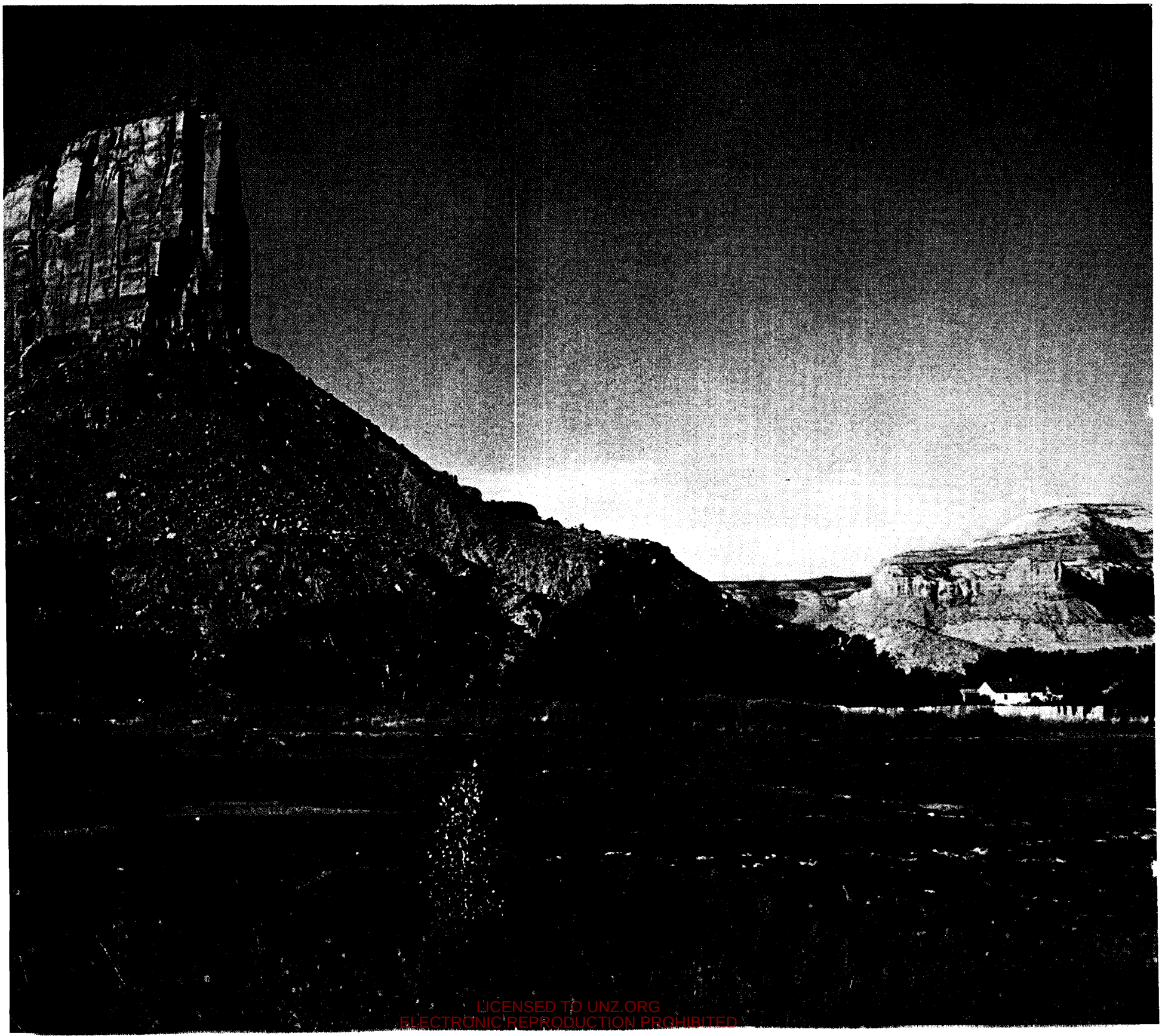
Dead Horse Point, near Moab. From this awesome vantage point sightseeing tourists gaze down on the serpentine Colorado River a half mile below.

TOURISTS' NEW FRONTIER

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

Utah's spectacular and little-known southeast corner is a wilderness empire for those who mourn the passing of the old frontier.

The Dugout Ranch (center) is located at the approach to a ruggedly beautiful back-country area known as The Needles. Cowboys from this cattle outfit range the canyons in the background and make their winter camp in a cave large enough to accommodate a trail crew and a string of horses.



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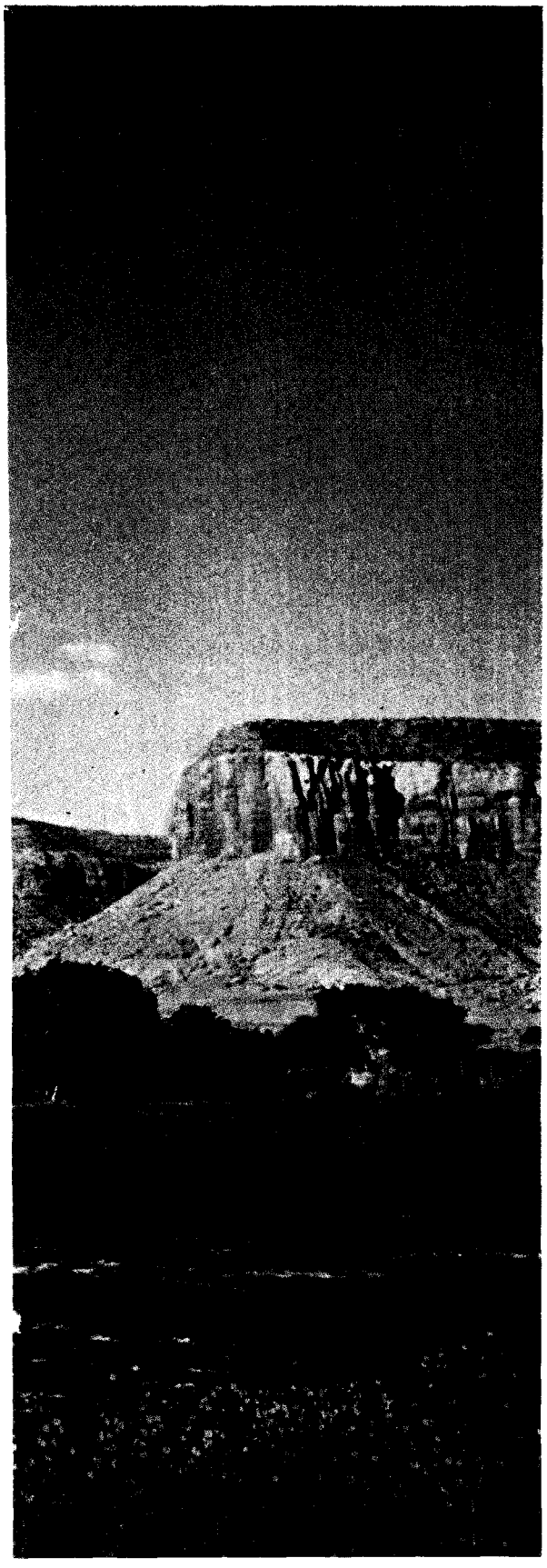
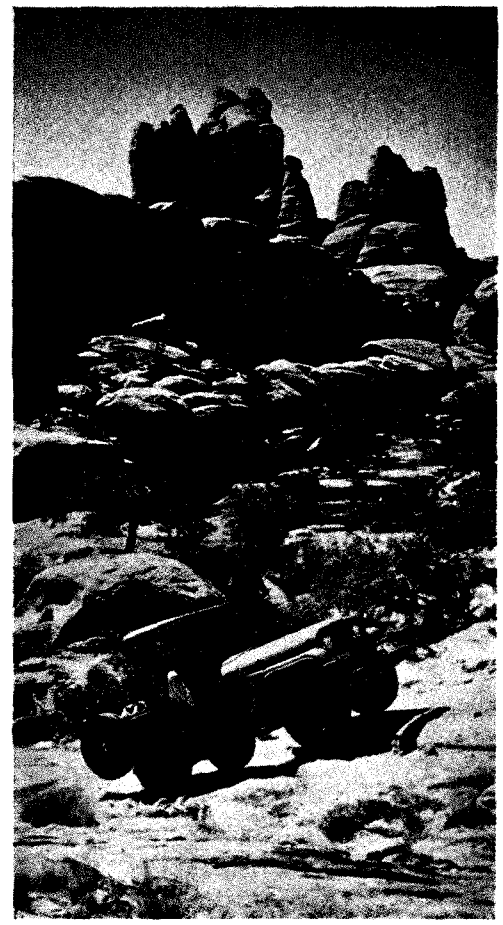
The idea that the face of this country is completely explored and subdued is now so widely accepted that to most of us the words "new frontier" suggest either frosty planets in space or campaign oratory. Harold Pegram Fabian, a seventy-six-year-old retired Salt Lake City lawyer with a warm heart and a mind that operates well below room temperature, would like America to know that the phrase is neither a metaphor nor a political label, but a vast sun-scorched reality. As chairman of the Utah State Park and Recreation Commission, Fabian wants to find ways and means to introduce the traveling, recreation-minded public to a solid block of wilderness large enough to swallow nearly half a dozen of our smaller states. This empty land, he insists, is not only our newest but also our last frontier.

Although the land area involved—almost 30,000 square miles comprising more than half of Southern Utah—is perhaps the most striking feature of Fabian's new frontier, the character of the country and the circumstances of its present bondage and its possible future development have placed Utah and Fabian's project on the national stage. Here the pattern of our nation's recreational development over the next several decades may be established.

Southeastern Utah is the most inaccessible part of the United States. A rectangle of mountain, mesa and canyon country measuring roughly 160 by 180 miles on a side, this wilderness empire—with a matching section to the immediate south, across the Arizona state line—is the last large piece of American real estate to remain off limits to the tourist and the vacationer. No roads or highways cross this vast area; railroads skirt its emptiness; its deep-walled rivers can be death traps; even the air routes arch across it at frozen, respectful altitudes. This is the expanse of terrestrial space that Fabian wants to turn into a haven for tourists and vacationers.

If an empty land was all that Southern Utah had to offer, Fabian's enterprise would probably be fated before it was begun. Happily, this vast sweep of country is one of the scenic treasures of the continent. Here on a high, bowl-shaped plateau forming a part of the drainage basins of the Colorado, the San Juan and the Green rivers are exposed the rarely visible secrets of the earth in the making. The crust of the land—crumpled, scoured, folded and split by natural forces—has arranged itself into a spectacular jumble of mile-high mesas and canyons that look like ax slashes in the red-to-purple earth, isolated mountain complexes that seem to touch the sky, towering buttes and, on a smaller scale, some of the strangest geologic formations to be found on the globe. Part of a sea bed for millions of years, later (Continued on Page 49)





Author Thruelsen jounced for hours in a jeep while touring the nearly impassable Needles country.

Conservationist Harold P. Fabian, chairman of Utah's State Park and Recreation Commission. Behind him are petroglyphs—ancient stone writings—at Indian Creek Canyon.

Centuries of erosion by wind and water carved these beguiling figures from sandstone at otherwise barren Goblin Valley.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

These skyscraper rock formations—aptly named Park Avenue—are among the sights at Arches National Monument.

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Post Scripts

My Home Life in Headlines

WIFE NAMES KURTZ
TO PROBE CONKED-OUT WASHER

V.H.K. INVOLVED IN BACK-SCREEN-DOOR FIX

KURTZ TAKES FIFTH AMENDMENT
AT MISSING-CUPCAKES HEARING

V.H.K. DENIES KNOWLEDGE
OF DISHWASH PACT

"OPERATION RUG BEAT"
CANCELS V.H.K. APPEARANCE
AT NEXT-DOOR POKER MEET

KURTZ TO PLAY KEY ROLE
IN ATTIC CLEANUP

V.H.K. FACES CHARGE OF LAG
IN DANDELION RACE

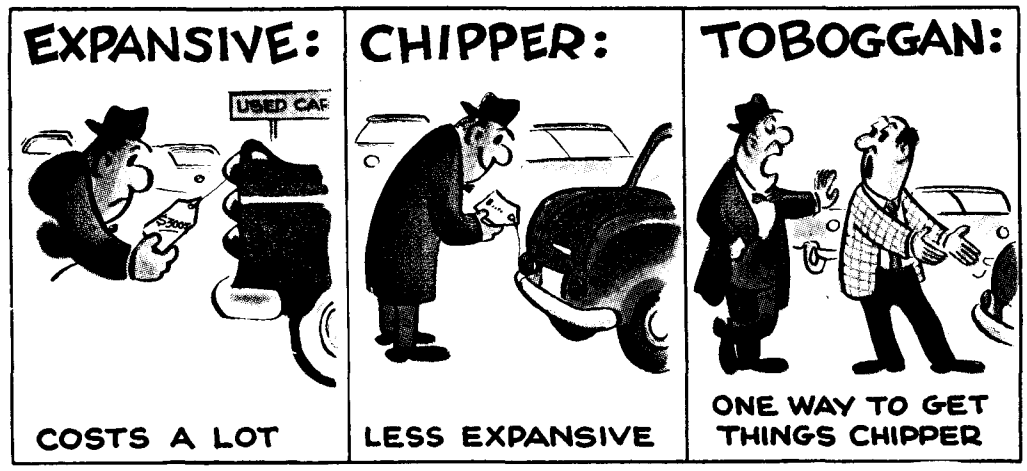
KURTZ VETO OF IN-LAWS' VISIT
OVERRULED

V.H.K. CLAIMS WALKOUT AT RECENT
HOME-MOVIES CONCLAVE JUSTIFIED

WIFE DELIVERS ULTIMATUM TO KURTZ
ON PATIO RESTORATION

V.H.K. PLEADS GUILTY TO USING
GROCERY FUNDS IN PAPER-BOY PAY-OFF

VERNON H. KURTZ



Good Old Ed

You mean you haven't met good old Ed,
The pal that my pal holds dear?
He hasn't a brain in his big fat head,
And he's worse when he's had a beer.

His jokes are scarcely a cause for mirth,
But laugh? Why, his jaws must ache!
My pal says Ed's the salt of the earth;
I'll add that he's hard to shake.

He's chronically short of tact and dough.
I can't quite say what he's got,
For Ed doesn't sound like much, I know.
And take it from me, he's not!

PENNY PENNINGTON

On Cue

The usherettes complete their chores,
The overture is ending,
The porters close the exit doors,
The curtain is ascending,
The stage is at its brilliant peak,
All other lights are off,
The actors are prepared to speak,
Now, *everybody*, cough!

WILLIAM W. PRATT

"Let's make a deal—you don't tell me how it went with you today and I won't tell you how it went with me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It Evens Off

A young attorney just starting to practice has to be cautious about the pennies. I am. The other day I weighed the salami my wife brought home from the market. It weighed fourteen ounces.

"This is underweight," I told her sternly. "Always keep your eye on the scale. You asked for a pound, didn't you?"

"Sure. And I watched the scale too."

"How come you let him give you fourteen ounces?"

My doll laughed uneasily. "I thought there were fourteen ounces in a pound."

"Listen to me. We have to watch these things. Always watch the butcher and keep your eye on the scale. Notice if the butcher has his thumb on the scale. Notice if he lets the button of his apron catch on the scale. If he is a very short butcher, be sure he doesn't lay his nose on the scale."

"I do. I do all that," she countered. "Maybe salami is heavier than some other meats. Maybe there's less ounces to a pound."

I sighed. "A pound is a pound. They have a standard weight and it's a pound. Everything that weighs a pound weighs a pound."

Eve was biting her thumb. She brightened. "I know. *I* put my hand on the scale. I leaned over to see his side of it. That's what happened."

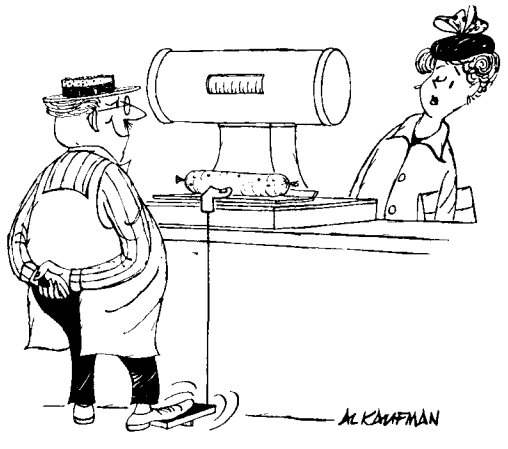
I shook my head. "I'm disappointed in you. Go right back and tell that man you're two ounces short on the salami."

"How does he know we didn't eat two ounces?"

"Because the assumption is we're honest."

"His assumption is he's honest," my bride insisted.

I sighed wearily. I looked at the package. It was marked seventy-five cents. "How much is salami a pound?"



"It's seventy-five cents a half a pound."

I was thoughtful a moment. "He gave you fourteen ounces and only charged you for a half a pound," I admitted.

"Oh. Really! I'll take it back and tell him."

"Don't be silly," I said. "Those things even up. Take a little, give a little."

"Yes, dear," said my loved one, putting the salami in the refrigerator.

OLLIN

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PICTURE IT NOW—*enjoy it again and again!*

Each of these color snapshots of . . .

summer fun, family and friends . . .

was taken in a fraction of a second!

What else can you do so *quickly* . . .

over the Labor Day weekend . . .

that gives such lasting pleasure?

Big weekend coming up! Snap it with Kodacolor Film!

Brilliant color snapshots like these are as easy to take as black-and-whites—with Kodacolor Film. It comes in all popular sizes, and you can have it developed and prints made locally or by Kodak.

But don't risk running out of film at the peak of the fun. Take along *enough* Kodacolor Film.

And for a really compact new camera with flash built in, see the Brownie Starmite Camera (right) at your Kodak dealer's. It takes color snapshots, color slides, black-and-whites . . . indoors or out. Yet it costs less than $12. See your dealer for exact retail price.

Price subject to change without notice.

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SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"

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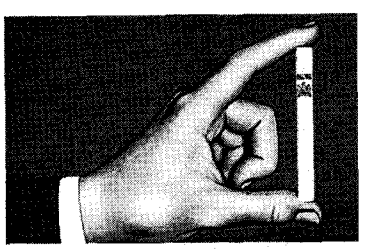
Taste PALL MALL...
so GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

Good-looking, Good-tasting, Good-smoking Pall Mall!

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, good-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Outstanding... and they are Mild!



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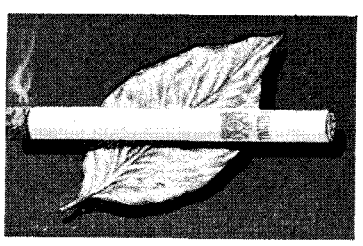

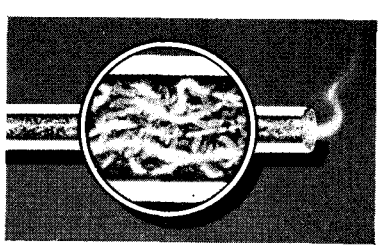

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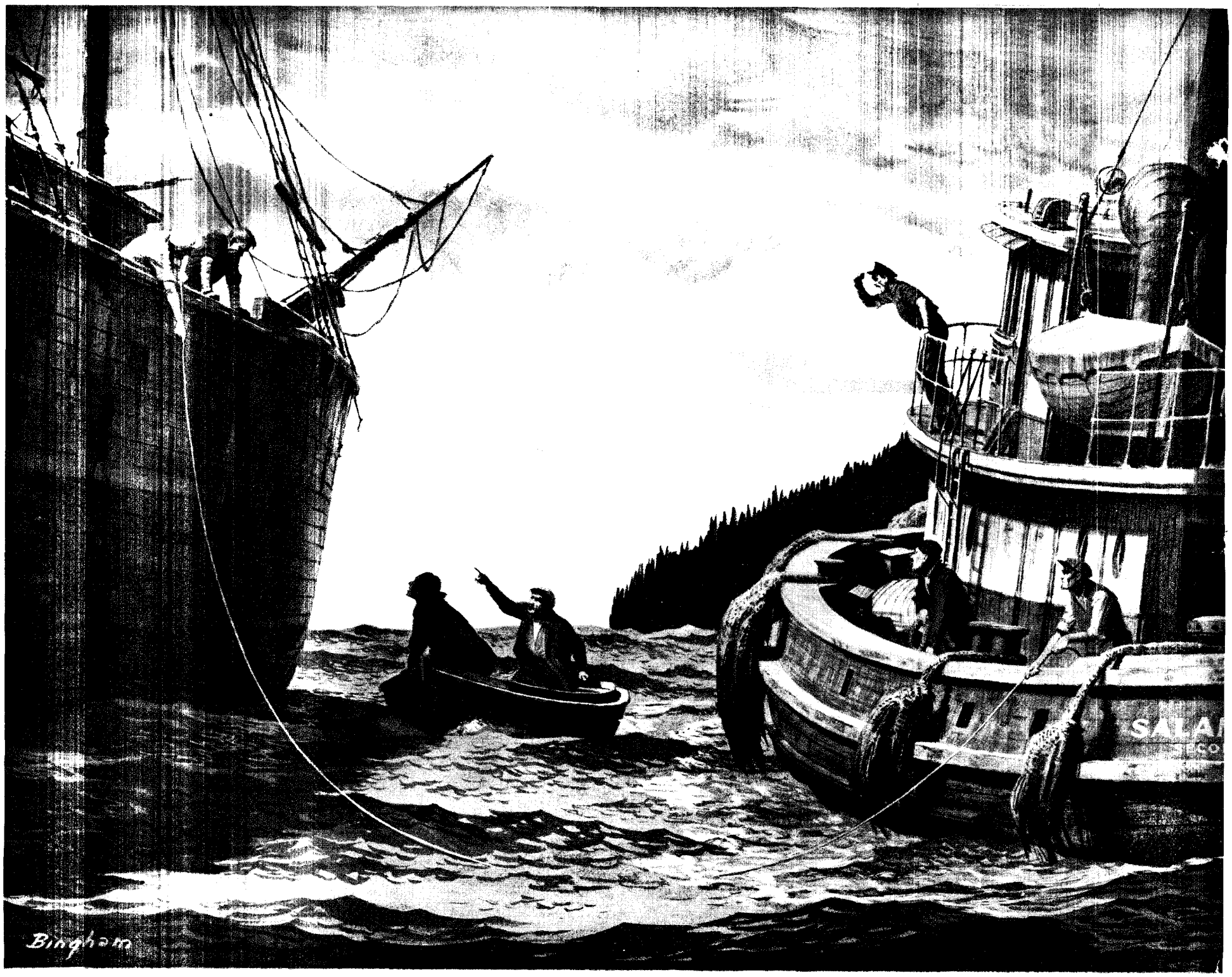

TUGBOAT ANNIE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

She had to stand by helplessly while a fortune fell into her rival's lap.

When Annie Brennan, captain of the deep-water tug *Narcissus*, returned exhausted to her home port of Secoma after a long arctic voyage, she felt she deserved a rest ashore. She went to her old stamping grounds at Port Henry to visit a friend, Snoosebox Larsen, with whom Annie and her late husband had passed many pleasant hours.

Snoosebox took Annie for a tour of the redeveloped port. A new channel was being dredged through Dogleg Spit, where the lumber schooner *Suva Star* had been hard aground for several years. Annie realized that the derelict's cargo was still intact and immediately formulated a salvage scheme.

When Annie raced back to Secoma to reveal her plans to her employer, Alec Severn, she met crushing disappointment. Alec agreed to Annie's idea, but announced that he would take her place as skipper of the *Narcissus*.

CONCLUSION

Sick with disappointment at her summary removal by Alec Severn, her boss, as captain of the *Narcissus*, and his own assumption of command during the attempt at salvage of the

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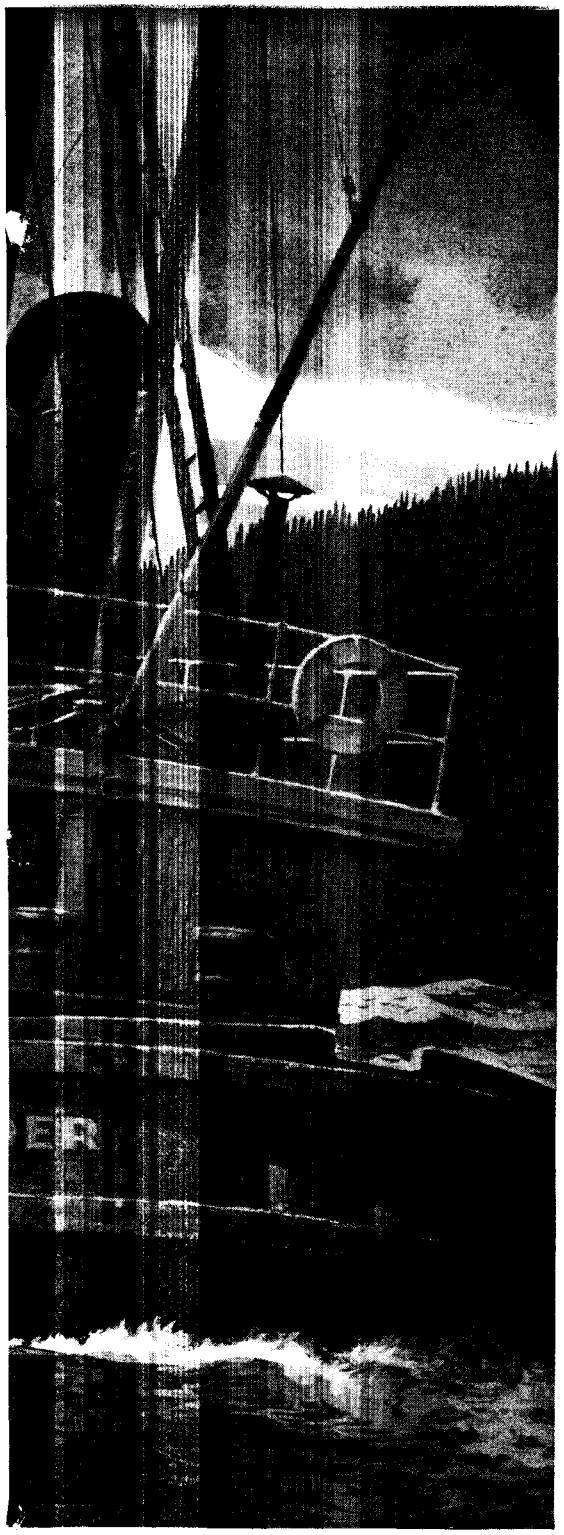


"Don't take that shot line!" Annie's hurricane voice commanded. "Ride her to the beach an' I'll take ye off later!"

lumber schooner, *Suva Star*, Tugboat Annie Brennan stood scowling on the outside landing of the company's wharfside offices. Within her, conflicting emotions fought to dominate.

Freely she admitted to herself that her own angry tongue had been the cause; but her excuse for that was her utter fatigue after a prolonged spell of towing chores in the gales of the arctic seas north of Point Barrow. On the other hand, the *Suva Star*, offering one of the easiest and most lucrative salvage jobs in her experience, had been her own discovery, made with the assistance of her old friend, Snoosebox Larsen, in the rejuvenated harbor of Port Henry on the ocean side of the Olympic Peninsula.

And now she stood, dismissed, unneeded, while her glowering stare took in the line of company tugs and barges below her, and across the slip the long, powerful hull and topworks of a rival salvage vessel, the *Salamander*, and Captain Horatio Bullwinkle, owner and master. To make matters worse, Bullwinkle, his skull adorned with sticking plaster—souvenir of a recent fracas with her—was regarding her with an unwinking, calculating stare.

Annie's impulse to go over and bestow a solid kick or two was diverted, however, by the arrival in a rental sedan, of Severn's recent acquaintance, Cave, the tall, reticent and, to Annie, mysterious and therefore suspect Londoner.

Narrow-eyed and alert she watched his exchange of friendly greetings with the suddenly affable Mr. Bullwinkle. Then as Cave turned to the steps, Annie slipped back into the main office and waited until, after a nod and smile to Fred, the dispatcher, and Olive, the boss's secretary, Cave disappeared into Severn's private office.

Annie waited only a few seconds; then, to the astonishment of Olive and Fred, she approached the door like a stealthy hippopotamus, quietly opened it, caught Severn's startled gaze and, with one calloused forefinger to her lips and the other jabbing at his guest's back, she exhaled a loud, warning "Shsh," and silently withdrew.

"Annie! What on earth ——" exclaimed the bewildered Olive, but Annie shrugged.

"I'm still workin' fer the little monkey, ain't I?" she said belligerently and, for a reason known only to herself, tiptoed down the outside stairs.

Mr. Bullwinkle was still on guard. "What you been stealin', Annie?" he inquired affably. "I know a good fence."

But Annie ignored him and, after rummaging in her capacious, old-fashioned handbag, she withdrew her Olympic Peninsula bus schedule, studied it, wet a stub of pencil with which she made an emphatic underline, and restored the schedule to her handbag. "What was that you was brayin'?" she asked him in a mild voice.

"Forget it," he said and gestured toward the steps. "Cave's gettin' kinda pally with yore boss, ain't he, Annie?"

"He was pally wid you fust, an' that ain't good!" she shot back hotly. Then she shrugged. "But why git my starn in a uproar, whatever happens to Alec now, after what he done to me? Yeah, why!" she demanded in a burst of anger. "Sarve him right if I telled ye the whole dang ——"

"The whole what, Annie?" he asked eagerly. "Look—come on over here an' rest a while. Have a cold beer an' ——"

"We-ell," she agreed dispiritedly, "on'y fer a minute, to bury the tepee an' say adoo."

Mr. Bullwinkle was waiting, cabin door open, and Annie, entering, looked idly around. "Don't ye ever shovel the guano outta this dump, ye dirty ape?" she commented casually.

"Ya see?" he cried, aggrieved. "Soon's ya come in, ya start ——"

"I meant nothin'," she apologized, sitting down. "Even a hog wouldda noticed. No, Bullwinkle, we've had our little tiffs"—she glanced at his bruised noggin, then away—"but that's all done wid now. Where's the beer?"

"Her an' elephants!" he muttered to himself, punching open a can. "Here y'are, dear. Drink hearty!"

"Thanks." Annie took a long swig, then set the can down and stared morosely at the carpet, her hands nervously clasping and unclasping her handbag.

"You was sayin'," resumed Mr. Bullwinkle, "somethin' about how bad Alec's treated ya, an' how ya ought to tell me what he ——"

"Did I?" said Annie. "I fergit now."

"Well, where was ya last night, pal? Maybe that'll help ya remember." He chuckled. "Ya took off so mad, I thought ya'd never show up again!"

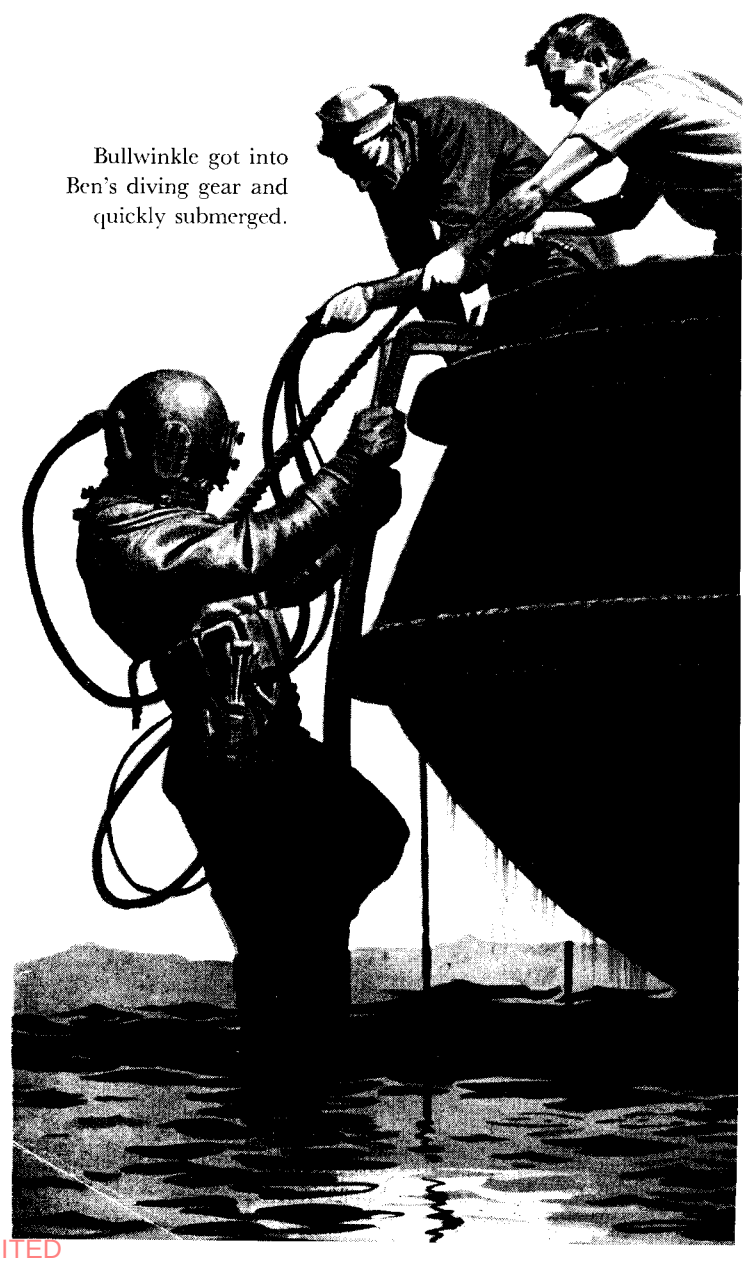
"I came back to tell Alec somethin'," she replied tonelessly. "Took all that time an' trouble, an' he wasn't even int'rested!" And again she fumbled with the handbag's clasp.

"Somethin' to do wi' business?" he said archly. "Here, have another beer."

"I ain't drunk this yet. No, pal, it was somethin' pussonal. An'—well"—she struggled to rise—"I reely gotta sashay now."

But in getting awkwardly to her feet, Annie's unclasped handbag fell and its jumbled contents spilled out. Listlessly she started scraping them together while the disappointed Mr. Bullwinkle coldly watched. Then, suddenly noticing something of possible interest which she had overlooked, he stepped gallantly forward, one big foot quickly but unobtrusively covering what he had seen, and helped to retrieve her things. And Annie, after thanking him, went despondently out.

Mr. Bullwinkle waited, while he frugally disposed of the remnants of Annie's beer, until he heard her solid tread on the wharf. Then, stooping, he quickly snatched up what he had hidden with his foot and gave a grunt of triumph; for it was a soiled Peninsula bus schedule with a pencil mark underlining a certain coastal town. (Continued on Page 66)



Bullwinkle got into Ben's diving gear and quickly submerged.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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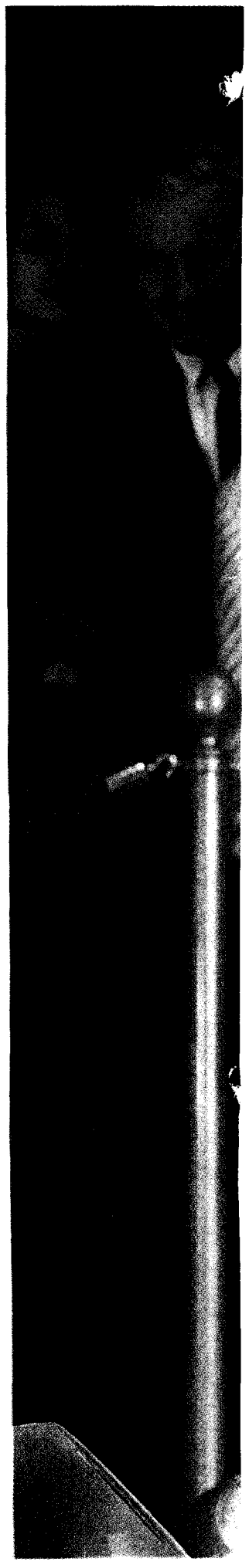

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IN SEPTEMBER
Ladies' Home
JOURNAL

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Education Out of the Blue

(Continued from Page 17)

TV station, WTTW (Channel 11), which broadcasts on normal frequencies, will rebroadcast the airborne lessons. Thus Midwest housewives may choose between *One Nation Indivisible*—a remarkably exciting course in American government and civics—and *Truth or Consequences*.

Airborne television was conceived in 1944 when Charles E. (Chili) Nobles, then a twenty-six-year-old Westinghouse Electric Corporation radar expert, dreamed lazily aboard a commercial airliner flying over his native Texas. Before Pearl Harbor Chili Nobles had worked on television, and now he thought about its future. He gazed at the great land spaces below him, knowing that the earth's curvature prevents most TV towers from reaching out much more than fifty miles. It would take dozens of TV towers to cover Texas alone, he thought, but if TV could be broadcast from a high-flying aircraft, one station might serve the whole state. Today Chili Nobles admits it was a weird dream of an idea, and there were those who thought he'd been working too hard.

When Nobles returned to his Baltimore office, he convinced his Westinghouse superiors that the idea was worth exploring. Nobles borrowed a B-29 bomber from the Army in exchange for all data and measurements he would discover, and he went to work with other Westinghouse engineers designing telecast equipment adapted for flight. They devised a gyroscopically controlled, retractable transmitting antenna that projected twenty-four feet from the plane's belly, always pointing straight down regardless of the pitch of the aircraft.

During the next three years Nobles developed "stratovision," using the bomber as a rebroadcast station. He picked up signals from Baltimore and sent them out as far as 200 miles from the circling plane doing the job of fourteen ground stations. He rebroadcast the 1948 Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. Only East Coast viewers could see the event on regular network television, but stratovision sent it as far west as Michigan. Later that year he rebroadcast the final game of the Cleveland Indians-Boston Braves World Series, with reception reported from Canada, Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and New York. Then, when it was a proved success, Nobles's stratovision had to be abandoned. Coaxial cable was linking stations into networks. The Federal Communications Commission refused to license commercial air-borne TV.

So Nobles went to work on other projects. Then one day in 1959 Reuben Lee, a scholarly Westinghouse engineer, walked into Nobles's office and asked him to try stratovision again, this time for education. Nobles refused. "Go away, Reuben," he said. "You've been smoking opium again."

But Reuben Lee would not go away. A few days before, he told Nobles, he had seen the Hagerstown, Maryland, ETV network that serves thirty-seven schools and more than 17,000 students. Remembering his own schooldays in West Virginia, he felt that Nobles's air-borne TV held the answer for intellectually deprived rural areas. "Untrained people are educating children," he told Nobles. "With a studio in the sky even the poorest school could have the best teachers."

Doubtfully Nobles agreed to try. In a few days Lee and Nobles were explaining their scheme to Dr. J. A. Hutcheson, Westinghouse vice president in charge of engineering. Hutcheson applied to the Ford Foundation, which made an initial grant of $4,500,000—later swelled to $6,000,000. The search was on for an executive. He was found at New York University, holding down the chair of executive vice president at the 38,000-student institution.

A soft-spoken, unobtrusive, forty-two-year-old North Carolinian, Dr. John E. Ivey Jr. was a natural to pull MPATI together. He was a former university professor, a city planner and a nationally known education consultant. In addition, as a founder and then director of the Southern Regional Education Board, he had had nine years of experience in coordinating the common goals of higher education in sixteen states.

With Doctor Ivey as president, MPATI went into production. In Baltimore, Chili Nobles began to convert two DC-6 commercial aircraft (one is a spare) into flying television studios which could broadcast from video tape. And throughout the six-state area Doctor Ivey quietly performed what one Midwesterner calls "the slickest act of mass seduction ever accomplished by one man."

Swiftly Ivey obtained the blessings—and co-operation—of the U.S. Office of Education, the National Education Association, the Parent-Teachers Association, the Educational Testing Service,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He can always switch to comedy."

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and the superintendents of instruction in the six states to be involved. When his Roster of Participants in Planning and Development was completed, it contained 239 names and included a dozen university presidents, about twenty university deans, more than thirty professors of education, about an equal number of educational television specialists, curriculum experts from six states, and representatives from sixteen industries, most of which were involved in television production or transmission.

Deliberately MPATI avoided involvement in the current American debate about academic learning versus life-adjustment education. It did not want to become controversial; it wanted no connection with reform or crusade; it wanted simply to get those planes aloft and broadcasting to the schools.

It has done this with a light-stepping harmony remarkable in so ponderous a project. The first important problem was where to orbit Chili's plane. Ironically, Reuben Lee's West Virginia did not meet the test. MPATI wanted an area with few reception-shielding hills or mountains, a region with both urban and rural schools, one with good universities and vigorous educators, and one where weather would be a minor problem. When meteorologists assured Ivey that north central Indiana weather would ground his planes for probably only two days each school year, MPATI quickly moved into quarters offered at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana.

Not only does Purdue have television production facilities, where some MPATI video tapes are produced, but it operates an airport. Its staff of pilots and its maintenance crews were available for airborne television duty. However, a new mile-long runway and a hangar were built for MPATI planes. While this was being done, Ivey pulled in consultants on textbooks, curriculum and course content. As they reached agreement on what courses should be offered, Ivey began a nationwide "teacher-talent search."

A call went out to all state superintendents of public instruction, to large-city superintendents, and to the directors of educational TV systems, asking for kinescopes of their most effective teachers. Almost all of the responses came from television teachers, but MPATI paid the cost of kinescopes for classroom teachers without television experience. Eighty-eight finalists were selected from 350 candidates. When the curriculum was established, MPATI placed fifteen of the finalists under a year's contract—paying them 10 to 20 per cent more than their regular teaching salaries—and in the summer of 1960 they went to Purdue.

Subject-matter specialists helped outline their courses, laboriously gluing fact to fact, editing, cutting, adding, using tons of textbooks gathered from all over the world. Television experts aided them in script-writing, and other master teachers watched them perform before the cameras, correcting, guiding, directing, suggesting a tone or a gesture or a more effective pause. They made sample tapes, evaluated them, destroyed them and made more. They began to write the manuals for classroom teachers who would use the telecast lessons. They studied films brought in from the British Broadcasting Corporation, from N.B.C., and from other ETV systems.

"We worked night and day seven days a week," says science teacher John W. Burns. "But we loved it."

At summer's end the teachers were farmed out to produce their lessons in five production centers: Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, New York City and Philadelphia. Last May most of the work was done. Manuals were in the hands of classroom teachers in six states. Another $1,000,000 had been raised from industrial contributions, although $3,000,000 more was still needed. Eleven courses were on tape, and eleven more will be completed by January, which will bring the total to the equivalent of more than 1000 full-length movies.

Thousands of antennas had been put up on the roofs of rural schoolhouses in the six-state area and hundreds of thousands of students were waiting for the first lessons.

At eight A.M. on Monday, May fifteenth of this year, the Midwest Program on Airborne Television was born bawling in three languages over two television channels, and its voice could be heard over an area of 125,000 square miles. For eleven days, until the end of the school year, it spoke French, Spanish and English, teaching science, music, history, government, geography, biology and arithmetic. Teachers sampled a smorgasbord of education, flicking from one channel to the other, tasting it, judging it and watching their pupils' reaction. With few exceptions—slight flickering on the screen where antennas were improperly adjusted, a sample lesson in civics telecast out of sequence—the program was a success.

During this demonstration period I visited some of the schools that were sampling the airborne lessons. New TV sets were scattered through old schoolhouses, and the reaction was almost universal: Teachers and students were excited and fascinated. In Kalamazoo, Michigan—120 miles north of the high-flying plane—Elmer Christenson, a sixth-

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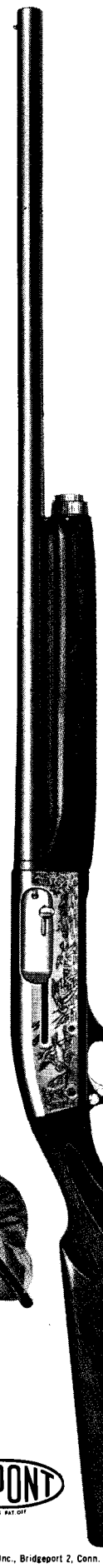

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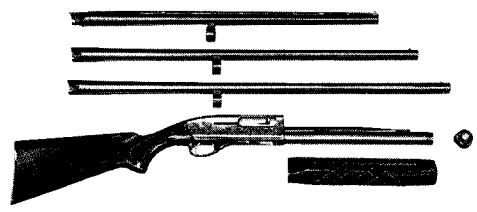

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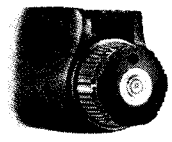

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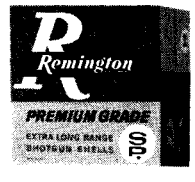

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grade teacher, had tuned into Telecast No. 73 of John Burns's "Exploring With Science." For twenty minutes his children were served "The Problems of Flight," learning about ailerons, altimeters and air-speed indicators. They explored the interior of a huge wind tunnel and were told how to make a model from a cardboard box; they watched an airplane land and saw its elevators in operation. Christenson nodded in admiration. "This is a lesson we could not possibly do ourselves," he said.

One bright-eyed boy told me, "You know what? We went into a wind tunnel, that's what we did." Another excited youngster said earnestly, "Gee, it's just like television."

Western Indiana third-graders—excited and pleased with themselves—greeted me in French and Spanish after a few MPATI lessons. And, although their classroom teachers had never studied these languages, they were planning to teach them this fall. "We'll just learn from the TV along with the students," they said. "It certainly won't be the best system, but it's better than nothing." In another school a fourth-grader accurately recited the anatomical parts of an insect—knowledge he had acquired two days before while watching a sample ninth-grade lesson in biology.

Such results are no surprise to the TV instructors who made these tapes. Master teachers themselves, they have known for a long time what is just now being discovered by a good portion of the Midwest—that education can be exciting and that children can learn much more than most people believe is possible.

Zelik Zeff, a resident of France for twenty-three years and fluent in French, Spanish and Italian, is MPATI's French teacher. Two years ago, while teaching over live TV in the Detroit school system, he proposed teaching French geography to third-graders while he taught the language. Resistance was immediate. Teachers and principals complained, "Why should they know about France when they don't know about their own country?" Many said it was impossible, that a third-grader is too immature to learn geography.

But Zeff ignored them. "If a third-grade French child can learn geography, why not a third-grade American?" he asked. In one lesson he pointed out French rivers and cities and mountains. And for the next week his mail was flooded with hand-drawn maps of France. "They were accurate and good," he says. "They included populations of cities and towns, distances, and products of the regions. The children had gone to encyclopedias. Children can learn if we're willing to teach them."

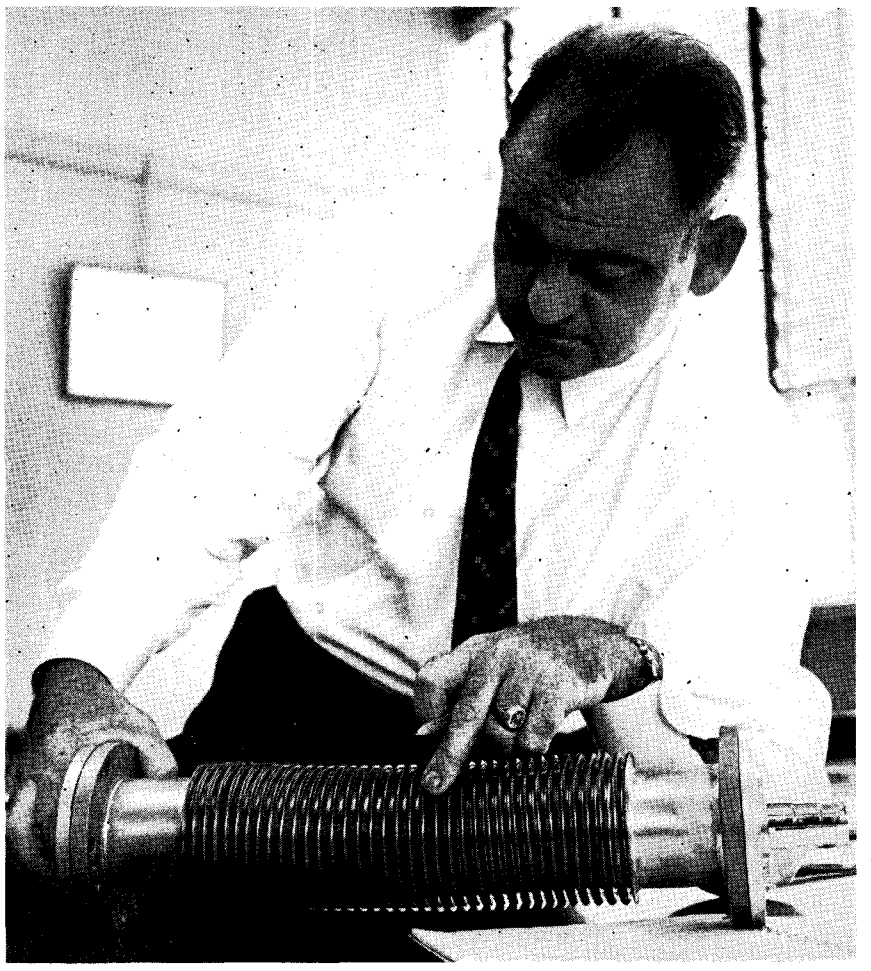
MPATI science teacher John Burns, who also has taught over live TV, once got a letter from a boy who wrote, "How come you always know what I'm interested in?"

Burns said, "Actually, I don't know. I'm interested in these things myself, and I get the students interested."

Not long ago Myles M. Platt, the airborne instructor of government and civics, telecast a lesson on the Korean War. Afterward a boy told his classroom teacher, "Now for the first time, I know why my brother was killed in Korea." One child wrote to his TV instructor: "You're the only teacher who ever understood me."

There is no magic to television instruction. Actually it is no more than another tool in the classroom teacher's kit. In this respect it is like a textbook, or a wall chart, or a classroom movie. In no sense will it replace the classroom teacher, and it will not reduce the over-all cost of public education. What it can do is to increase quality throughout the nation at about the same, or slightly higher, cost.

The advantage of filmed educational TV, especially with such audiences as MPATI's, is that it can reach near-perfection every time. Lessons can be planned, rehearsed, checked for content and effectiveness, taped and retaped. Unlike classroom teaching, there are no off days for a taped TV lesson, and the teacher can take days to prepare. Take the work of John E. Dickey, for example. Dickey is a thin-haired man of fifty, brown-eyed, tall and intelligent. Born near Cumberland Gap, he started teaching in a one-room Kentucky school when he was eighteen. He quit teaching to get two college degrees in history, and returned to the classroom. He has been a high-school principal, a superintendent of schools and a college history professor. He is now in sight of his Ph.D.



Electronics expert Charles E. Nobles conceived and tested air-borne television classes while a projects manager at Westinghouse Electric Corporation's Baltimore plant.

When MPATI tapped him for its American-history course, "Our Adventure in Freedom," he was reaching twenty high schools over station WFPK-TV on Louisville, Kentucky. He was excited about his new work. "Every high-school librarian reported an increase in use of history books when my series started," he says. "Every day, in planning the course, I was forced to ask myself: Is this the way to say it? After all, history was made by men fired with passions and ideas, and it can be taught the same way."

To produce his 128 history lessons for air-borne TV, MPATI sent him to Chicago's educational TV station WTTW, which is housed in the Museum of Science and Industry. In Louisville his resources had been limited, but in Chicago, as Dickey says, he "found a gold mine. The libraries, the universities and the historical societies are superb. The museum offered me anything that could be carried to the studio."

Dickey has displayed one of George Washington's razors and a telescope taken from the sunken hulk of the battleship *Maine*. In a lesson on the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson, he dressed in judicial robes, playing the role of Supreme Court Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase. Occasionally he sings folk songs, accompanying himself on a ten-stringed instrument called a "tiple." "*Goober Peas* was popular during the Civil War," he says "and *The Blue-Tailed Fly* was one of Lincoln's favorites."

Like the other TV teachers, Dickey tries to use a different stage setting for each lesson, and one of his most interesting tapes on the War of 1812 was made in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry on a full-size replica of the deck of the forty-four-gun frigate *Constitution*. But Dickey warns about the "overuse of visual things. You can't let the tail wag the dog, but you must get the students' attention and keep it."

Dickey's efforts are not singular. Myles Platt filmed part of a lesson on the United States Constitution on the steps of the duplicate Independence Hall in the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn. John Burns has taken his students on filmed tours of General Motors as well as into wind tunnels; and Zelik Zeff has been filmed as a waiter in a Parisian sidewalk café and as a baker in a French pastry shop.

However, not everyone approves of MPATI, or of educational television. When the demonstration lessons were telecast last May, the Chicago Teachers' Union said, "Instead of paying money for teachers, we will pay it to the manufacturers, installers and servicemen of quickly obsolescent TV equipment." Some educators still question the effectiveness of ETV, although studies show that television teaching is a real help to classroom teaching. Actually the classroom teacher can make or break TV instruction, for the telecasts are supplements. Myles Platt says, "If the classroom teacher has a 'let's-watch-TV-today' attitude, and then wastes the rest of the hour, the telecast can't do much good." Some critics say, "A child can't question a TV teacher," but John Dickey replies, "Any teacher who knows his subject can anticipate 90 per cent of the questions. Between the TV teacher and the classroom teacher all of them can be answered."

MPATI enthusiasts like to point out the by-products of the program. One teacher who says, "We know that every high-school civics book is a joke," feels MPATI's massive doses of "accurate, honest and complete lessons" will force a textbook reform. Another says, "The classroom door has been closed for a long time; now it will be open to any citizen who wants to tune in." Others point out that classroom teachers will improve their techniques after seeing masters at work on TV. Some believe incompetents will tend to be weeded out.

Chili Nobles's crackpot dream is an exciting reality, and its future is even more exciting. Nobles has calculated that nineteen stratovision planes could blanket the nation. However, it is likely that the program will eventually be telecast in a different way. John E. Ivey says, "Our aircraft system may last for five or six years. By then telecasts from orbiting satellites will probably replace us."

In the meantime Ivey is considering what he seriously calls a "Fly-by-Night" program which could bring evening adult-education courses to millions. He says, "The planes—an investment of almost $2,000,000—could telecast special programs for doctors, lawyers and nurses, or offer courses in the problems of metropolitan living, on religious understanding, on race relations. We could offer advanced-standing evening courses for bright high-school students. The scope is unlimited."

Already educators from Holland, France, Nigeria, Pakistan, Australia and Latin America are investigating the project. "And this is most exciting," says Ivey. "A Flying Boxcar could orbit over Delhi or Calcutta, for example, reaching out 400 miles, and leaping the illiteracy barrier. It could teach sanitation, agriculture, village development, and how government works. In addition it could teach millions of Indians to read and write. This could revolutionize this nation's approach to helping underdeveloped countries."

Ivey estimates that ten educational TV experts could start a foreign project and soon turn it over to the nation involved; a somewhat larger number of technicians would be needed. The big problem would be battery-operated television receivers, which cost about $350 each and operate for about five hours before needing a recharge. "This is a matter of logistics," says Ivey, and a Kentucky superintendent of schools says such logistics "might well be handled by the Peace Corps."

But while others dream of exporting airborne television to underdeveloped nations, and Reuben Lee is hoping to export it a short distance, east to the Veedersburgs of West Virginia, Ivey is keeping Chili Nobles's dream on the air. By next June the project's funds will be expended, and Ivey hopes the six states will take over and continue it. A "comfortable" annual budget for the program is $5,000,000. "If 2,000,000 students participate, the cost is $2.50 per student," says Ivey. "With the nation spending an average of $365 per pupil per year for education, such an addition is very small. The need for this kind of education is so great, and the per-pupil cost so small in large quantities, that there is a fine chance of the states' taking over. There is no real need for turning to the Federal Government." MPATI is trying to work itself out of a job.

THE END

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A Knowledge of Her Past

(Continued from Page 14)

It was on an evening near the end of summer that Daphne first came to the tavern. She entered alone sometime after midnight wearing a raincoat and a strip of silk scarf across her head that she untied as she approached the bar. Her hair as it tumbled free was the rich black shade of fine Calamata olives.

"I would like to see the boss," she said in a husky voice.

I walked to the door at the end of the bar and called for Ali Pasha. In a moment he came lumbering out of the office. He had a great, gross body, the disposition of a hangman and a range of facial expression from bitter to bleak. He also fancied himself a bit of a rake and sported a handle-bar mustache with curled and pomaded tips that he pulled fiercely when he grew excited.

"I'm looking for a job," the girl said.

"Only men serve the tables," Ali Pasha said brusquely. "The kitchen staff are men as well."

She swept her hair back impatiently with one hand, exposing a long jeweled earring glittering on her ear. "Do you take me for a kitchen flunky?" she asked. "I am a singer."

"A singer," Ali Pasha said, and a rude leer settled around his mouth. "Where have you sung?"

"Plenty of places," she said. "My last job was at George Spartan's in Cleveland and before that the Hellas in Detroit. Business improves wherever I sing."

He gave her a long, appraising look. She was a handsome young woman with a certain sensual boldness that made me uneasy. He motioned her to a stool. "Sit there," he said. "I will listen to you in a minute."

He walked toward the platform where Apollo sat. I wiped the bar briskly with a cloth. "Would you like a *mastiha*?" I asked.

"Thanks."

I poured her a glass, which she raised to her lips and drank as swiftly as any man.

"Is that guitar player any good?" she asked.

"He plays a beautiful guitar," I said firmly. "When he plays the songs of the old country, he returns old men like me to our mountains and our islands."

"If he could just make you forget the brandy and cigar stink of places like this," she said with a taunting little laugh, "he would still be the best I have ever heard."

In another moment Ali Pasha returned with Apollo. "This is Apollo Gerakis," he said to the girl. "He plays the guitar for me." He motioned to Apollo. "This girl is a singer."

"Daphne," she said. "Daphne Callistos."

"Daphne," I said. "Apollo and Daphne." The old legend came to my mind.

"What's that?" Ali Pasha asked.

"Nothing," I said. There was no use explaining anything classical to him.

"I suppose we can use a singer," Apollo said as he looked carefully at the girl. "Can you sing the songs of Pontus and Epirus and Crete?"

"I know them all," Daphne said. "The lullabies and the love songs and the laments."

"One thing you should know," Apollo said. "The salary here is next to nothing. I exist on tips which are tossed into a box while I play. We would have to share what tips we get."

"I've worked that way before," Daphne said.

"Never mind salary and tips," Ali Pasha said. "Let's hear her sing first."

She gave him a final amused look and walked with Apollo toward the platform, removing her raincoat on the way. She was sheathed in a black dress that fitted her body tightly. Ali Pasha uttered a low, hoarse curse.

When they reached the platform, they stood talking a moment, and then Daphne moved alone into the beam of muted light. Apollo struck the first chords of a lament and the men at the tables quieted slowly.

A lament is a morose and melancholy song, and Apollo played them with feeling. But as she sang I had the strange sensation I was hearing a quality of despair I had never heard before. Her voice, haunting and mournful, led us down the path where the stream of woe pours into the river of lamentation. At the tables men stirred, and a wind of pleased muttering swept the room.

When she finished the lament, Apollo changed the tempo to the lilting melody of a festive mountain dance.

Daphne placed her hands on her hips and threw back her head, and her voice, suddenly bawdy and vibrant, assaulted the room. At one of the tables near the bar an old man sleeping off too much to drink raised his head like a startled bird. Her ardor paid homage to the woodland spirits of fertility and abandon. In such a way must the wild nymphs have sung in the festivals of Dionysus before the satyrs playing their pipes made of reeds.

When she finished, a storm of applause rose from the roomful of men. She walked with a careless insolence past the tables, and many called to her and blew her kisses. She came back to the bar, and Ali Pasha showed his teeth in hungry admiration. "You sing all right," he said grudgingly. "The truth is, I don't really need a singer. It is an expense I might not be able to afford."

In another moment Apollo joined them. "You are very good," he said.

"The boss doesn't think I'm good enough," she laughed.

"Never mind the lousy salary," Apollo said. "I think you will fill the box."

"Out of which you'll take your half," Ali Pasha snarled. He spoke to the girl with a crooked attempt at a winning smile. "If you want to work, you can start tomorrow night at eight."

She nodded calmly as if the outcome had never been in doubt. She turned to leave, and Ali Pasha spoke slyly. "A good-looking woman like you will be a pleasure to have around."

She looked at him as if her eyes were knives severing little hunks of his flesh and made a motion of good night to the rest of us as she pulled on her raincoat. We watched her as she walked to the door. Ali Pasha tugged fiercely and silently at the tips of his mustache, and walked back into the office.

I dimmed the lights in a signal to the customers that we were preparing to close. Apollo sat down on a stool at the bar.

"I wonder where she comes from?" he said slowly.

"She is from disaster," I said, "and on her way to catastrophe." Then, because he did not seem to be listening, I reached across the bar and shook his arm. "Forget her," I said. "Don't get involved with her."

"She is not all that brass she puts on," he said. "When she sings, she sets dreams to weeping. I remembered that it has been a long and lonely summer. I am tired of playing my songs alone." He pushed off the stool. "Hurry and clean up, Janco," he said. "I'll buy you a cup of coffee on the way home."

He walked toward the platform for his coat and guitar. I snapped off the lights above the bar. The waiters were beginning to clear the tables, and customers were moving in reluctant groups to the door. An old man who had been sleeping on his arms was disturbed by the clatter and moaned hoarsely.

"No more auditions tonight," I said in a vexed voice. "We don't need another singer."

After Daphne started to sing in the tavern, business became much better almost at once. Ali Pasha, merciless in his greed, set up additional tables that barely left room for the cursing waiters to squeeze by.

When Daphne sang an unhappy ballad or a lament, she had the old men weeping for the grand days of their lost youth. When she sang a dancing song from Macedonia and suggestively rendered the lyrics of a shy man and his bold wife, the old men went wild with delight. When the graybeards finally rose to dance, they exhausted themselves to demonstrate their unflagging virility, and leaped off the floor like drunken and festive roosters.

Ali Pasha couldn't take his eyes off her. When she sang, he gripped the tips of his mustache in anguish. She held him off by a fury of blazing defiance in the same way she held off the countless other males who stampeded around her at the end of each evening. She provoked my grudging admiration in the ruthless way she cut them down.

But Apollo confused her. Against him she raised defenses that were not needed. He pursued her with a gentleness that was a source of wonder to her. Slowly, almost against her will, she must have felt herself drawn to him. Perhaps he stirred in her a memory long lost in the tide of dark days, a dream of fair love.

There was a day in the beginning of October when rain fell until evening and left a brief scent of freshened earth across the city. Late in the evening Apollo came looking for Daphne and seemed distressed. A while after that, one of the waiters relieved me at the bar, and I slipped out the kitchen door to smoke a cigar and get some fresh air.

Daphne called my name from the shadows.

"What are you doing out here?" I asked. "Apollo is looking for you."

"Let him look," she said defiantly. "He is as bad as all the rest."

"Is he?" I asked quietly. I sat down on a crate and with a sigh raised my burning feet to rest on another.

For a long moment she did not answer. I drew a cigar from my pocket and struck a match, and in the brief flare of light I saw her pale and weary face.

"Perhaps he is," she said. "Perhaps he isn't. But there are times when I am sick and tired of all men."

"The fate of a handsome woman," I said.

She laughed mockingly in the darkness. "I only feel comfortable with you, Janco," she said. "Why is that?"

"My arteries and my bad feet," I said wryly. "You sense correctly they have immobilized me for any pursuit."

She fell silent again. Above us the rain clouds had disappeared and the stars glittered.

"Wasn't Apollo the name of a god?" she said.

"He was the god of life and light," I said. "And he loved Daphne above all other women."

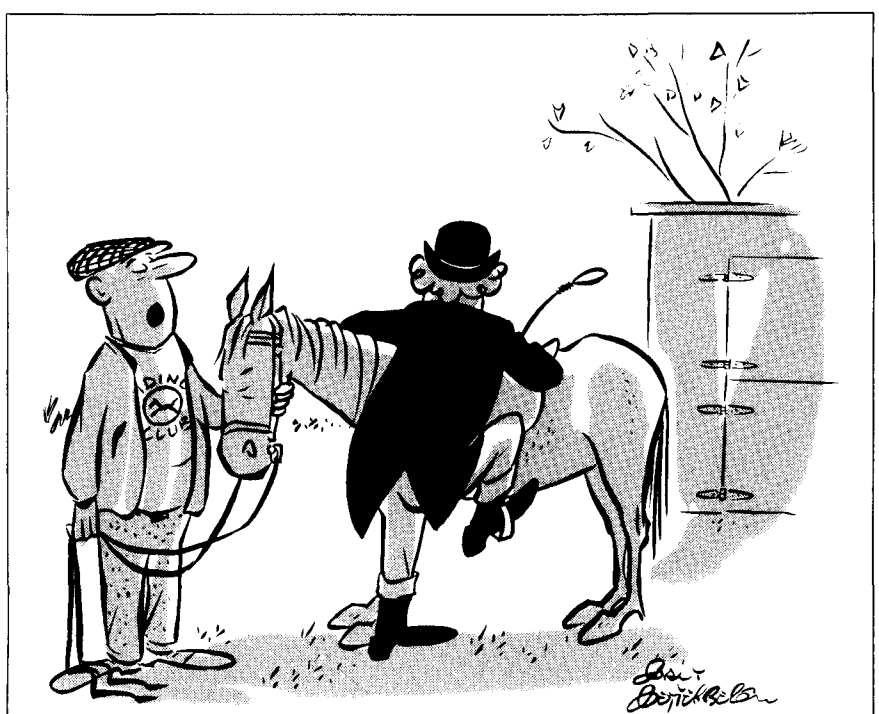
"I knew the story as a child," she said quietly. "I don't remember now except that it was sad."

"Daphne was the daughter of Peneus, the river god," I said. "Apollo was seized with love for her, but she yearned to keep her freedom. Many lovers sought her, but she spurned them all.

"Apollo loved her and longed to have her as his own. She sensed he was different from all the others, but she was afraid. She belonged to the unspoiled woods and to the untamed rivers. He followed her relentlessly and told her not to flee from him as a lamb flies before the wolf or a dove before the hawk. He was the god of song and the lyre and played a mighty melody of love."

"A guitar player," she said softly. "Playing a sweet and sad guitar."

"She tried not to listen to him," I said. "She was innocent of the meaning of love. But he would not let her alone. Her strength began to fail, and she called upon her father to aid her, to change her form, which had brought her into danger. Scarcely had she finished pleading when a stiffness seized all her limbs. Her hair became leaves, (*Continued on Page 45*)



"Now let us pause there for a moment, Mrs. Molbank, while we think this thing through."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A gentle snowflake, touching me
Is all the softness there can be

For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11" x 14") send 25¢ in coin to Northern, Box 760, Hinsdale, Illinois

There's new softness in today's Northern
New fluff-like softness — in delicate pastels and purest white. If you haven't tried Northern recently, please do. For now, more than ever

Softness is Northern

Another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 43*) her arms became branches, her feet stuck fast in the ground as roots. Apollo touched the stem of the tree and felt her flesh tremble under the new bark. And he wept for his lost love. 'Since you cannot be mine,' he sang, 'I will wear you for my crown. I will decorate with you my harp and my lyre. My songs will make you immortal.'"

When I finished, she moved restlessly from the shadows and for an instant stood in the strip of light before the door. "The legend does not tell the truth," she said, and there was a black and bitter edge to her words. "Do not believe she fled because she was innocent and cared nothing for him. She fled because she had known many men and did not deserve the kind of love he offered. She knew if they loved each other they might both be destroyed."

"It is only a story that belongs to the past," I said wearily. "A bit of foolishness for children and old men."

She went in the door, and after a moment I followed.

It was not long after that night that Apollo and Daphne became lovers. I do not know why she changed her mind. Perhaps even the daughters of gods have moments of mortal yearning. And the legend does not tell us whether in that unhappy chase the two of them did not pause for a moment together, perhaps in an hour of twilight when the darkening of the woods made them feel keenly the burden of being alone.

No one told me they became lovers, but I knew by the radiance that came from them when they were together. Sometimes when they had finished their last song after midnight they came to the bar, and I served them little glasses of wine.

"Is she not beautiful, Janco?" he said, and there was the intimacy of possession in the way his fingers touched her hair. She accepted his touch, and I saw their faces stir with the soft wind of each other's desire.

"Is he not mad?" she said and laughed her husky laugh, animated and deepened by affection.

"He is a guitar player," I smiled. "You are a singer of sad love songs. This gives you both a head start on madness."

"When I was a boy," Apollo said softly, looking at Daphne, "I had dreams of conquering cities and of ruling men. Dreams of loving countless fair and dark women." He paused, and the words came shaken from his throat. "I have found them all," he said. "In my love I have conquered cities and rule all other men. In my love I have spanned the oceans and circled the earth. In my love I possess countless fair and dark women."

"He is mad," Daphne said, and in her eyes there was a fierce longing to believe him. "He is trying to make me as mad as he is."

"The mad are sane," I said, "and the sane are mad. Only love can harness both."

She raised her glass of wine and watched me as she spoke. "Legends are stories that belong to the past," she said, and a shadow swept her cheeks. "Is that not true, Janco?"

"That is true," I said quickly. "A bit of foolishness for children and old men."

She accepted my assurance recklessly and held tightly to Apollo's hand. "Then I drink to the future," she said fiercely. "A future that will make stories of its own."

"I drink to that," I said and spoke from my heart.

I am sure the ugly trouble began with Ali Pasha. When he could not have Daphne, his soul festered in rancor and wished to destroy that which he had been denied, He whispered in low malevolent tones to the waiters, falling silent when I came near. They followed his dark spoor and, like coyotes that feed on what the wolf brings down, added their own venom to the pot. Rumors and suspicions and whispers about Daphne and her past spread furiously through the tavern. There were sidelong smirks and muted laughter when Apollo passed the tables.

When he understood something of what was going on, he twisted in frustration and rage, but could find no adversary visible. I think he wished mainly to protect and defend her, and yet the baleful laughter nourished disorder. He knew that the shadows of her past concealed much he did not relish, and he began to brood over what could not be forgotten.

I fought to help him where I could and yet protected Ali Pasha as well. I knew that if Apollo suspected the origin of the vile whispering there would be violence. Ali Pasha kept a loaded gun in the top drawer of his desk and was coward enough to use it if he were attacked.

Under the taunt of these aggravations Apollo one night flung a patron violently from the platform when he sought to slip a folded bill into a pocket of Daphne's dress. There was a roar of catcalls and jeers. The man who had been shoved shrieked for the police. Ali Pasha hurried him into his office to conciliate him. A moment later Apollo came raging to the bar, followed by Daphne.

"He meant nothing," Daphne pleaded to calm him. "That was a good tip, and he meant no harm."

"Let him choke on his good tip!" Apollo said. "I should have smashed him. I saw him paw you. I should have smashed the pig!" He twisted on the stool, all the weeks of provocation and helplessness fused into explosive direction. "I have to sit there and watch them hour after hour," he said. "Drunken pigs who think their grimy dollar entitles them any liberty."

"Listen, please," Daphne said in a low, soothing voice. "I can tell when one is a bad apple. I would slap that kind down myself. Mostly they are old roosters with cut claws showing off for applause from their friends. They mean no harm."

"They harm me!" Apollo said. "I do not want the woman I love pawed by pigs!"

Her eyes began to flash fire of their own. "You forget one thing," she said. "I am a singer of bawdy songs in a tavern. In Cleveland and Detroit I earned my tips this way. This is the way I earn my bread."

"To hell with that," Apollo said, and his cheeks shook off heat. "To hell with earning your bread that way."

"Don't tell me how to earn my bread," she said, and the words came bitten from between her teeth. "From the time I was ten no one cared whether I had bread at all. I have made my own way and asked no favors and earned my bread. Don't tell me now what is right. Don't sit in judgment like a god over my life."

"What kind of woman are you?" he asked savagely. "Not to mind being pawed by a hundred men!"

She stepped back as if he had struck her. Then, without another word, she turned quickly and almost ran to the door. He made a sudden frantic motion with his hand to call her back and then changed his mind.

"Go after her," I said quietly. "You were not fair, Apollo. She cares a great deal for you. Don't let her grieve alone." I looked uneasily at the closed door to the office. "Ali Pasha will be out in a minute."

"To hell with him," Apollo said. But the circles of anger around his mouth loosened slightly, and then he slipped off the stool and started after Daphne.

A moment later Ali Pasha came out of the office embracing the patron whose outrage seemed to have softened. "Give this gentleman two bottles of *mastiha*." Ali Pasha's voice dripped unctuous tones. "Drink them, sir, with my compliments."

After the mollified rooster walked away clutching his bottles, Ali Pasha quickly dropped the mask of civility. "Mark that down," he snarled. "Those two bottles come out of the guitar player's wages. Charge him the retail price." He glared around the room. "Where is he and the girl?"

"Out for the air," I said.

"You tell them when they get back," he said, spitting the words from beneath his flaring mustache. "You tell lover boy that one more outburst like that and he and his prize paramour can both clear out." The sweat glistened on his swarthy face. "Who the devil does he think he is to protect that tart?"

"He is only a man in love," I said slowly. "A poor man goaded and tormented by dirty rumors and vicious lies spread by animals who only feel at home in the dark."

The blood left his face as if I had struck him.

November came, and the hours of daylight grew shorter. Dusk and dark advanced as the winter nights closed down. For the first time that I could remember I dreaded the coming of winter. The bleakness of the earth mirrored a desolation gathering in myself. I tried to validate this as the ominous premonition of an old man who did not have long to live, but I knew it was really because of my grief and despair for Apollo and Daphne.

The ugly whispering and mocking laughter had slowly faded away. Even Ali Pasha tired of the brutal game. But the baleful harm had been done.

Apollo could not forgive or forget the measure of mockery Daphne and he had endured. He tasted a bitter cup of brooding that would not let him rest. Each night that Daphne sang he devised in fury that the room secreted her former lovers, and he held himself tense and ready for violence. She sought to soothe and reassure him, but he was beyond reason. When they could bear no more, they raged loudly at each other and did not care who heard. At other times they fought in a dreadful silence.

In those dissembled moments when they sought to tear from the fabric of the nightmare a pattern for survival, they drew me with frenzied gaiety into their plans.

"Can you see me tending house?" she asked, and laughed a quick, shrill laugh. "Janco, can you honestly see me in an apron?"

"I see you clearly," Apollo said. "I will come home weary in the evening ——"

"And Daphne will greet you with a song and a dance," I said, smiling.

"She will greet me with a tableful of food," he cried. "Roast chicken and white pilaf and salad garnished with Calamata olives and ripe mizithra cheese."

"Where will this splendid meal come from?" Daphne asked.

"You will cook it," Apollo said. "As my mother cooked for my father."

"Fine," Daphne said mirthfully. "I will cook for you as your mother cooked for your father. Fine."

"You will cook it," Apollo spoke with confidence. "And we will invite Janco to dinner several nights a week."

"I will work hard to learn," Daphne said. "You might both be surprised at how good a cook I become."

"I think you will become a fine cook," I cried. "And when you achieve this mastery, Apollo will create a ballad about your prowess in the kitchen."

There were those other bleak and furious moments when he stormed past the bar into the office, and she followed as if she were tied to his flesh. I could hear their voices through the thin panels of wood.

"You are a madman," she told him. "You are blind and mad."

"I see enough," his voice trembled. "The way that sailor looked at you. The things you promised when you sang to him."

"It is only you I care about," she cried. "Don't you understand that?"

"You knew him from before," he said.

"I have never seen him before tonight."

"You lie!" he said savagely.

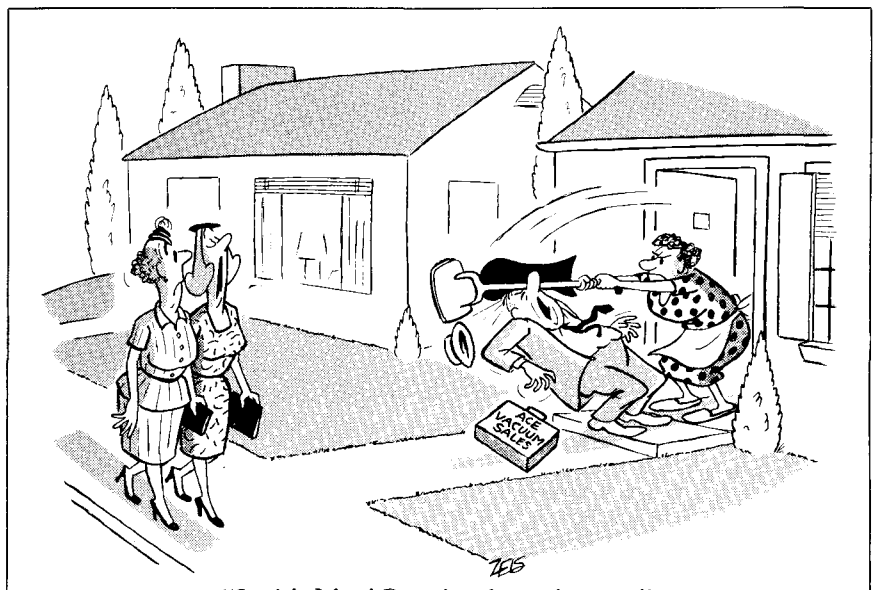
"I'm not lying!" she said. "I'm not lying!"

"There were other men," he said. "You cannot deny there were many other men."

"What can I say about that now?" she said, and a terrible pain rang in her words. "What can I do about that now?"

There was a day in the beginning of December when I got to the tavern very early in the afternoon and found it deserted except for Daphne on a stool at the bar.

"You are hours early," I said, smiling. "Are you that attached to this place?"



"I wish I had Betty's sales resistance."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I am leaving, Janco," she said quietly. "I came to say good-by."

I could not answer. A sadness settled upon me. After a while I said, "Where will you go?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't care."

"He will follow you," I said. "He will not let you go."

She did not answer or move for a long moment. Then she slipped off the stool and turned and stared gravely across the shadowed room with the chairs piled upon the empty wooden tables. "These places are all alike," she said bitterly. "When you have sung in one you have sung in all. They are graveyards one moment and circuses the next moment. They all have the smell of damp cellars that never see the sun."

"If you went away for a little while," I said. "For just a little while and then came back."

"That would do no good," she said. "You know that."

She walked a few steps, and her shadow rose and swept along the wall behind her as if seeking a place to rest.

"In the world outside," she said, "there are countless people who love and marry and bear children. They live one day like the next. I have never envied them before." A stricken wonder came into her voice. "I try to remember the moment for me when there was no turning back. I try to remember the moment such a dream was lost to me forever. I cannot." She shook her head wearily. "All my life seems a long, bawdy song."

She came slowly to where I stood and kissed me. Her lips were cold against my cheek. "I could not say good-by to him," she said. "I say good-by to you instead."

"Will you leave him a letter?" I asked. "A message?"

"Everything has been done." She shook her head. "Everything has been said." She walked toward the door of the office. "I will fix my face and go," she said. "The first waiters may come soon."

She stood for a moment in the doorway. Her face, suddenly stained with tears, had imperfections, but no face is faultless, and if grief and despair make any face ugly, still she glittered in that moment with some strange beauty. "So the legend is right in the end," she said. "Daphne and Apollo are lost to each other."

"Not really lost," I said. "They have loved each other. He will never forget her. He will wear her love for his crown and will decorate with her memory his harp and his lyre."

"You are a foolish old man," she said softly. "Life to you is a song and a harp and stories that belong to the past."

She closed the door behind her. I turned wearily to prepare for the evening, trying to ease my distress in the movements of habit, the opening of bottles and the wiping of glasses. A few moments later I heard the sound of a shot.

A cold wind from the grave swept my body, and I went quickly through the door to the office. She was sitting in an armchair with her head limply to one side and the tumbled waves of her lovely hair almost hiding her face. There was a small stain of blood on her breast above her heart and at her feet the gun of Ali Pasha from his drawer.

I made my cross and closed my eyes for a moment and cried out then, a terrible cry from the marrow of my bone, for Daphne and Apollo and for the earth which had lost their love.

The winter seems to last forever. March is still a cold and dreary month. Sometimes the snow falls softly during the night, and in the morning the earth is frozen and buried. I walk shivering to work, and when I breathe, a quivering mist rises like smoke from my mouth.

The tavern is not the same. Ali Pasha carries a dark burden of guilt and drinks savagely and alone. The wild old men still dance, but without the vigor they had before, as if they are only sad and futile ghosts. Apollo still plays the guitar, but he is changed as well.

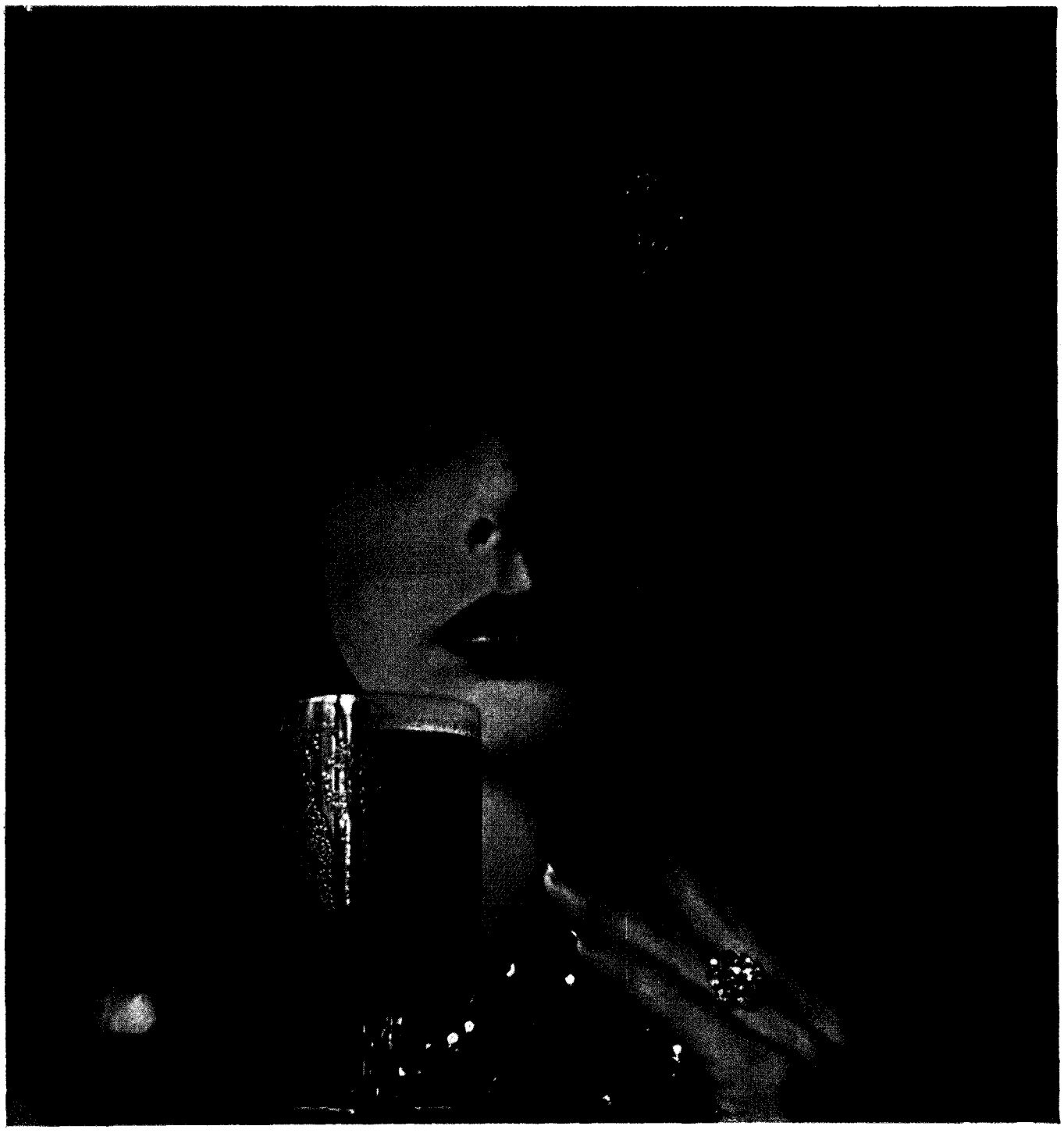
Many come to hear him play in the evening. I swear there are tears off his strings, and his songs are great white stars that set dreams to weeping. And as I stand behind the bar late at night and listen, it seems to me that I am back in the mountains of the old country under Homer's glittering moon. Parnassus stands behind dark mountains. The olive groves and the ruins of columns lie among the age-old trees. The sea and Piraeus are white with light. Under the stars the shepherds sleep beside their flocks.

When I have to sit down because my ankles are swollen and my feet hurt, I return unwillingly to reality and know I am only an old man. A foolish old man to whom life is a song and a harp and a legend that will never die. THE END

One reason English is taught in high school is to acquaint teen-agers with a language other than their own.

ANNA HERBERT

Vodka 80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin, 90 Proof 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cincinnati, Ohio. Distributed by National Distillers Products Company



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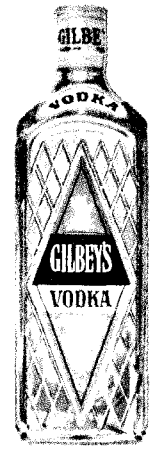

GILBEY'S VODKA

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin

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Who Really Rules England?

(Continued from Page 27)

Establishment, and calls for its destruction. "It is Victorian England, with all its prejudices, ignorances and inhibitions, that the Establishment sets out to defend."

Who, specifically, comprise the Establishment varies according to each critic. But the list is likely to include the Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Norman Craven Brook, who as Secretary of the Cabinet can bring any issue to official notice; the Earl of Cromer, governor of the Bank of England; Sir William Haley, editor of the London *Times;* H. Carleton Greene, director-general of the B.B.C. (partisans of Malcolm Muggeridge dubbed his predecessor, Sir Edward Ian Claud Jacob, "the Gag Man"); the formidable political hostesses, Lady Violet Bonham Carter and Lady Pamela Berry; John Hanbury Angus Sparrow, warden of All Souls College at Oxford, which, together with Cambridge, reputedly serves to shape promising youths in the Establishment mold.

Nobody suggests, however, that these exalted personages actually bend their heads together in secret conclave over the nation's destinies. Even the brashest critics concede that the conspiracy is tacit, a matter of subtle, intangible pressures. The conspirators supposedly require no overt exchanges, being attuned to the same wave length by virtue of their similar backgrounds and upbringing. The archetypal Establishment figure possesses an ancient title or wealth, if not both. He got his preparatory schooling at Eton, Harrow, Winchester or, if Roman Catholic, Downside, and matriculated in Oxford or Cambridge, not (perish the thought!) a "red-brick" college, as England's hundred-odd other groves of academe are known. He performed his military service as an officer in an elite regiment such as the Queen's Household Cavalry or the Grenadier Guards. He belongs to one or more London clubs. The Athenaeum probably, if pursuing a scholarly or ecclesiastical career, the Reform (predominantly political), the Carlton (a Tory stronghold), the Garrick (literary and artistic), the Devonshire (industrial), White's, Boodle's or Brooks's (high society). He has married into an Establishment family.

This composite portrait gained considerable credence in 1959 when the Manchester School of Economic and Social Studies published an analysis of the educational, social and family connections of 529 "top decision makers." That was the number of those whose names had cropped up during an investigation of allegedly improper disclosures about increased bank rates whereby some investors reaped handsome profits. The 529 fell into six categories: cabinet and crown ministers, senior civil servants, directors of the Bank of England, of the leading merchant banks, of brokerage and investment houses, and of insurance companies. The survey disclosed that between a fourth and a third of the people in each category, except the civil servants, had attended Eton; about 70 per cent of the ministers and civil servants and 50 per cent of the bankers had gone to Oxford or Cambridge. The majority of the civil servants belong either to the Reform or a university club. The clubs most frequently represented in the other categories are The Athenaeum, the Carlton, White's and Brooks's. Family connections proved too intricate to trace completely in the time allotted to the survey, but ties of blood or marriage were established among seventy-three "top decision makers."

By virtue of this constant exposure to the same atmospheres, members of the Establishment are presumed to sense, with little need for palaver, the correct line to take on any issue, and to coordinate instinctively like wild geese flying in perfect formation. Exactly how does the Establishment exert its collective will? A young free-lance journalist named Henry Fairlie, who popularized the term, furnishes a hypothetical example.

Assuming, says Fairlie, that he favored the creation of a new university at Brighton, he would not launch a public campaign. Neither would he approach politicians or men of wealth. Instead he would seek the support of just four people: the Archbishop of Canterbury, John Sparrow, Sir William Haley and Lady Violet Bonham Carter. If he prevailed, he would expect the Archbishop to stimulate discussion in the House of Lords and perhaps persuade the Lord Mayor of London to interest Establishment financiers at a banquet. Warden Sparrow would turn the Common Room of All Souls into intelligence headquarters for the project, while Sir William would open up to it the correspondence columns of *The Times* and run an editorial implying that the whole splendid idea had arisen spontaneously. At her soirees Lady Violet would drop bees into the right bonnets.

"I would be confident of eventual success," Fairlie concludes, "and I would sit back and wait for my honorary LL.D. from the University of Brighton."

Such is the kind of bush telegraph which has purportedly transmitted the signals for practically every momentous development in British affairs, foolish as well as sensible, from Chamberlain's umbrella diplomacy at Munich to the devaluation of the pound.

The members of this cabalistic fellowship never, never—to enumerate some of the observances commonly ascribed to them—publicly differ, deprecate the royal family, poke fun at the Establishment or admit its existence, though they may commit all of these breaches in private. The young Queen Victoria's favorite minister, Lord Melbourne, exemplified the attitude toward political strategy imputed to the Establishment when he adjourned a cabinet meeting for tea with the remark that it didn't matter what the members of his government said as long as they all said the same thing.

A valued *Times* reporter named Dermot Morrah reflected a similar spirit when the present Queen inherited the throne. As the newspaper's expert on palace protocol, genealogy and heraldry, he had been given, by the stage managers of the coronation, the resounding medieval title of Arundel Herald Extraordinary, with the privilege of marching in the procession to Westminster Abbey, and asked to draft some of Her Majesty's addresses. On the eve of the ceremonies Morrah dropped into the office of another distinguished *Times*man, Cyril Falls. "I understand," he said, "that the Queen will visit Enniskillen and that you're writing the Provost of Enniskillen's welcome speech." Falls said he was. "Well, I'm writing the Queen's reply," declared Arundel Herald Extraordinary. "Shall we get together?"

The wheel horses of the British Labor Party, whether humbly born like Herbert Morrison or from the upper social strata like Clement Attlee and Hugh Gaitskell, seem scarcely more radical than the Conservatives. Provided they can get the workingmen a bigger slice of the economic pie, they remain content to operate within the existing order and to preserve it. As the party's left-wing minority see it, the Labor bench consists mainly of tame-cat ex-Socialists, renegades in the class war, who succumbed to the Establishment's technique of absorption. They cite, as a classic example, the late Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald—originally a militant Socialist, then, given the "kiss of aristocracy," offering no further serious threat to the Establishment. That prototypal Establishmentarian of the last generation, Lord Waldorf Astor, took pains to befriend Ernest Bevin, who had created the Transport and General Workers' Union. And when, in 1938, Bevin was appointed Labor representative on the British delegation to the Commonwealth Relations Conference in Australia, Astor some say, helped defray his traveling expenses. (But if he hoped thereby to trim the lion's claws, he was disappointed; to the end of his career Bevin remained conspicuously unabsorbed.)

When the Queen bestows a peerage upon a Laborite (within the last five years Morrison has become Baron Morrison of Lambeth and Attlee, Viscount Attlee of Prestwood), when she receives at Buckingham Palace some hornyhanded, *h*-dropping, old-line union organizer, the left-wingers smile knowingly; it's all part of Establishment strategy, they say. They find it significant, too, that the Maecenas Committee, which recommends candidates for the Queen's honors list to the Prime Minister, who recommends them to the Queen—"a frightfully well-working system," according to one committeeman—is composed almost exclusively of Oxonians bearing the Establishment stamp.

"What we have nowadays," says a student of British society, "are Socialists trying to be gentlemen and gentlemen trying to be Socialists. It comes out the same. Either way the important thing is gentlemanliness. Even Communists can penetrate Establishment social circles as long as they observe the outward forms—that is, as long as they aren't noisy, gauche or boring."

The novelist, John Wain, once the angriest of the Angry Young Men, made his reputation deflating the supposed Establishment values. His recent writing, a good deal of it for the *Observer*, of which Lord Waldorf Astor's son, David, is the editor, carries a milder bite, a change attributed by some to the wiles of the Establishment hostesses who lionize Wain. Of the poet T. S. Eliot, England's highest-ranking literary mandarin, a fellow poet maliciously points out, "when Eliot was younger, his poetry was full of the imagery of the gutter, but now, socially and spiritually elevated through his association with the Establishment, he writes plays about lords and ladies."

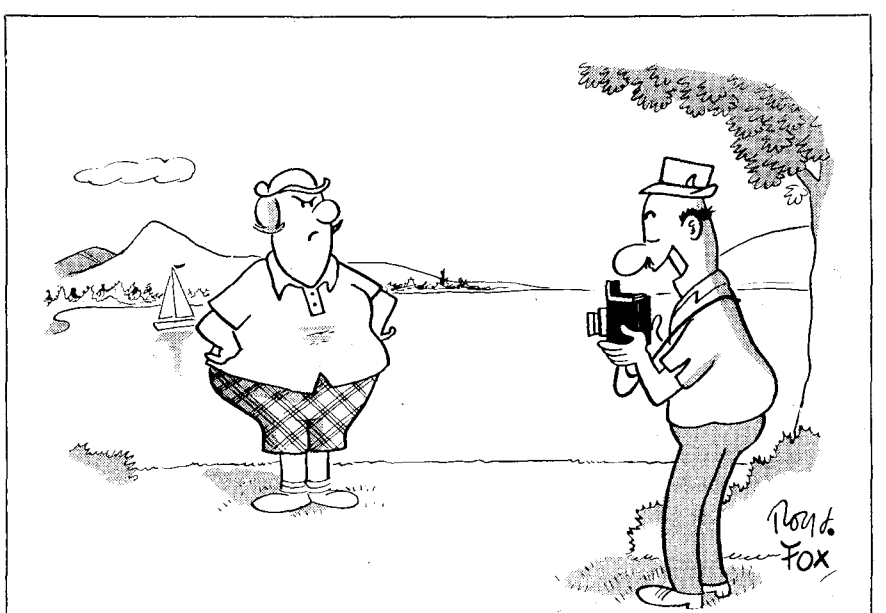
In Establishment manners and morals, appearances count more than reality, style more than content. The cardinal sin is to outrage the general public. Sexual irregularities, while tolerated when discreetly indulged, call for expulsion if they become public. Admiral Nelson and Oscar Wilde were ousted from the Establishment of their day—under different labels, as we shall see, the idea of the Establishment has persisted throughout British history—not so much because the one stole Lady Hamilton from her husband and the other practiced homosexuality, but because they flaunted their derelictions.

The Establishment frowns upon divorce because it reduces access to the Crown. Until recently no divorced person could set foot inside the royal enclosure at Ascot. An Establishmentarian can profess atheism in private without impairing his status, provided he goes to church regularly. He can also drink himself senseless in his club as long as he stays visibly sober outside of it.

Newspaper publicity he should, for the most part, shun. The Establishment tended to cold-shoulder the late Aly Khan because his life and loves produced too many lurid headlines, whereas his massively dignified father, the Aga Khan whom the press usually treated respectfully, it accepted. Likewise, it deplores the Marquess of Milford Haven less for selling champagne and endorsing commercial products—after all, it recognizes economic necessity—than for being frequently photographed with film starlets.

The prescribed Establishment attire in town includes a dark suit of ultraconservative pattern fashioned by some leading Establishment tailor, a black bowler and a tightly furled umbrella; in the country slacks and multicolored sport shirts as bizarre and mismatched as the wildest fancy can conceive. The principal Establishment sports are shooting, riding to hounds and yachting. For social recreation Establishmentarians seldom frequent night clubs or indeed any public place of entertainment, preferring the exclusivity of their own or other Establishment drawing rooms and clubs.

The favorite indoor pastime is conversation, and the vocabulary strictly U (Upper Class) as expounded in an essay a few years ago by the elegant biographer and novelist, Nancy Mitford—"rich" instead of the non-U "wealthy," "sick"



"Ah—the wide-angle lens does it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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not "ill," "false teeth" not "dentures," "mad" not "mental." Miss Mitford herself might qualify for Establishmenthood on several counts, being a daughter of wealth—or riches—and noble lineage. But nothing could have been so non-E of her as to write about non-U. The simon-pure Establishmentarian takes for granted the essential rightness of his diction, dress and general deportment, and betrays no more consciousness of them than a bird of paradise its plumage.

A degree of eccentricity, of crankiness even, also distinguishes the species. The satirist, Evelyn Waugh, who is sometimes referred to as the Establishment jester, once turned up at a London literary luncheon flourishing a Victorian ear trumpet two feet long. After using the instrument during the meal, he plunked it down ostentatiously the moment Malcolm Muggeridge got up to speak and sat feigning stone deafness until Muggeridge finished.

"I did not listen to a word," Waugh recalled later with relish. "I dislike that man."

The two surest ways of entering the Establishment are by birth or by succeeding through exceptional abilities to one of certain key administrative posts. Nothing less than criminality or idiocy could debar a Salisbury, a Devonshire or a Russell. Because the Marquesses of Salisbury, the Dukes of Devonshire and the Earls Russell have contributed for generations as statesmen and scholars to the greatness of England, their descendants are assumed to be congenitally superior. It matters not that Bertrand, the third Earl Russell, has espoused such non-E causes as Marxism and free love; the Russell dynastic record would ensure his E membership. The incumbencies which automatically carry that distinction include those of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (at present, Sir Francis Festing), the Lord Chief Justice (Sir Hubert Lister Parker), the President of the Royal Society (Sir Cyril Hinshelwood) and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Office (the Earl of Gosford).

Not everybody who believes the Establishment is a real, identifiable force scorns it. To some minds, it strives first and foremost for the nation's good, and if what's good for the nation happens to be good for the Establishment, that is because its members consider themselves ordained to rule by heritage, natural endowments and the will of Providence. They do not, the apologists argue, open their doors to gifted opponents simply to charm them into innocuousness, but to reinforce the Establishment with the best brains available. Nor is the Establishment the fusty monolith its detractors imagine. To be sure, with its profound regard for tradition, for the tried-and-true, it resists change; but when change appears inevitable, it marches, if not in the vanguard, at least close behind. This adaptability partly explains why even the most revolutionary shifts, proceed bloodlessly, within the parliamentary framework.

Stephen Spender, the poet and co-editor of the influential magazine *Encounter*, while decrying the Establishment's dampening effect on artistic creativity, defends it as an acceptable alternative to tyranny. Similarly the literary critic, Cyril Connolly, deplores the Establishment's nepotism and snobbery, but admires its flexibility, efficiency and integrity. "Actually," says Connolly, "the Establishment wouldn't dream of trying to tamper with the machinery of constitutional government. The British civil service is too incorruptible for that. The Establishment merely creates the climate in which decisions can be reached; it causes important questions to be raised."

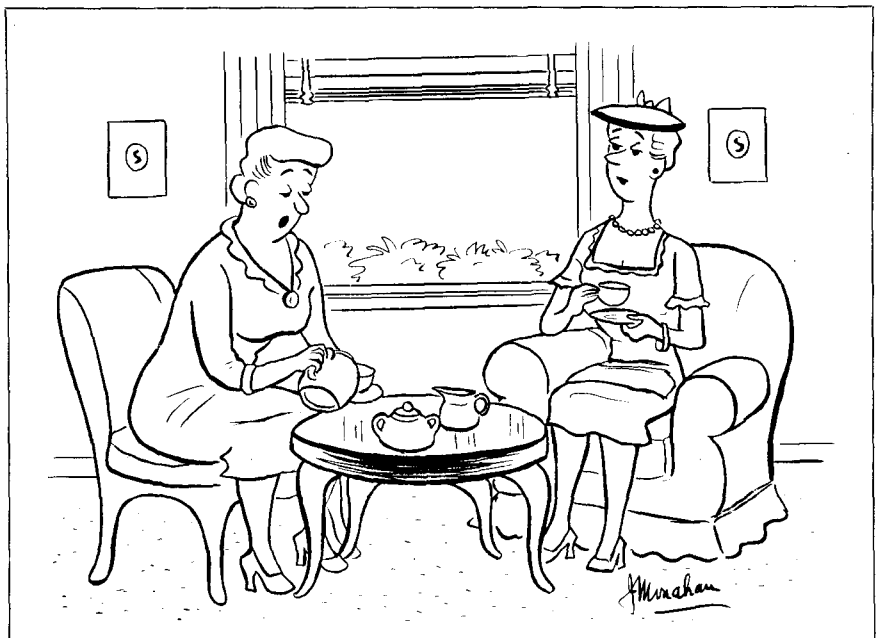
The popular image evoked by the word "Establishment," that of a conspiratorial, monopolistic faction remote from the common man, has been variously known in other generations as "the Upper Class," "the System," "the Thing" and "Them." It is easy enough to understand how, in a country as tightly knit, as class conscious and as small as England, where the sources of power perforce lie in relatively few hands, the image arose and why it persists. For example, only five families control almost 50 per cent of the British press. Lord John Jacob Astor owns nine tenths of the London *Times*, of which his son, Gavin, is chairman, while his nephew, David, is editor in chief of the *Observer*. The proprietors or chairmen of Associated Newspapers Ltd., Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd., Kemsley Newspapers Ltd. and Daily Telegraph Ltd., representing fifty-two dailies and weeklies, are all related to either Lord Rothermere or Lord Kemsley. What more natural, to the anti-Establishment way of thinking, than that these kindred Cyclopes of communications, chatting over cheese and port at White's or a reunion of old Eton boys, should coordinate their policies? What, indeed, except that their newspapers reflect no uniformity of opinion, but range the entire political spectrum from far Left to far Right.

"Establishment," in a derogatory sense, was used as early as the Eighteenth century by the radical pamphleteer, William Cobbett, in his diatribes against plutocracy. It was in 1955 when the British Foreign Office, having withheld official comment about the disappearance four years before of the fashionably connected diplomats, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, finally confirmed their defection to Russia, that Henry Fairlie revived the term. Writing for the *Spectator*, Fairlie reported, "By its traditions and methods of recruitment the Foreign Office makes it inevitable that the members of the Foreign Office will be men who 'know all the right people.' At the time of the disappearance of Maclean and Burgess, 'the right people' moved into action. Lady Violet Bonham Carter was the most active and the most open. But she was not alone. From those who were expecting Maclean to dinner on the very night on which he disappeared, to those who happened to have been charmed by his very remarkable father, the representatives of the 'Establishment' moved in, and how effectively they worked may be traced in the columns of the more respectable newspapers at the time, especially of *The Times* and the *Observer*... a great deal of pressure was brought to bear in 1951 and 1952 to discount the more sensational stories about Burgess and Maclean."

The ensuing hostilities lasted months. Furious letters from the alleged Establishmentarians castigated Fairlie for "low innuendo . . . viciousness . . . McCarthyism." Lady Violet hinted at libel action. Though the journalist denied impugning anybody's honor or patriotism ("No doubt they did it for the best possible reasons—we all, I hope, would stand by our friends"), he went on to expose the influence of the Establishment in other areas, notably the B. B. C., whose first Director-General, Lord Reith, required radio news announcers to wear dinner jackets. By the time the dust of battle settled, "Establishment" was a British household word, and Fairlie himself now complains that what he originally intended as an analytical concept has been perverted into a term of general abuse.

Is there, then, an Establishment that fits any definition? The detached observer, British or foreign, who tries to determine soon finds himself floundering in a quagmire of contradiction, paradox and myth. To every definition attempted can be opposed countless exceptions that invalidate it. If, for example, the Establishment is a secret society of power holders, all thinking and acting alike, it should follow that whenever crucial issues arise, the members will coalesce into a solid phalanx. But nothing could be further from the truth. Yet people who argue to the contrary are continually harking back to the "Cliveden Set," named after the Astor country estate where the movers and shakers of prewar Britain used to gather weekends to exchange ideas, as an instance of the Establishment at its most sinister. Hosts and guests between them, they insist, directed the appeasement policies which nearly wrecked the nation. A close study of the guest list, however, shakes that theory, for though it included supporters of the let's-not-be-beastly-to-Hitler line like Geoffrey Dawson, the then editor of *The Times*, it also included Winston Churchill.

The Cliveden Set, in fact, was an invention of the Communist press. In his diary, a year before the war, Dr. Thomas Jones, who had been Deputy Secretary of the Cabinet, wrote, "The description of 'Clivedenism' is, of course, somewhat grotesque to anyone who really knows what a weekend with the Astors is like. The so-called 'Group' has as much unity as passengers in a railway train. Several of them never mention politics at all and confine their observations to golf, others to books, some to gardening. Those who are active politicians are engaged in criticizing one another for the most part."



"I must say my husband is loving, thoughtful, kind and considerate—nobody else will."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Establishment—always granting, for the sake of argument, that the Establishment exists—split just as wide apart over the Suez crisis, colonialism, capital punishment and the proposals to liberalize the laws against sexual deviates. Not only does it show little solidarity as a group, but violently divergent opinions often flourish within the same Establishment family. Lord Astor's "Auntie Times," as even its most faithful readers call it, remains a staunch champion of the Right, while the *Observer*, under the editorship of David Astor, has swung well to the Left. "The trouble with Americans," says the latter, "is that they're far too anti-Communist."

As the earnest inquirer into the nature of the Establishment delves deeper, as he talks to Englishmen of every stripe, the suspicion gradually dawns upon him that he is looking, as a philosopher once said about the study of philosophy, in a dark room for a black cat that isn't there. He begins to recognize a state of mind, a psychological fantasy, somewhat resembling, though in a peculiarly British, nonmalignant form, "the International Jewish Conspiracy" or "the Papist Plot"—in short, a whipping boy. Thus, to an abstract expressionist painter the leader of the art Establishment might be Sir Philip Hendy, director of the traditionalist National Gallery, whereas to an academician it might be Sir John Knewstub Maurice Rothenstein, director of the more advanced Tate Gallery. Any number can play the Establishment game; no vast damage is wrought and the fun is endless.

With tongue fairly bursting out of cheek, a London magazine, the *Queen*, recently formulated the rules for maintaining Establishment status as follows:

"All members must accept the principle that there are no interests which need conflict with any other interests; no policies which need conflict with any other policies; no ideas, even, which need conflict with any other ideas.

"There is nothing which cannot be fixed over three large whiskies, a chukker of polo or a rubber of bridge.

"Power may be discreetly misused for the following purposes—(a) to cover up mistakes; (b) to provide for one's family; (c) to preserve law and order.

"Business should seldom be discussed and then obliquely. The Governing Body recommend conversation on the following lines to be used while waiting for the ladies to get their coats after a long dinner on expenses—

"'That little matter?'

"'All fixed, old man.'

"'By the way, how much, if you see what I mean?'

"'Five.'

"'Splendid. Ring me tomorrow. Let's see. I've got to have my hair cut in the morning. I'm lunching at White's. Better make it Monday night. Good night.'

"Members must on no account lead scandalous lives until they are in such a position that the newspapers dare not reveal the facts.

"Members should acquire some degree of skill in the following pastimes—(a) tapping telephones; (b) passing the buck; (c) administering corporal punishment.

"The beans must never be spilt."

THE END

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Tourists' New Frontier

(Continued from Page 31)

raised and lowered by distortions of the planet's crust and still later strewn with volcanic lava and debris, this corner of Utah is a multimillion-year-old model of the planet's evolution.

The strange shapes and patterns of this lonely world are embellished with the soft, rich colors resulting from the oxides of iron and magnesium in the sedimentary limestone and sandstone which cover much of the area. This color, the immensity, the implacability and the Wizard of Oz quality of the land have earned for it all sorts of extravagant labels—Land of Standing Rocks, Land of the Sleeping Rainbow, Land of the Painted Cliffs and the Color Country, among others—all of them reasonably appropriate. Fabian, with a grin, calls it "God-awful country," and that is appropriate too.

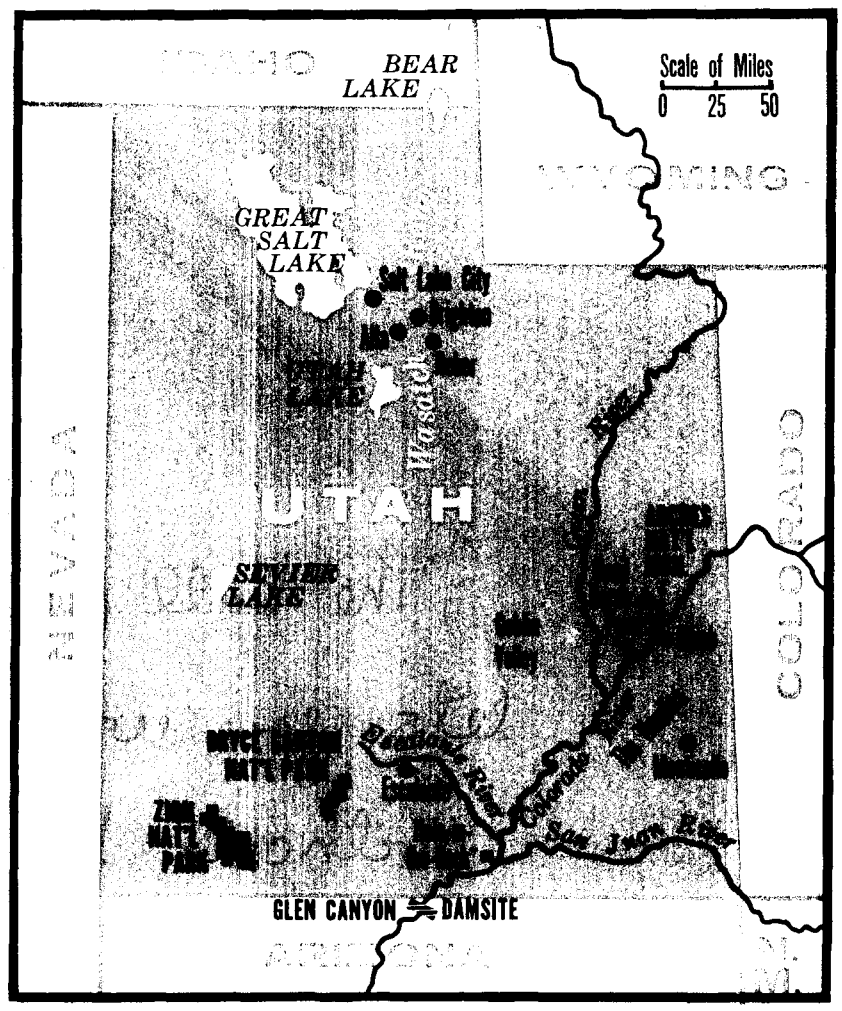
Utah's earnest but belated drive to move in on its wide-open spaces—it was the last state to establish a park and recreation program, in 1957—is the product of pure frustration. As a state with 75 per cent of its territory owned by the Federal Government, Utah has always been, in a manner of speaking, a guest in its own house. The result was a general state of immobility in developing land for public use; what the Federal Government wouldn't do, the state couldn't do.

As a consequence Utah had to content itself with two of the smaller national parks—both Zion and Bryce Canyon in the southwestern corner of the state are "look-see" parks, their chief attraction being geologic phenomena—a few national monuments and two tiny historic sites. None of these natural exhibitions offered the public any recreational facilities. Nor is the state an area of natural playgrounds; for although Utah has plenty of open space for the adventurous—timbered mountains, high desert and spectacular canyon country—most of this wilderness is either presently inaccessible or too roughhewn for the average vacationing family or the out-of-state tourist.

The fact that the park-poor state was rich in undeveloped park and recreation possibilities was but one of the abrasive facets of the problem which confronted Fabian's newly established Park and Recreation Commission when it opened for business four years ago. State leaders also had to recognize that they had been outmaneuvered in the competitive business of attracting the tourist dollar. As a member of the north-south axis of mountain and desert states which make up our Western tourist industry, Utah had for years been watching the travelers go by on their way to neighboring provinces where recreational areas are developed and more accessible. In 1957 Utah's income from tourists was $97,000,000, while adjacent Colorado reported a tourist take of $275,000,000. New Mexico to the south earned $200,000,000 from tourists; Wyoming to the north, $160,000,000. Among all the states Utah ranked fortieth in its income from tourist business. And, as the commission pointed out, the tourist dollar was "brand-new money" that took nothing from the state but happy memories and acres of exposed photographic film.

On the domestic level the new commission also faced an exigent problem. Although Utah is our eleventh-largest state in area, some 75 per cent of its present population of approximately 900,000 is concentrated in a corridor 100 miles long and ten miles wide between the Wasatch foothills and the Great Salt Lake Basin. This unusual urban concentration, accentuated recently by the burgeoning space-age industrial complex in the Salt Lake City area, results in a lot of leisure-time pressure—the natives want to be off and doing in the mountains and forests that rim the horizon. And just across a desert and a mountain or two—a long day's drive to the southwest—live several million peripatetic Southern Californians who consider the mountain states their appointed playground.

Utah is a conservative state that guards its small treasure skillfully. Utah's dollar is hard-earned from its irrigated farms, its dry ranches, its forests and its mines, or intemperately earned—in the view of some—from the enclave of new missile-age industries in the Wasatch strip. In any event, Utah has never believed in wasting money on frills such as parks and disposal plants—the state capital still dumps its sewage into the Great Salt Lake—and large-scale public planning. This admirable practice of not spending the people's money on superfluities complicated the problem of finding a man and a plan to develop the state's natural recreational resources. You can't be people-minded without a big budget these days. Another discouraging factor was that most of the appropriate land was controlled by various Federal Government bureaus that had little interest in Utah's problems and an overriding interest in holding on to what they had. Indeed, in one case it literally took an act of Congress to get Utah a worth-while bite of its own land.



This map of Utah shows the wilderness regions the author visited during his tour.

By an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances Utah's Gov. George Clyde had just the man for the awful job. His name was Harold Fabian; by trade he was a lawyer, by avocation a conservationist and by nature a mover and shaker.

The trouble with many dedicated conservationists is that they are do-gooders, and do-gooders are hard people to get along with. Although Fabian would probably be accounted dedicated by most knowledgeable members of the conservationist fraternity, only the misty-eyed among them would anoint him as an ever-loving servant of the people. Fabian's attitude can be generally summed up as a conviction that the people ought to have parks, that he, Fabian, will do his best to get the parks and that once the parks are there the public can take them or leave them. And, if you misuse the parks, Harold Fabian will spit in your eye.

This tough-minded credo, which concentrates on the job to be done rather than its humanitarian aspects, is the product of both training and experience. A native of Salt Lake City, son of a non-Mormon family who had emigrated from the East, Fabian grew up in the state capital during the last fifteen years of the nineteenth century, when the mountains to the east and the salt flats to the west still pressed in upon Temple Square at the heart of the city founded by Brigham Young less than fifty years before. Young Harold went East to finish school, graduating from Yale in 1907 and from Harvard Law School three years later. Back in Salt Lake City Fabian joined with a friend of his First World War Army days to form a law partnership of Fabian and Clendenin. Although both of the original partners retired from active legal work some years ago, the firm is still a going concern. Forty years of successful general and corporate law practice has provided Fabian with keen eyes for both large and small print and a tolerant understanding of the virtues and venalities of humankind.

Always the outdoor type, Fabian's first experience with the park and recreation business from the producer's point of view came in 1926 when an old friend named Horace Albright, then superintendent of Yellowstone Park and later director of our National Park Service, asked Fabian if he'd like to help assemble land for a park. A wealthy easterner, at that time unidentified, wanted to purchase enough privately held land in Wyoming's beautiful Jackson Hole Valley, at the base of the towering Tetons, to form a recreational area and add it to the national-park system. Fabian, who knew and loved this area lying just to the south of Yellowstone Park, agreed to devote what time he could to overseeing the acquisition phase of the program. It turned out to be a twenty-three-year-long job, for it was not until 1949 that the easterner, John D. Rockefeller Jr., was able to give the nation the land which now forms a large part of the Grand Teton National Park.

Wrapping up Jackson Hole as a gift to the nation proved to be the most complicated, dramatic and controversial philanthropic project of our times. Fabian emerged from the struggle an acknowledged expert in the arts and stratagems of acquiring both Federal and private land for public use—a process during which the differing philosophies of public and private ownership often meet head on in sharp and bitter conflict. Patience and persuasion are usually the deciding factors in such negotiations, and an extraordinarily high order of objectivity is demanded if the conservationist is to maintain his perspective.

As a long-time trustee of Jackson Hole Preserve, a Rockefeller nonprofit conservation and recreation activity, and a member of our National Parks Advisory Board, Fabian has had ample exposure to this occupational hazard as well as most of the other pressures and complications that afflict those who work for the public weal.

When Governor Clyde plucked Fabian out of what might be called "active retirement" in 1957 and made him chairman—unpaid—of the new, twelve-man State Park and Recreation Commission, Utah got a public servant who could shepherd a park project all the way from the wilderness to Washington, D.C., and back to the public without once losing his footing.

The first accomplishment of Fabian's commission was a home-front project that could be classed as, if not impossible, at least very improbable. Using the two small, privately developed ski areas, Alta and Brighton, on the Wasatch ridge above Salt Lake City as a stimulant, the commission set about establishing its Wasatch Mountain State Park, a 17,000 acre year-round state park and recreation area adjacent to the populous Wasatch strip. This will be integrated with the adjoining National Forest recreation area in its planning and development. Persuasion and maneuvering on every level enticed $1,500,000 in cash and installment contracts from the state legislature. With the public-spirited help of some of the local mining interests and a mammoth assist from the ranching community of Heber valley, which contributed its mountain-valley pasturage at fair prices fixed by state appraisers, the commission was able to purchase a sizable portion of the required land and obtain options on the rest. Development of the area, including access roads, camping spots and the provision of sanitation facilities—a tricky business, for the rocky ridge is the watershed for the Wasatch strip below—is now under way, and Fabian feels free to turn a part of his arts and energy to the task of annotating the awesome blank space which dominates the map of Southern Utah.

(Continued on Page 51)

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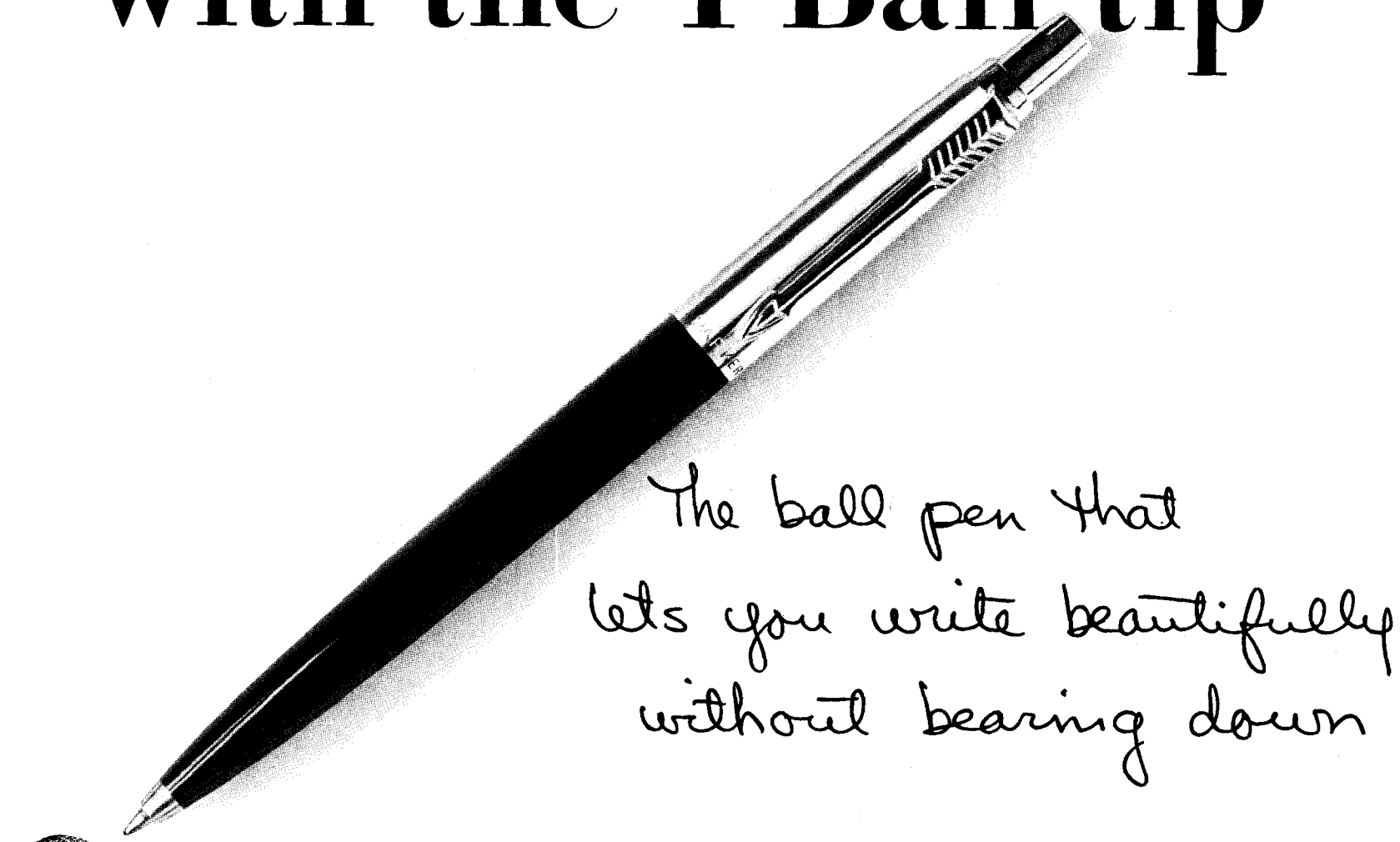

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(*Continued from Page 49*) The human history of Utah's Colorado River basin shows evidence of an odd sort of regression—there were probably more people in the area 3000 years ago than there are today. The Anasazi—the Old Ones—Indians, whose roots in the Southwest can be traced back 25,000 years to the Sandia and Folsom cultures and whose modern descendants are the Pueblo Indians, were forced out of the Utah canyons about A.D. 1276 by a protracted drought. The ruins of their cliff dwellings can still be seen scattered throughout the canyons of the area.

White men have always treated the Southern Utah canyon country with respect. In 1776 two Spanish explorer-priests made a tremendous circle around Southeastern Utah from their base in Santa Fe, New Mexico. During the 1830's Spanish traders from the New Mexico settlements looped the famous Old Spanish Trail aimed at California through the northern tier of the area—avoiding the uncrossable river canyons—and in the 1850's and again in the 1870's the Mormons sent their well-disciplined colonizing expeditions probing into the forbidding wasteland. With the exception of a few isolated settlements, however, the country remained unconquered, the wilderness domain of a few wandering bands of Utes, a sanctuary for groups of rustlers and outlaws between operational forays—the heart of the area is still known as the "Robber's Roost Country"—and the home of a few hard-case cattle outfits that supplied meat to the silver mines of Western Colorado. Today this desiccated land—hot in summer, cold in winter, comfortable throughout spring and fall—is given over to the trails and the occasional workings of uranium prospectors and oil-company seismographical crews. This leaves plenty of space to be made available for the visitors Fabian hopes to attract.

Fabian would like to see a half dozen state or national parks established along the converging courses of the Colorado, Green and San Juan rivers. Each park would offer the visitor a typical sample of the area's scenic wonders and, ideally, provisions for camping on the spot and overnight accommodations in the vicinity. A brief look at five of these prospective park areas will suggest the fare and the fate in store for the traveler in Fabian's hinterland.

GOBLIN VALLEY: In the northern tier of the wilderness country and some twenty miles to the south of a projected extension of Interstate Highway 70, which is to carve an east-west passage across the mesa country, this 15,000-acre valley proves that nature can be whimsical. Erosion by wind and water has carved the buff-colored sandstone—once the bed of a vast inland sea that covered this part of the continent—into giant figures identifiable as rabbits, chessmen, turtles and you-name-its, all set in a countryside that resembles a moonscape. For the imaginative who don't mind walking, this colossal children's toy shop is an experience well worth the present thirty-mile drive—some of it over a dirt road—from the nearest main highway. Fabian hopes to improve the access road, provide water and campsites and vastly multiply the 1000 or so visitors who now find their way to Goblin each year.

DEAD HORSE POINT: What the Grand Canyon is to Arizona, Dead Horse Point is to Utah. From the rim of a triangle of high mesa formed by the confluence of the Colorado and the Green rivers, the tourist looks down upon the serpentine wanderings of the Colorado half a mile below. This is a paradise for the vista-and-vertigo school of color photography, and the rankest amateur can capture scenes which will brighten his home projection screen during many a long winter's evening. Twenty-two miles of passable dirt road now connect the Dead Horse Point area with the lively little town of Moab and its neighboring Arches National Monument, where the tourist can wonder at the fantastic shapes resulting from thousands of years of erosion on slabs of colored sandstone. The Utah State Park and Recreation Commission has now acquired some 4500 acres of land at strategic places along the mesa rim and is working out a novel arrangement with the director of the Bureau of Land Management for a partnership operation of the 200,000 acres of the entire Dead Horse Point mesa. Fabian expects it to become one of the nation's great scenic attractions.

THE NEEDLES: This "out-back" country of 300 to 400 square miles is so rugged and inaccessible that the possible park boundaries are still unsurveyed. Although The Needles area can be seen from the mesa on which Dead Horse Point is situated—as a matter of fact, part of it lies just across the Colorado canyon a mile or so away to the east—it takes many hours of hard driving, special equipment and guides to get from one spot to another.

The State Park Commission's official report on Utah's park areas gives a conservative description of The Needles country: "This area is rich in spectacular mesas, arches, buttes, deep canyons, monoliths and rows of spires up to 300 feet in height, myriads of castellated formations and Indian ruins and writings; a geologist's paradise with fantastically eroded wilderness area of colored rocks." There is also a working ranch at the end of the road that approaches The Needles; its cowboys range the canyons on the edge of the area and have a winter bivouac in a cave large enough to shelter their horse string. The Needles used to be a hangout for rustlers on the run, and Hollywood now uses its awesome backdrops for scenic shots in its Westerns.

The Needles is presently reached from the little town of Monticello, where the adventurous traveler can hire the services of a local couple who work their jeeps through canyons and up rock walls on trails that were obviously laid out by mountain goats. Fabian believes that improved access roads and trails and provision for water-storage points, guide signs and rescue facilities will encourage amateur explorers to prowl where perhaps no man has ever prowled before.

THE LAND OF STANDING MEN: Sometimes called the Land of Standing Rocks, this section is a counterpart of The Needles area on the west side of the Colorado, being separated from it by the forty-mile gorge of Cataract Canyon, where rock-strewn rapids offer the most dangerous challenge of the entire Colorado to the men who "run" the river.

Fabian would like the National Park Service to take over The Needles area, the Land of Standing Men and Cataract Canyon as part of its Lake Powell National Recreation Area.

ESCALANTE GORGE AND HOLE-IN-THE-ROCK: Ninety air miles downriver from The Needles area—perhaps double that by the Colorado's twisting course—and deep in the inaccessible heart of the mesa country, a tributary called the Escalante leaves its own spectacular canyon to join the main river. The gorge and the watershed of the Escalante, which rises in the mountains fifty miles to the north, are rimmed by two tremendous escarpments that literally wall the river basin from the outside world. Here, once the access problems are solved, lie hundreds of square miles of exploring for the vacationer who can take care of himself in the wilderness. Towering natural arches and bridges, ancient cliff dwellings, scenic canyons, fossil deposits, blind canyons and a petrified forest dot the course of Escalante on its way to join the Colorado. A few miles south of the confluence lies Hole-in-the Rock, where in 1879 a Mormon missionary party of 250 men, women and children, after negotiating the length of the Escalante valley, made an "impossible" crossing of the Colorado River canyon.

As this brief look at five of Fabian's several dozen Southern Utah park projects suggests, opening up the country to modern travel is the biggest single problem. Although the country is arid and the rivers are largely impassable, Fabian expects that a great deal of future travel in the area will be—oddly enough—by boat. The answer lies forty miles downstream from Hole-in-the-Rock where, just south of the Arizona border, Glen Canyon dam is slowly rising to plug the Colorado canyon. A Bureau of Reclamation project designed primarily for power generation, the dam will form a reservoir with 1500 miles of shore line. When it is completed in 1962, the dam will impound a vast lake that will fill part of the main canyon of the Colorado and many of its contributory canyons and extend upriver some 186 miles. The reservoir will be known as Powell Lake, after the geologist, John Wesley Powell, who in 1869 was the first to successfully navigate the turbulent Green and Colorado rivers.

Powell Lake will form an inland waterway into the heart of the high-mesa country and will provide perfect cruising waters for the trailer-boat tourist. Although few of these water-borne sightseers will get far from the water's edge, recreational use of the giant lake will undoubtedly stimulate a lot of curiosity about what lies on top of the canyon walls. Fabian is counting on this awakened interest and the natural tourist overflow from Zion and Bryce Canyon, which lie on the western fringe of the "undiscovered" area, to provide a steady flow of visitors to the projected parks in that part of Utah.

Solution of the access problem is but one of the difficulties facing Harold Fabian and his Utah park commissioners in their attempt to develop the recreational prospects of the state and to attract tourist dollars to their wide-open land. The first order of business is to have the land in question set aside for park and recreational uses. This is the rock upon which the park and recreational plans of many of the Western states have foundered.

In most cases this first big step involves convincing the Federal Bureau of Land Management—BLM—which owns 50 per cent of Utah or the National Forest Service, which controls about 16 per cent of the state, to part with a piece of the empire or, alternatively, develop it for public recreational use. The course of sweet reason in either case is generally beset by legal and contrived obstacles. The BLM, a Department of the Interior bureau, originally established as a self-liquidating agency, has in the natural course of events become a self-perpetuating one. With no recreational interests of its own, the BLM can usually frustrate any state requests for park lands by appealing to the powerful grazing and mining interests which profit from various use permits granted them by the bureau. When it does sell land to states, the price is set by the bureau's own appraisers.

Until 1959 the BLM was authorized by law to sell a state 640 acres of the public domain a year for park purposes. In 1959 the Utah legislative contingent in Washington, with the encouragement of Fabian, successfully sponsored a bill which expands this limit to 6400 acres a year, with conveyances of 12,800 acres a year in 1960, '61 and '62. The questions of whether these allotments are cumulative and whether the state or the BLM decides on the development of conveyed land are now being threshed out in Washington.

The vast tracts of Utah land held by the National Forest Service, a Department of Agriculture bureau, present a different set of problems. Although it is primarily interested in conservation, watershed protection and the proper commercial exploitation—in the form of timbering, mining, and grazing—of the forests under its control, the Forest Service is more recreation-minded than the other Federal land bureaus. Fabian's main objective in the Forest Service lands is thus to encourage and expedite the service's development of recreational facilities on lands under its control and the building of access roads to the selected areas to be improved. He also hopes to integrate state and Forest Service planning and operations wherever possible.

The National Park Service, a third force in the developing park and recreation picture, presents a separate challenge to state and local recreational interests.

"By a secret engagement you mean I'm not entitled to any of the fringe benefits."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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While it encourages tourism, including sight-seeing, fishing and some camping, the Park Service adheres to a traditional conservationist policy in administering the more than 24,000,000 acres of Federal lands under its control. The fundamentalist version of this philosophy frowns on any disturbance of the face or the processes of nature—an attitude that precludes both the removal of a fallen tree and the building of a ski lift. As a member of the National Park Service Advisory Board, Fabian feels that the Park Service must in the future give more attention to recreation development as well as to its conservation activities.

"The Park Service people are experts in the park and recreation field," Fabian said. "And they have dollars to spend, where we state people have pennies. They help us with state projects in the planning stage, and they actually operate some recreational facilities for the Bureau of Reclamation in areas such as Lake Mead, but the times ahead demand more than that. Not only the National Park Service but also the Bureau of Land Management and the National Forest Service must be encouraged to develop the recreational potential of their respective great public-land domains for general recreational use—as national facilities—and to assist the states in supplementing the national recreation effort in every possible way."

Fabian believes the National Park Service will have to develop some areas where the land involved is also put to commercial uses such as mining and grazing, irrigation and oil developments. "This sort of a compromise with the strict conservationist philosophy will be most important as population pressures grow," he said. "As an example, we would like to have the Park Service develop our Needles area and the Land of Standing Men park, but there may be oil, gas or mineral deposits in that country, and such resources must serve the people of that state."

This demand that the Federal Government, through its park and land agencies, participate actively in the development of multiple-use recreational areas is naturally most often heard in the poorer states. New York voters last fall authorized a $75,000,000 bond issue for the development of 25,000 acres of additional state park and recreational land; New Jersey is working on a similar, although less ambitious, plan. California puts a sizable proportion of its offshore oil revenues in park and recreational developments. Even these comparatively affluent areas would welcome Federal help, however, for they are hardest hit by dwindling land resources and inflated land values.

Harold Fabian feels that the tides of official sentiment and Federal action are at last turning toward the development of a national program which will combine conservation, productive use of the land and the establishment of more wilderness parks and recreational areas. Interior Secretary Udall's recent suggestion that 15,000,000 acres of public land across the country be converted to park and recreational use, and his proposed Golden Circle of national parks in the Colorado River country, are signs of the changing current of Federal thinking. Utah officials favor these plans, but insist that multiple use of the land involved must be retained in order to protect the state's present economy and insure its future development.

If these new currents and Fabian's ambitious dreams portend the course of coming events, the fabulous wilderness of Southern Utah may be the proving ground for our next experiment in national expansion. Water, people and ideas have changed the face of many a land; the traveler and the tourist always leave the seeds of settlement behind them. The lonely mesas and the dry canyons which finally defeated the Anasazis and which have rebuffed man's ambitions for seven centuries can well be our new frontier. Southern Utah has one thing in its favor—it's a good deal closer than the moon.

That Wit in the White House

(Continued from Page 19)

"And now, friendly sons of St. Patrick, it is my great honor to introduce to you the main speaker of the evening, your candidate, a servant of the Peepul, a great American and"—here the voice reaches a crescendo and the words are pounded for emphasis—"A MAN WHO CAME UP THE HARD WAY. . . ."

Waiting to make one of his first big speeches at a political picnic in 1946 as a candidate for congress from the tough Eleventh Congressional District in Boston, youthful Jack Kennedy heard one Democrat after another who preceded him to the rostrum introduced with the highest accolade—"a man who came up the hard way."

When Kennedy's turn came, the key phrase was never uttered. He stepped up and grinned at the sweaty, shirt-sleeved crowd. "I'm the one who didn't come up the hard way," he said and heard a roar of delight from the audience.

In a curious way this small story tells a lot about the highly individual way the new President of the United States mixes humor with politics. Long ago Kennedy discovered what Lincoln knew—that the way to kill off an apparent political liability is not to ignore it, but to kid the devil out of it.

Lincoln told the story about running into a man who, on first seeing old Abe, thrust a gun in his face and cried out, "I swore if I ever met an uglier man than myself, I would shoot him dead."

Lincoln replied, "Shoot me, sir, because if I am uglier than you, I do not want to go on living."

Lincoln made fun of his face. Jack Kennedy's political liabilities were not homeliness, but youth, money, a powerful and controversial father and religion. Kennedy is cool, detached and often spontaneous when making fun of his liabilities. He makes fun of himself (sometimes) and of others (often) with a flash of natural Irish wit that bubbles near the surface. His zest for teasing, sharpened by the example of his quick-witted father and brightened by his mother's gentler humor, makes political fun-poking as natural for him as breathing.

On the night he won the Presidential nomination, he dropped in briefly at Mike Romanoff's restaurant in Los Angeles where Mrs. Kennedy's sister and her husband, Prince Radziwill, were throwing a party. Among those present was Stewart Alsop, who had just finished, somewhat nervously, a prescient political article describing how Jack Kennedy got nominated [KENNEDY'S MAGIC FORMULA, *The Post*, August 13, 1960].

Alsop went up to the new head of the Democratic Party and mumbled the usual politeness about his nomination. Kennedy knew Alsop had gone out on a limb in writing his article. He flashed a wolfish grin and said in a typically stylized Kennedy tease, "Well, Stew, things got pretty rough out there, and for a while I was on the verge of throwing in the sponge. But then I thought, *Poor old Stew, he's got that article all written, and I'm not going to let him down.* So I decided to make a last desperate stab at the nomination, and it paid off."

When Kennedy decided to run for the Presidency, his opponents encouraged the suspicion that his family's money was being used by the cartload to "buy" political position and votes. Stories to that effect were making the rounds in 1958, when Senator Kennedy spoke at the Gridiron Dinner in Washington. He brought down the house that night when he fished out a "telegram" from his father, ostensibly sent from the Riviera, where Mr. Kennedy was taking the sun, and said, "I have just received the following wire from my generous daddy. It says, 'Dear Jack, don't buy a single vote more than is necessary. I'll be damned if I'm going to pay for a landslide.'"

During the 1960 Presidential campaign, the Democratic nominee went to New York to speak at the Al Smith dinner. It was just after the third television debate with Richard Nixon. In that debate Mr. Nixon objected to former President Truman's fondness for saying four-letter words out loud.

Specifically Mr. Nixon was bothered by Mr. Truman's suggestion that Americans who voted for Nixon in the coming election could go—well, straight to hell.

Kennedy's audience at the Al Smith dinner was a glittering Manhattan assembly of rich, conservative Catholics, many of whom would rather be caught stealing than voting for a Democrat. It was not Kennedy's friendliest audience—even though the dinner was in memory of that other Democrat, Al Smith, the first Catholic to be nominated for the Presidency by a major party.

When it came his turn to speak, Kennedy took aim at one sacred cow after another. He wanted it understood, he said, that if Nixon didn't take Truman's use of language lightly, neither did he.

"I have sent him (Truman) the following wire," Kennedy said and proceeded to read: "Dear Mr. President, I have noted with interest your suggestion as to where those who vote for my opponent should go. While I understand and sympathize with your deep motivation, I think it is important that our side try to refrain from raising the religious issue."

If this was unorthodox, it nevertheless got a laugh. Kennedy also talked about his father.

It had been a custom of the Eisenhower Administration, he said, to hand out ambassadorships not so much on the basis of experience, but as a reward for campaign contributions.

"On this matter of experience," Kennedy said, "I announced that, if successful, I would not consider campaign contributions as a substitute for experience in appointing ambassadors. Ever since I made that statement, I have not received a single cent from my father."

The audience warmed a bit more. Before Kennedy completed his labors that night, he had converted, to this writer's certain knowledge, at least two "safe" Nixon voters in his celebrity-packed audience. It goes to show that there is more than one path to the voter's heart.

A classic example of Kennedy poking fun at his own exposed positions came early this year, when the President made an informal talk at the Alfalfa Club dinner in Washington. The Alfalfa is an aggregation of politicians and local bigwigs who find pleasure in cudgeling one another—orally of course.

There had been a good deal of criticism at that time about the President's nomination of his brother Robert as Attorney General. The charge was that Bobby was deficient in legal experience, having never hung out a shingle of his own.

The President's take-off at the dinner was roughly as follows: "I must say that I am somewhat surprised at the criticism about my appointing my brother to be Attorney General. I don't see what's wrong with giving Bobby a little experience before he starts to practice law."

Kennedy used to spend hours with his grandfather, John (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, the mellifluous Boston politician, soaking up political lore from the old master and learning the fundamentals of human nature. In his use of the humorous touch on his way up, Jack Kennedy seldom told long parables, as Lincoln did. His jokes are usually short, clever and witty. He observes analogies between things that are basically dissimilar and expresses them in brief, diverting remarks. Once he sat through a long banquet and an even longer evening of vaudeville acts, the best of which was a stint by Joey Bishop, the comedian.

Now it happened that Kennedy was engaged in a political struggle just at that time over the question of Federal aid for parochial schools. Kennedy wanted the public-school construction bill to be passed separately, without entangling it in the controversy over Federal aid for parochial schools. A good many of the Catholic bishops had come out publicly against the President's position.

When he finally got up to make his speech that night, Kennedy cracked, "I'm glad we have one Bishop with us."

Kennedy's style is South Boston in a Harvard blazer. It lies somewhere between the warm sophistication of Adlai Stevenson—who cannot comfortably tell a funny story that is not at his own expense—and the blunt, frontal thrusts of Harry Truman, who sometimes uses humor like a bludgeon. In his early days in Massachusetts, Kennedy dressed like Beacon Street, but poked fun like Codman Hill, where the Irish live, and the voters loved it. They still do.

Teasing, of course, is a characteristic of many large families. The art of badinage was polished up in the President's family by his father, the former ambassador to Britain. Having grown up in that kind of atmosphere, where the ability to harpoon your adversary with a swift retort could make or break you at the dinner table, it is no wonder that the President developed a special talent of his own.

"The old man really made 'em stay on their toes," a family friend says. "He used the needle. He'd prod those kids, make 'em think fast on their feet. He'd bear down on 'em and tell 'em, 'When the goin' gets tough, the tough get goin',' and they listened and learned."

When the going got tough at Los Angeles last summer, Lyndon Johnson challenged Kennedy to a debate. Johnson talked for twenty minutes. One of his debating points was that since all the Democratic senators, including Sen.

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John F. Kennedy, had voted for Johnson for their Senate leader on four occasions, he was clearly preferable to Kennedy as the Democratic presidential nominee.

When Johnson finished, Kennedy came to the microphone with an amused smile on his lips and said he sincerely hoped that the Democratic senators would have one more chance to vote for Lyndon for leader of the Senate.

Senate leader was the perfect spot for Lyndon, he said, and if he, Kennedy, got elected President there was no one he would rather have as his Senate leader than Lyndon.

That was just about all Kennedy said, but it was enough. When the laughter subsided, Johnson's presidential prospect subsided with it.

The amusing and efficient manner in which Kennedy handled Johnson that afternoon, in the hot klieg-lit hotel ballroom, took me back to a day in the early summer of 1957 when the then junior senator from Massachusetts used another small joke to make a large political point.

I had been interviewing the senator on something or other as we walked from the Capitol to the Office Building. The interview finished, I asked him about the phenomenal spate of magazine articles that were then being written about him, all of them pitched to his near-triumph in the vice-presidential balloting at the Democratic convention in 1956. It was getting so you could scarcely find a magazine without a Kennedy profile.

Wasn't he afraid of overexposure?

"No," he replied. "And if I were, there wouldn't be a thing I could do about it. Besides," he added with that same amused smile on his lips, "all this publicity helps take the V out of V.P."

One of Lincoln's favorite stories on himself was about two Quaker ladies who were discussing the interminable Civil War. One said she thought Jefferson Davis would win.

"Why does thee think so?" the second asked.

"Because Jefferson is a praying man."

"But so is Abraham a praying man."

"Yes," said the first, "but the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

You would not take a look at John Kennedy and think he was a joking man. But travel around with him a bit, and you would change your mind. One cannot spend much time with Kennedy without becoming aware of—and a target for—an irrepressible urge to poke fun. The urge has many manifestations and sometimes shows a kinship with old-fashioned pratfall humor—like the time that Kennedy accidentally-on-purpose steered a crowd of idolators to the edge of the press box at a frenzied midnight rally.

The surge of the crowd sent one of the reporters, Kennedy's target, flying through the air. He was standing on top of his chair to see better and, when the crowd bumped into him, he landed with a thump on the floor, typewriter upside down behind him, working papers scattered like dry leaves in a wind. Kennedy watched the reporter go down, his face a study in mock horror. I know, because I was the reporter, and on my way down my eyes were glued to the candidate.

One day during the Presidential campaign, when the road lay through Idaho, Max Freedman of the Manchester (England) *Guardian*, who was traveling in the Kennedy troupe, complained about an anecdote that Kennedy had been telling relentlessly at the end of every speech. The story concerned a Connecticut patriot—"one Colonel Davenport"—whose courage and intrepid conduct in colonial times held a lesson for Americans in the "difficult Sixties."

Freedman had heard about Colonel Davenport so many times that he was afraid one more would make him scream.

"It's time for the burial of Colonel Davenport, and I'm ready to write the funeral oration," he told Kennedy. Kennedy conceded he had been "a bit active" with the old colonel. If the reporter would compose a suitable substitute ending for the speech, Kennedy said, he would be happy to proceed to the burial of Colonel Davenport.

All morning Freedman labored and finally came up with a fitting substitute, tastefully done and eminently satisfactory as an encomium to courage. He gave it to Kennedy just before the next speech. Kennedy studied it, tested it, said fine, it would do. He then stepped out in front of the crowd and made his speech. When he got to the point where Colonel Davenport was accustomed to making his entrance, he paused, pulled the substitute from his pocket and told the audience:

"I cannot resist concluding this talk without telling you the favorite story of my good friend Max Freedman, which I think is very appropriate to the dangerous time in which we live."

Pretending to read the new material, Kennedy then told the Colonel Davenport story precisely as before without skipping a word.

The situation early last year, when Kennedy went to California to speak at a dinner in honor of Gov. Edmund (Pat) Brown, was made to order for a Kennedy special. Brown, a Catholic, was widely regarded as a receptive Democratic Vice Presidential candidate and Kennedy, a contender for the Presidential nomination, had to take note of it. The trouble was both were Catholics, and no Catholic had ever been elected President or Vice President in history.

"I know there has been talk out here about a Kennedy-Brown ticket," Kennedy started, "and I sincerely wish that we could arrange that. Unfortunately I come from Massachusetts and the governor comes from California, and I don't believe the country is ready yet for a ticket that stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

The crowd loved it. Every politician there knew that an East-West ticket would be a campaign manager's dream. They also knew that what the country really wasn't ready for was two Catholics on the same ticket.

Shortly after becoming President, Kennedy was asked at a press conference about his plans for farm legislation. He replied that Orville Freeman, the Secretary of Agriculture, was hard at work on a feed-grain bill.

"I must say, the secretary is working overtime," he said.

Two days later Kennedy took an evening off and went to the movies. The picture was *Spartacus*. The President and his friend Paul Fay, Undersecretary of the Navy, took their seats in the darkened theater. Kennedy noticed a familiar head directly in front of him. Sure enough, it was Orville Freeman, the rather reserved draftsman of the feed-grain bill. The President leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"So this is where my feed-grain bill is being written," he whispered into the ear of the surprised Mr. Freeman.

Later, when he was asked how he felt when the Presidential voice purred in his ear that night at the movies, Freeman said, "Well, of course, I had been working every night until midnight in my office for three weeks. Then that one night, it was a Friday, I went to see *Spartacus*. That's Kennedy luck for you. Any other night, any other theater, any other seat and he wouldn't have noticed me. But where did the President end up sitting? Right smack behind me."

The banter that escapes the President's lips, as we have already seen, is a highly useful political tool.

"The President is no spellbinder," a Kennedy friend and adviser told me. "Even for a spellbinder, opening and closing a political talk is one of the hardest things in politics. The President learned a long time ago that the best way for him to do it was with a lighthearted joke, one that had particular point for that particular crowd. When he saw how humor brings the speaker and the audience together, he started working more of it into his speeches. He'd read up on the place where he was going to speak, study its characteristics and then figure out a situation joke to weave into his talk."

Sometimes during the Presidential campaign Kennedy would get ideas from comedians. Mort Sahl was one of them. But he quickly discovered that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. A Sahl-type joke could convulse an audience if told by Sahl—but leave it sitting on its hands if told by someone else.

And so Kennedy figures out most of his own situation jokes and punch lines. A few months ago, at his birthday party in Washington, the President was confronted with a delicate situation, and as usual he solved it with a joke. To raise money for the Democratic Party, birthday-party tickets were sold at $100 each to reduce the party's debt. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall had embroiled himself in a minor scandal by overeager ticket-selling to the oil industry.

For several days he was in the center of one of those political whirlwinds that periodically strike the Capital. It ended in a volley of press conferences, statements, headlines and apologies.

When Kennedy rose to speak at his party, he gravely thanked the chairman of the Democratic Party, the chairman of the dinner committee and others who had helped with the arrangements—and then (with a straight face) thanked Stewart Udall, "who handled all the publicity."

The President has a voluminous correspondence, and he sometimes gives his letters and messages a humorous twist. Consider his answer to an invitation from Norman P. Jones to attend a testimonial luncheon for the Postmaster General J. Edward Day in Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Day is the man who is responsible for seeing that letters get to where they are going on time.

"I am delighted to learn of the testimonial luncheon," the President said. "I know that the Postmaster General will enjoy his day off in Springfield, and I am only sorry that I cannot join in this tribute."

In a postscript the President added, "I am sending this message by wire, since I want to be certain that this message reaches you in the right place and at the right time."

On another occasion he received a letter from a correspondent raising a fuss over something attributed to the President and asking if Kennedy really did mean to say what had been quoted. The Kennedy reply was this, "Dear. Mr. ——: I did. Sincerely, John F. Kennedy."

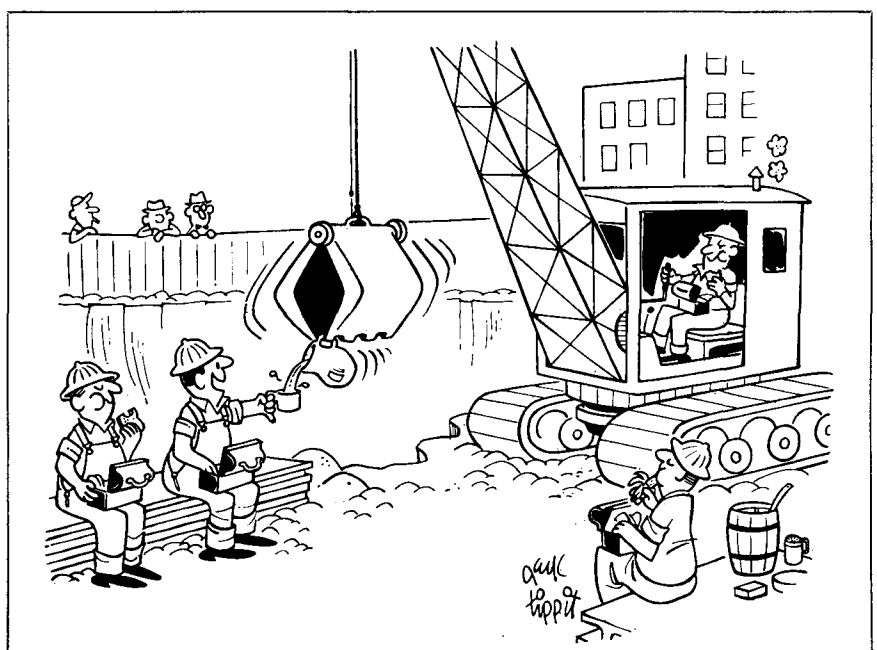
Kennedy humor is salted down with understatement. In a press conference he was asked about the import of foods and molasses from Cuba. Kennedy replied that he was sure there must be some steps the Government could take to cut off "that particular transaction," then added dead-pan that "$12,000,000, I believe, is supposed to be for gin, and I am not sure that is in the public interest."

A sense of humor is an asset for every one except, perhaps, the undertaker—and even he can enjoy a good joke on days off. But for a President a sense of humor is a must, and few have lacked it, although some managed to keep it hidden.

President Kennedy would have trouble keeping his humorous turn of mind under cover if he tried. It crops out whatever he may be doing, wherever he may be doing it. When he accidentally dropped the medal of spaceman Alan Shepard, he picked it up and handed it over with the remark that it came "from the ground up"; addressing the assembly in the ornate *Hotel de Ville* in Paris, he said that Congress had paid only $3000 to Pierre l'Enfant, designer of the City of Washington, instead of the $90,000 he tried to collect "and some have been unkind enough to suggest that the dress designers of Paris have been collecting his bill ever since."

At a Paris luncheon for the press the President started off, "I do not think it altogether inappropriate to introduce myself to this audience. I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris, and I have enjoyed it."

Whatever our own politics, and whatever Kennedy's other attributes, we citizens may rejoice that the President possesses the genius of humor. In that place which he occupies, in these times of high danger and awful responsibilities, humor is indeed the saving grace. THE END



"Thanks Ed. Now pass the salt."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Mighty Mr. Maris (Continued from Page 24)

excitement than the original performance did. Since Ruth collected a high proportion of his sixty in the latter part of the 1927 season—he hit twenty-six in his last forty-nine games—many players have appeared to be running ahead of him during the earlier months.

So it was with Roger Maris last year. By August 6, 1960, when the Yankees had played ninety-nine games, he had thirty-five home runs, putting him seven games "ahead" of Ruth, who did not get his thirty-fifth homer in 1927 until game No. 106. Actually, it was a misleading comparison, because if Maris had continued to hit home runs in the remaining 1960 games at the same rate as in the first ninety-nine, he would have wound up with a total of fifty-five homers.

An injury prevented him from doing anywhere near that well. On August fourteenth Roger hurt his ribs sliding into second base to break up a double play. He healed slowly and didn't return to regular duty until August thirty-first. He wasn't really ready to hit even then, but his defensive skill was needed in a tight pennant race. Maris ended the year with only thirty-nine homers, being overhauled for the American League title by teammate Mickey Mantle, who had forty.

This season each man stepped up his pace. Going into August, both Maris and Mantle were connecting with a frequency which would put them around the sixty mark over a 154-game schedule. And the American League schedule this year calls for 162 games.

Maris suffered a pulled thigh muscle on July twenty-seventh that briefly put him on the bench, but it still appeared possible that both Roger and Mickey would top sixty. If so, extra cash and prestige undoubtedly will go to the one who gets there first with the most. Whatever happens the rest of the way, Maris has already distinguished himself to the point where a close-up inspection is in order.

Physically, the Yankees' latest superslugger is built so compactly that he seems smaller than his actual dimensions—six feet, 197 pounds. His exceptional strength is bunched in his arms, shoulders and upper torso. He has blondish crew-cut hair and facial features that are regular and handsome enough, although his mouth has a tendency toward a permanent sneer.

Roger is married to Patricia Ann Carvell, his high-school sweetheart; has three children—Susan, four; Roger, nearly three; Kevin, one—and a house in Raytown, Missouri, just outside Kansas City.

Mrs. Maris and the youngsters have stayed home this season, and Roger has been sharing an apartment in Queens with a couple of married teammates in similar circumstances—Mickey Mantle and Bob Cerv. Recently Mantle's wife came to New York from their home in Dallas, and Mickey left the apartment to Maris and Cerv.

Particularly for Maris, who dislikes having his personal privacy invaded by strangers, it has become virtually impossible to go out to public places in New York City. Eating out is spoiled by autograph seekers. Maris says they spend most of their time in the apartment—sitting around and talking, listening to records, playing gin rummy.

All this sounds commonplace enough, and a conversation with Maris probably would leave you with the same impression. He seems straightforward, self-possessed, decent and sensible. He is trite but sincere, making the comments that are called for in a given situation.

But here one of the contradictions about Maris pops up. Throughout the baseball world he has a reputation for angry stubbornness—although few, if any, of the people who so characterize him have witnessed any terrible rages. One of the writers regularly covering the Yankees has applied the title of a recent best-selling book to Maris—*The Last Angry Man.* The ballplayers have an earthier term for this. In its politest form, the term is "red-neck."

Maris doesn't think he deserves such a label. "I'm impatient," he says. "That much I know about myself. I can't wait. When I think something isn't right, I want it to be made right then and there.

"I'm also not the satisfied type. I don't think there's any room for a satisfied ballplayer. You can always do better than you're doing, and you have to try all the time. And I don't believe in holding things in. When I'm impatient, or dissatisfied about something, I say so.

"But this red-neck business—I just don't buy it. If I don't do well, I get mad at myself. If something else interferes with something I'm entitled to, I fight against it. If you want to call that red-neck, go ahead. I don't. I believe that kind of attitude is necessary to a good ballplayer."

And in giving a reasonable explanation of why his reputation as an angry man is undeserved, Roger can get pretty worked up.

The whole conversation is revealing in another way. Baseball has its own vocabulary, in which ordinary words take on a special meaning. For a ballplayer to be a "brooder" is bad; for him to be "mad at himself" for not doing better is all right. To be a "troublemaker" is bad; to "fight for your rights" is good.

It is important to Maris to have the favorable terms applied to his behavior, because baseball and its values are the center of his existence. He has no strong outside interests and is completely nonintellectual.

"I lead the most boring existence you can imagine," he says. In the off season he does some hunting, plays some golf, likes company at home in the evenings. He watches a lot of television but doesn't like to go out to the movies.

Maris has kept insisting vehemently and unwaveringly that he doesn't even think about whether he'll break Ruth's record. Here again he conforms to the traditions of his craft. One of the most ingrained superstitions in baseball is that you should never tempt the fates by predicting, or even hoping out loud, that something good will continue. It's the same psychology that forbids any mention of the fact that a pitcher has a no-hitter going.

"Look," Maris says, "I swing a certain way. I try hard. The ball will drop in sometimes. Sometimes it won't. But if I let myself get satisfied or think about statistics, I won't be worth beans."

This is the approved philosophy for a hitter, but nevertheless, Roger's greatest problem is prolonged slumps. For some ballplayers a slump means getting only two hits in twenty-five times up, say, or ten in sixty. Maris is more likely to go something like two-for-sixty. The length of his slumps has kept him from being a .300 hitter, in contrast to most of the great home-run wallopers of the past.

As soon as a slump begins, he starts to get mad at himself, and that, of course, makes it all the harder for him to regain his natural timing and rhythm at the plate. Roger realizes this, but he can't seem to do much about it.

"Maybe hitting is scientific for some people," he says. "I know it was for Ted Williams. But not for me. I just swing in a groove. When I'm going good I hit anything—any kind of pitch, lefty or righty pitcher. When I'm going bad I can't hit anything at all."

When the slump finally ends, the hot streak that follows is just as extreme. Reporters flock around to ask what he's doing that's different, and Maris has to repeat over and over, "You can believe me or not—I don't care—but I honestly don't know. As far as I'm concerned I'm doing the same thing I always did."

Roger is of German and Polish ancestry. He says he has always spelled his last name "Maris," but that when he was a sophomore in high school it somehow became "Maras." Several years ago he had it legally changed back to Maris.

His father Rudolf was and still is a railroad man. The father's work took him to various western Minnesota small towns for indefinite periods. Rudy Jr. and Roger were born about one year apart in Hibbing, Minnesota. The family didn't settle down permanently—in Fargo, North Dakota—until the boys were thirteen and twelve.

Roger at that age was already impatient, stubborn and strong-willed. But so was Rudy, who was a lot bigger, even though he was only one year older.

"I liked the outdoors, and I liked being alone," Roger recalls. "I didn't like school at all. I couldn't stand the sitting still, or keep my mind on books. We grew up on skates, playing a lot of hockey, because that was the game my father loved.

"It was my brother who forced me to play baseball—and I mean forced me. If he went to play, he dragged me along. If he found me sitting around the house, he grabbed me by the ear and pulled me out. If I had been bigger, I might have put up an argument. But I didn't catch up to him until we were in high school, and by that time nobody had to force me to play."

The pattern of Roger's relations with team authority developed early. "I was in a midget league. I don't remember the exact age," he relates. "I knew I was good enough to play with the age group one year up, and I insisted that they let me. They refused, and I kept insisting. Finally they let me."

At Shanley Catholic High School in Fargo, Roger and his brother both were outstanding football players. Rudy went to Santa Clara and then to Minnesota on football scholarships, but had his playing career ended by an attack of polio. He recovered completely with no aftereffects, transferred to North Dakota State and was graduated as a mechanical engineer.

Roger, a year behind Rudy, was so good a halfback that offers poured in from colleges everywhere. In his senior year he led the state in scoring and was a ten-second sprinter on the track team. But while the football recruiters were making their contacts in the spring of 1952, Roger was playing American Legion Junior Baseball and being named the most valuable player in the state tournament.

This led to a baseball offer. The Fargo team in the Class C Northern League, a Cleveland affiliate, recommended that the Indians bring Maris to a tryout camp at Cleveland's League Park, which the Indians abandoned years ago in favor of huge Municipal Stadium.

League Park has a short right field backed by a high screen. Roger tattooed that screen well enough in his tryout to be asked to stay over a few more days so that general manager Hank Greenberg could observe him in Municipal

NEXT WEEK

Fred Russell's
PIGSKIN PREVIEW '61

The Hair-Tint Boom:
BRUNETTE TODAY, BLONDE TOMORROW
By Stanley Frank

BERLIN ON A TIGHTROPE
A POST EDITOR REPORTS FROM THE SCENE
By Ernest O. Hauser

"OLD-FASHIONED" SYSTEM PAYS OFF:
CHILDREN WHO LOVE TO READ
By Frances V. Rummell

THE TRAGEDY OF TIBET
By Arthur Bonner

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Stadium. Hank watched Roger belt a few of Red Ruffing's pitches into the right-field seats and said, "As soon as you get home, have your father call me."

Greenberg, of course, had pretty good credentials for judging home-run power. He hit fifty-eight homers in 1938, as Jimmy Foxx had done in 1932. No one has come that close to Ruth's record.

Anyway, Cy Slapnicka, the scout who signed Bob Feller for Cleveland, was soon in the Maris home offering Roger a $15,000 bonus contract. But right away there came a phone call from the Cubs, inviting Maris to a workout in Chicago. And the football people also were being pretty insistent.

Roger and his father decided there was no harm in listening to the Cubs and went to Chicago—but there was no satisfaction in what they heard. "Go home and forget baseball," a Cub executive told Roger. "You're too small. You'll never make it."

Neither Roger nor his father believed that. In fact, they got pretty sore. But football seemed more important. Roger accepted an invitation to visit the Oklahoma campus and take entrance exams.

"Bud Wilkinson, the coach, seemed like a nice guy," says Maris. "I spent a week there, and everybody was very kind. When I went in to take the exams, Wilkinson told me just to take my time and answer everything I could thoroughly. It was one of those multiple-choice tests, you know? Well, I sat there and tried to concentrate on the first page, but after that I just filled in numbers at random as fast as I could and got out. I realized then that sitting in a classroom wasn't for me, and that I was just too impatient for any sort of college life, football or no.

"I still hate being cooped up indoors. When I get into some business after baseball, I hope it won't tie me down to an office."

So Roger reopened negotiations with the Indians, who understandably scaled their offer down: $5000 for signing, and another $10,000 when and if he made the Cleveland roster.

In March of 1953 he went to Cleveland's minor-league training camp at Daytona Beach, Florida, and promptly became involved in a fight for his rights. The Indians wanted to leave him with the Daytona Beach team in Class D. Roger felt he was good enough for Class C ball—specifically, with his home-town Fargo team.

Farm director Mike McNally and Maris argued about it for a week. "There will be too much pressure on you playing in your home town," McNally said. But the eighteen-year-old Maris wasn't having any of this. "It won't bother me," he said. "I've played before those people before. I go to Fargo to play, or I go to Fargo to live—but I go to Fargo."

Maris went to Fargo—to play. He did well, too, under manager Zeke Bonura, a tough, colorful major-league veteran. Roger hit .325, concentrating on average and not power. He batted in eighty runs, even though he hit only nine homers, and he also stole fourteen bases.

The next spring, back at Daytona Beach, it was argument time again. When they posted the farm-club rosters, Maris was still on the Fargo list. Roger says, "I got so mad I just took off to the beach and lazed around a couple of days, missing some squad games. Then they got mad. Then I went down to where the officials lived and got into a shouting match. There was one man in particular—never mind who—who told me I was making a bad impression. I said, 'If I can't get to the big leagues on my own ability, without your words, I don't want it.'"

Maris won again, being promoted to Keokuk in the Class B Three-Eye League. The manager was Jo-Jo White, and this was one boss Roger liked from the start.

White made perhaps the most important single contribution to Roger's career. "You're too strong to be a spray hitter," he told Maris. "You're too big not to use your power to pull the ball and go for distance. Try it."

Roger tried it, and it worked fine. He hit .315 and raised his home-run production to thirty-two. So in 1955 Maris was assigned to Tulsa in the Texas League, a jump to Class AA. But he and the manager, Dutch Meyer, just didn't get along. This conflict was total, and the result was mutual departure. Roger asked the Cleveland organization to transfer him to Reading in the Eastern League, where Jo-Jo White was now managing, and the request was granted. Meyer was fired as Tulsa manager around the same time.

In twenty-five games for Meyer at Tulsa, the unjolly Roger had hit .233. At Reading, happy to be with White again, he batted .289 in 113 games, with nineteen homers, seventy-eight R.B.I.'s and twenty-four stolen bases. That earned him a trip to the Indians' training camp in Tucson in 1956.

Al Lopez of the White Sox, who was the Cleveland manager then, says, "I liked him. He could hit, he could run, he had a good arm—why wouldn't you like him? I didn't have much to do with him—the only conversation I remember having was suggesting he might stand closer to the plate if he was going to be a pull hitter. But he said he could pull an outside pitch as well as an inside pitch the way he was. And he was right. He's pulled plenty of them against me since."

The man who says his wife's driving doesn't bother him is usually talking about golf.

BOB SANDERS

However, Roger felt Lopez had ignored him. He wasn't satisfied with being moved up that season to Indianapolis in the Class AAA American Association, the last stop before the majors. There he started off so badly that manager Kerby Farrell had to bench him.

Finally Farrell told Roger that he was going to play him every inning of every game for ten days, no matter how he did. Maris got a bloop hit that night and then started to gain momentum. He helped Indianapolis win the championship playoff in its own league and the Junior World Series against Rochester of the International League.

It was right after this—on October 13, 1956—that Roger married Pat Carvell, whom he had been dating since they were sophomores in high school. He was confident that the next year he would move up to Cleveland and collect the extra $10,000 that had been promised him if he made the big-league grade.

Meanwhile Al Lopez quit as the Indians' manager and moved to the White Sox. Kerby Farrell replaced him. He made Maris his right fielder for 1957—although because of the $10,000, the club waited until opening day to sign Roger to a Cleveland contract.

Maris came out of training camp tabbed as a top candidate for rookie of the year. He wound up hitting only .235, with fourteen home runs. One reason was the same sort of injury that would stop him in 1960. In May of 1957, when he was hitting .315, Maris cracked a rib trying to break up a double play. The best way to break one up is to knock over the pivoting infielder as you slide into second, but if the infielder's knees come down where your chest is, you get what Maris got. Roger was out a couple of weeks, then came back into the line-up too soon. He never regained his early form.

After the 1957 season there was a further upheaval at Cleveland. Hank Greenberg left and in came Frank Lane, the most flamboyant of all general managers. Lane wanted Maris to play winter baseball. Maris didn't want to. Needless to say, he didn't play. Also, needless to say, a certain coolness developed between Lane and Maris.

Lane—a shrewd baseball man who sooner or later makes everybody mad, but never holds a grudge and rarely loses his realistic good judgment—recognized value in Maris. However, he was constitutionally incapable of not making big trades. On June 15, 1958, the last day that outright trading between teams was permitted, he sent Maris to Kansas City. The Indians got Vic Power and Woody Held, who became their regular first baseman and shortstop.

It wasn't a bad trade from Cleveland's point of view, since Maris was hitting about .240 at the time. And Maris might not ever have threatened Ruth's home-run record if he had stayed in Cleveland, which has no short right-field bleachers to shoot at and no power hitter like Mantle to follow him in the batting order and keep the pitchers honest for Roger.

The Yankees, however, had liked Maris all along and had tried to trade with Cleveland for him. They weren't put off by Roger's final 1958 figures: a .240 average, eighty runs batted in and twenty-eight home runs in 150 games.

Early in the 1959 season they seemed about to get him. The Yankees were in trouble, touching last place for the first time in twenty years, and Maris was making headlines with a hot streak. The wounded screams of other clubs would have been terrifying to hear if a deal had been made then, but it fell through. A week after the trading deadline came Roger was out of commission with appendicitis, and the subject became academic.

"I never really got my full strength back, or my timing, when I came back," says Roger now. "I wound up with .273 and sixteen homers, but I knocked in seventy-two runs—only eight less than the year before, when I'd played twenty-eight more games. That's why I don't think much of people who ask me how come my record drops off the second half of each season. Let them look it up and see the reason."

The Yankees finally did land Maris in a trade in December, 1959. Did he jump for joy? Not Roger. "Kansas City is my home now," he declared. "I've got nothing against the Yankees, but I'm sorry to leave here. And I'll expect more money."

So the first thing he did was to hold out. "They didn't offer me any more of a raise than the Athletics did," he said, expressing shock at this lack of distinction between rich clubs and poor. Roy Hamey, now Yankee general manager but then George Weiss's assistant in charge of signing players, had to talk it over with Maris. Can you guess what happened? Maris got more money—not much, but more.

At the Yankee camp in 1960 Stengel's first move with Maris was to turn him into a left fielder. Roger didn't like it but, for once, said nothing about it. He played in left field through the exhibition season and hit like mad. When they started to play for money, Casey suddenly had him back in right field for the opening series in Boston. He's been the Yankee right fielder ever since.

Maris started off in a hot streak that went on and on—through May, through June, through July. It wasn't just his statistics either. With Mantle partially disabled and below par much of this time, Maris was winning games and giving life to a Yankee team that had experienced one of its rare pennant failures the year before.

The biggest surprise to New York observers was Roger's defensive value. He made many racing, leaping catches, hustled to field hits quickly, threw accurately and with power. Defense has always been the secret ingredient in Yankee success, and here Maris was an unexpectedly good fit. That's why, after he was injured in August, Stengel pushed him back into action before Labor Day.

Once again Maris paid a statistical price for his team value. His batting average fell to .283 and his home runs rose only to thirty-nine, although he did lead the league in runs batted in with 112. Stengel was talking publicly in praise of Mickey Mantle at every opportunity—and Mantle was having a great second half.

Maris was sure that all this would eventually cost him the Most Valuable Player award. But when the votes were counted, it turned out that Roger's first-half performance had made a bigger impression on the baseball writers who cast ballots, and he nosed out Mantle by three points.

"Stengel was all right," says Maris now. "He never said much to me, never tried to get me to change, played me when I was well and put it to me straight when he wanted me to go back in after I got hurt. I got on well with him."

Stengel himself had one reservation about Maris late in 1960. "The left-handers are getting him out too easy," he said. "That fella is going to have to do something about hitting the outside pitch to left field, or they're gonna make it tough on him. But why would I talk to him now and try to fool around with a man having as great a year as he is?"

Maris was aware of what Stengel meant. He said this spring, "I think the remedy is to try to hit the ball right back at the pitcher. For one thing they don't like it. For another, aiming right up the middle straightens out your swing. And don't forget, I'm swinging all the time, going for the pump. I'm not a spray hitter, and I never will be.

"The old-timers thought differently about hitting. They were always poking, tapping at the ball, trying to hit .400—and some of them did. Today everybody is blasting all the time. Average doesn't mean as much. You win more games with homers than with singles. It's a different style of play—and it suits me."

And there, perhaps, is one more contradiction—a thoughtful summing-up on present-day baseball from the man who swears he doesn't think about hitting.

One final point. The record books for 1953, when he was at Fargo, and 1954, when he was at Keokuk, list him as "Maras." This may be what stimulated Roger to get the spelling legally established as "Maris." Yet today he dismisses the whole thing as a matter too trifling to be worth discussing.

"Aw, who cares about that stuff?" he says. "What's the difference? What do I care if people care about that kind of thing? Phooey."

At any rate, it's M-a-r-i-s now, and it's a name you may someday be reading on a plaque in Baseball's Hall of Fame.

THE END

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The Eyeball Bikini (Continued from Page 18)

mind, but it wouldn't produce any bright lines for the husband to deliver. He could imagine the feminine lines so vividly that he could almost hear them, but he couldn't make a dialogue out of it. Any way, the scene came out doleful.

"The poor guy!" he said. "Somebody did him a dirty trick."

He glanced at his watch, regretting the lazy morning. It was twenty past noon, Sam Lorton, who must have placed his ad in the paper yesterday, was still on the hook. No scissorbill who tossed a bathing suit into a man's car would ever step up like a man and admit it. Sam needed a volunteer, someone with nothing to lose who would take the rap. There would be no reward-collecting either. This was a man-for-man proposition.

Three different people provided three different sets of instructions for reaching 1522 Plaza Place, none of which conveyed any meaning to a man with an Air Force sense of precision. Civilians didn't know how to communicate. Toby reluctantly parted with fifty cents for a city guide and charted his own course. He had his own car, too, a wonderful old boiler of a make everyone had forgotten—a high-from-the-road snorter with tight coach-work and an engine of surprising power, a car that frightened drivers of agile grasshopper cars and that commanded bottom rates at motels. He drove it proudly.

Plaza Place was in the Victorian 'Nineties architecturally and in the deep tropics horticulturally. Oleanders and bougainvillaea lighted up the landscape around grim, turreted stone mansions. There was a girl standing before one of the biggest and grimmest, a blond girl who belonged to the landscape and not to the house. She was obviously, painfully, inefficiently making up her mind, taking one step forward and one back, looking at the house, snapping the catch on a little straw handbag and frowning.

"Ah, no!" Toby Welton breathed. "If she's the girl who ditched the bathing suit, she isn't going to do Sam any good when she goes in to tell about it."

He swung his car to the curb and tapped the wheel ring, summoning a cheerful beep out of the horn. The girl turned with a startled expression, and Toby let the right-hand door swing open.

"About that bathing suit?" he said.

The girl walked slowly toward the car. She had a nice walk. Her dress was a simple little number, and there wasn't much under it but the girl. There didn't have to be. Her face was round, and so were her eyes. She had eyelashes that were little black spikes that stood stiffly out from the lids. Her mouth did not need the emphasis that she gave it. It was a lusciously shaped mouth. She looked about eighteen.

"Are you Sam Lorton?" she said doubtfully. "This isn't the car. It isn't even a convertible."

Toby was glad that she put statements after her questions. It made the answers easier. "A convertible is for play," he said. "I use this for an office. Let's talk about that bathing suit."

Blue eyes measured him. There was no childish wondering in their depths. "O.K.," she said, "but if you get ideas, I've got the loudest scream in Texas."

"I wouldn't know. I haven't heard a girl scream yet in Texas."

She climbed into the car. She was a young girl and did not know how to get into a car that had a running board. "Texas girls do scream, if that was a crack," she said. "And if you are Mr. Sam Lorton, my name is Bonnie Ryburn."

"It's still Bonnie Ryburn even if I'm not Sam Lorton, isn't it?"

"Yes. And I never did think that you were Sam Lorton. You're too young. He's old. He's got to be."

"How do you know?"

"Nobody young would put an ad in the paper. He'd talk his wife out of it or slap her down or something." Bonnie Ryburn drew a medium-deep breath. "And another thing—you're just a chiseler trying to cut in on the reward. I don't want a reward. All I want is my bus fare."

Suddenly Toby Welton liked her. She was a girl who came out here on a bus because she had recognized a cry for help in this ad as he had. He didn't want her thinking of him as a chiseler.

"I'm Toby Welton, Bonnie," he said. "I don't want a reward either. All I want is to get this Sam Lorton off a hook. If his wife is doing a war dance, looking at somebody like you won't calm her down."

"She has to look at me. I'm the only one who can tell her how that package got in the car."

"How did it?"

"I don't have to tell you."

"No. A rehearsal might help before you tell her."

"A rehearsal? Like an actress, you mean?" Her features contracted slightly as she measured the thought. Her skin was too smooth to hold a crease or a pucker for long. "I'll do it," she said. "It's really very simple. There's this boy I know. He's a sailor—in the Navy. He wanted me to go to the beach with him and he sent me this present. It was a bikini. I didn't like it, but I couldn't tell him that I didn't like it unless I went to the beach; so I went."

"Wearing the bikini?"

"No. I went on the bus. There's a place at the beach where you change. Anyway, I didn't like it. And he didn't show up. I waited, and he didn't come."

Toby shook his head. He did not admire the Navy and he considered it overrated as a builder of men, but even a dumb swabbie would arrive at the beach, and ahead of time, after sending a girl like this a bikini to wear.

"He must have been unavoidably detained," he said.

"Anyway, he didn't come. And the more I waited the more I didn't like that bikini. So I walked to my bus and I thought about it and I had to transfer to another bus. I saw the blue convertible and I just threw that bikini in it."

Toby was aghast. "But why? In a strange convertible?"

"It was new. The bikini, I mean. I couldn't just throw it on the ground."

Toby shook his head. "That story isn't going over with Mrs. Sam Lorton, Bonnie—not for one minute. One look at you, and Sam is indicted. One whiff of that story, and he's hung."

"It's the truth."

"That's no excuse. My original idea is better. Let's leave you out of it. I'll take the rap. I'll tell Sam's wife that I did it, that ——"

"A lie is never better than the truth," Bonnie said stubbornly. "It won't work better either."

"You sound like somebody who goes to church."

"Of course I go to church. All Texans go to church."

Her eyes were very round. Toby doubted that she had any statistics to back her statement, but he didn't doubt that she went to church. She was someone who would draw wolf whistles wherever there were males, someone who would probably like the whistles and fix herself up to encourage them, someone who would wear a bikini and look wonderful in it; but she would go to church and she would take seriously what she heard there.

"O.K.," he said. "We'll try your story. Mind if I go along?"

"No. I'd like it. I'm scared."

She got out of the car and paused momentarily, snapping the catch on her bag. She was frightened. She was, however, a girl who had come out on the bus to take responsibility for something that she had done. She marched up the long curving walk to the imposing castle that was 1522 Plaza Place, and Toby was oddly proud of her. It was a ridiculous emotion, because he had no reason to be proud except that, in a sense, he had discovered this girl. She turned helplessly when confronted with the wrought-iron door.

"I'm afraid there'll be a butler," she said.

"So what?"

"What do you say to a butler?"

Toby pressed a button, and chimes rang inside the house. There was a long delay, but no butler at the end of it. The man who came to the door was big, a man with a deep bald forehead and wings of gray hair over his ears, a man with wide shoulders and a bulging waistline. He was in shirt sleeves and he wore red suspenders. He had a broad red face and he was angry.

"If you came about that damned ad, go home!" he said. "Everybody in Texas has been here ahead of you."

Bonnie would have gone home. She was ready to run. She took one backward step. "Everybody but the right people," Toby said. "We can tell you about that bathing suit."

"Bikini." Bonnie's soft voice corrected him, and the big man looked at her. She hadn't registered on him before. She registered now. The anger went out of him, and his eyes were appreciative. He was old enough to be the father of a half-dozen older sisters of Bonnie, if she'd had them, but he obviously wasn't thinking about that. Bonnie herself knew when someone got her message. She was no longer frightened.

"Nobody else can identify it," she said firmly. "It's an eyeball bikini."

"My gosh, yes! Come in. I'm Sam Lorton. I want to hear about it."

The big man led the way across an immense hallway to a living room as big as a tennis court, a room hung with massive paintings and crossed swords, a room with a veritable forest of floor lamps. He waved his hand in the general direction of two chairs and flopped limply into one himself. The single-passenger chairs were as big as love seats. Bonnie sat on the edge of hers, her feet firmly on the floor, her back straight.

"It was a white bikini with blue eyeballs all over it," she said. "It was wrapped in pink paper. A sailor gave it to me. His name is George."

Toby was shaken. He had never seen anything that could be described as an eyeball bikini in any of the places that the Air Force had sent him, not even in Japan. The Navy stopped in some depraved spots.

"That garment had an extraordinary effect on my wife," Sam Lorton said. "Looking like it did, it practically convicted me of something."

"I know." Bonnie frowned. "That's what worried me. That's why I had to come here when I saw your ad. If I had a husband and I found something like that in his car, I wouldn't stand for it."

"She didn't. And a lot of well-meaning antbrains made it worse. They started coming at dawn. Men rallying round! Some of them wanted the reward; most didn't. They didn't fool anybody. They sure didn't fool Annabelle. Every one of them claimed that he put the garment in my car, and none of them knew what it looked like."

Toby stirred uncomfortably. "I'm one of those antbrains. That's what I came out to do. It seemed like a sound idea."

"I might have thought so myself, son, if I was trying to be helpful." Sam Lorton made an embarrassed gesture. "I'm obliged to you."

"Men don't figure things out like women do. If you let me talk to your wife, she'll know that I'm not fooling."

Bonnie's voice was quietly controlled. Sam shook his head. "She's left. She was all riled up. Seeing you wouldn't help much. She'd think I was mixed up with you or that I put you up to it. She wouldn't know that you'd identified this bathing suit."

"You know where she is," Bonnie said bluntly. "When a wife walks out on her husband, she expects him to follow her. She leaves clues."

"Yes." Sam Lorton rubbed his jaw. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll go first and sort of prepare her. She's down at our beach house. I'll tell you where it is, and you folks come along in maybe an hour; then you talk to her." He paused when he read disapproval in Bonnie's face. He turned his attention to Toby Welton. "How about it, son? Am I right?"

"You're right."

Toby had been watching Bonnie. He thought he could see her as Annabelle Lorton would see her. Sam might be clumsy, but preparing the way made sense. Bonnie rose.

"O.K. It's your trouble. I'm only trying to get you out of it."

(*Continued on Page 58*)

"Everybody ready for the Virginia Reel?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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How to be a FAIR-HAIRED BOY (or girl) with your banker

Here's a short course in how to conduct a love affair with a bank (preferably First Western) ...and why it pays you to do so:

Did you ever notice that certain knowledgeable people seem to have a knack of getting along with banks? When they want a short term loan, it's waiting for them. When they want a home mortgage, it's theirs for the asking. When they need a financial reference, the bank comes through, singing their praises.

How do these "fair-haired" folks get that way? Are they rich? Or lucky? Or both?

No . . . the truth is that getting this kind of red-carpet treatment (particularly at First Western) doesn't require either wealth or luck. It just takes know-how. Hence, this public message: a short course on how to woo and win a bank (and we hope you'll use it on First Western).

FIRST STEP

Come in and get acquainted. After all, we bankers are ordinary human beings (no foolin'). As such we don't like doing business with total strangers, particularly when it comes to lending money or giving credit references. The best way to get acquainted is to open an account—or preferably *two* accounts—a *checking* account for your day-to-day needs and a *savings* account for your long-range accumulation of funds.

SECOND STEP

Maintain some respectable balances in your checking account. Don't let your checking account ride on the ragged edge of overdrawal. You'll never get to be known as a "substantial depositor" this way, and we bankers do like "substantial depositors." Try to keep at least a few hundred dollars of cash cushion in your checking account, even if it means pulling a little money out of your savings account.

THIRD STEP

Make out one of our "Personal Financial Statements" and leave it on file with us. Among other things this tells us your *financial* condition. It's basic in getting off to a good start because it gives us the information we must have if we are ever to lend you money—or help you with credit references.

FOURTH STEP

When you need extra cash for short periods, borrow it from us (rather than pull it out of your savings account). Does this sound like poor business—paying interest on a commercial loan instead of using your savings? Actually, it makes good sense, as any sophisticated bank borrower will tell you. It's good for *you* and good for *us*. Here's why:

You Build Personal Credit

Every time you borrow money from us and *pay it back on schedule*, you win more of our confidence. As you build your credit with us, it will be a great advantage in your future financial growth.

Your Savings Remain Substantial

If you pull your bank balances way down every time you need cash for a short while, you lose stature as a "substantial depositor." We like customers who maintain good deposits with us. After all, this is how we make our living—lending out your deposits at rates higher than we pay you.

The Cost is Very Small

By leaving your savings intact your money continues to earn daily interest at the rate of 3% per annum. Using your savings account as collateral, we can make you a passbook loan at 5% per annum. So your net cost is actually only 2%. Even this drops to about 1½% after taxes because the interest you pay us is deductible. So you can see the cost is trivial compared to the many real advantages to you.

FIFTH (and last) STEP

When you do borrow from us, borrow a little more (rather than a little less) than you actually need. Again, you may think this sounds like poor economy—paying interest on extra funds you don't need. But actually it's better for *you* and better for *us*. Again, here's why:

If you borrow exactly the funds you think you'll need, you allow no margin for error. You have the constant risk of running out of funds and thus having to come back to us for more. We would rather lend you a little extra in the first place. We think it's better for your peace of mind.

Moreover, it's better for us. If you borrow a little more than you need, you will doubtless leave the excess as a cash cushion in your *checking* account. This we like.

So you see, wooing and winning a bank like First Western is really simple after all.

And believe us—getting yourself firmly established with this kind of bank is a *major forward step toward your financial growth and security.*

If this all makes sense to you, come on in and let's get acquainted. You too can be one of those fair-haired boys (or girls) who have the knack of getting along with banks . . . like us.

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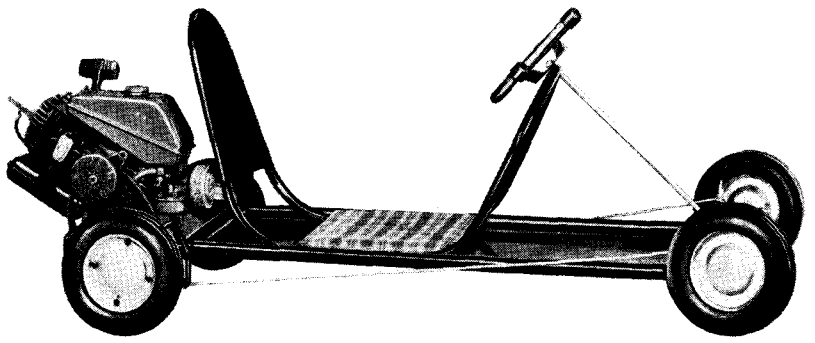

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(*Continued from Page 56*) She was walking away when Sam Lorton thought of a postscript. His voice deepened. "One other thing I want to know. Why did you put that thing in my car?"

Bonnie was halfway through the forest of lamps on her way to the hall. She did not break step or look back. "I didn't know that it was your car," she said.

There were restaurants on piers, and other restaurants with glassed-in verandas which provided magnificent views of blue skies and bluer water, of white clouds and wheeling gulls. They looked expensive, and the Air Force had taught Toby Welton the futility of display. If a man couldn't get by on his personality, he couldn't be extravagant enough to remedy the deficiency, not on Air Force pay. He took Bonnie Ryburn to a drive-in around which the aromas of cooking food hovered. If she needed a view of the gulf, he could park somewhere later and get it for her free.

"I was hungry," she said, "but I haven't any money, so I was hoping that you'd be hungry too. I'm glad that you are going to buy me a lunch."

She looked like calculated man bait, but there was nothing elusive or adroit about her. Her hair caught any kind of light and made gold out of it. She was a natural blonde because all of her coloring blended, but she had helped her hair more than a little. The tiny spiked eyelashes were sooty black, and at least some of the color in her smooth skin came out of a bottle or a jar; but she was real. In spite of the artificial touches, she looked real. She was a two-hamburger girl and she ate her hamburgers with pickle slices, chili sauce, lettuce and potato chips, everything but onions.

"What do you do," Toby asked, "when you're not throwing bikinis in convertibles?"

"I work. I've got a job. Yesterday was my day off. Today, when I saw the ad, I told them that I had to take off again. They didn't like it, but they let me. I won't get paid though. I don't care." She took a bite of hamburger. "This is fun."

"You still haven't told me what your job is."

"You wouldn't guess. I work for a department store. They have all kinds of pretty things for women—dresses and hats and cosmetics—and things for babies and for children. I've got a counter in the basement with screw drivers and electric gadgets and flashlights and batteries and mousetraps."

For a moment Bonnie looked depressed. "I never get to sell anything. People just need some of this junk and they buy it. Like the mousetraps—people don't want them unless they've got mice; then they've got to have them."

Toby sympathized with her feeling of frustration. No scope there for creative selling. Still and all, the personnel department had been on the ball. A dish like Bonnie belonged behind a counter that sought the masculine trade. A man with mice would probably buy his mousetraps one at a time.

Many other pictures of Bonnie emerged before they finished their coffee. She talked. She was an orphan and she lived with an aunt who made an issue of the fact that she ought to be married. Bonnie could see her aunt's point. After all, she didn't make much money, and her aunt could probably rent her room to a better boarder, although she helped "with the dishes and stuff like that." Until the incident of the bikini, George the sailor had seemed like a good prospect, but he had lost status.

"I don't know about it anyway, being married to a sailor," Bonnie said. "I don't know anybody married to a sailor. I wouldn't want to live on a boat even if they let me."

"They wouldn't let you."

"I don't see why not. Army wives live where their husbands do. I read in the paper where they were supposed to come home, away from their husbands, and they made a big fuss about it. Why don't the Navy wives make a fuss?"

"Never happen. They still wouldn't let wives sail with the fleet. That's what makes the Navy the way it is." Toby turned suddenly serious. "Look, you're missing the big point. You don't just get married. You've got to fall in love with the guy."

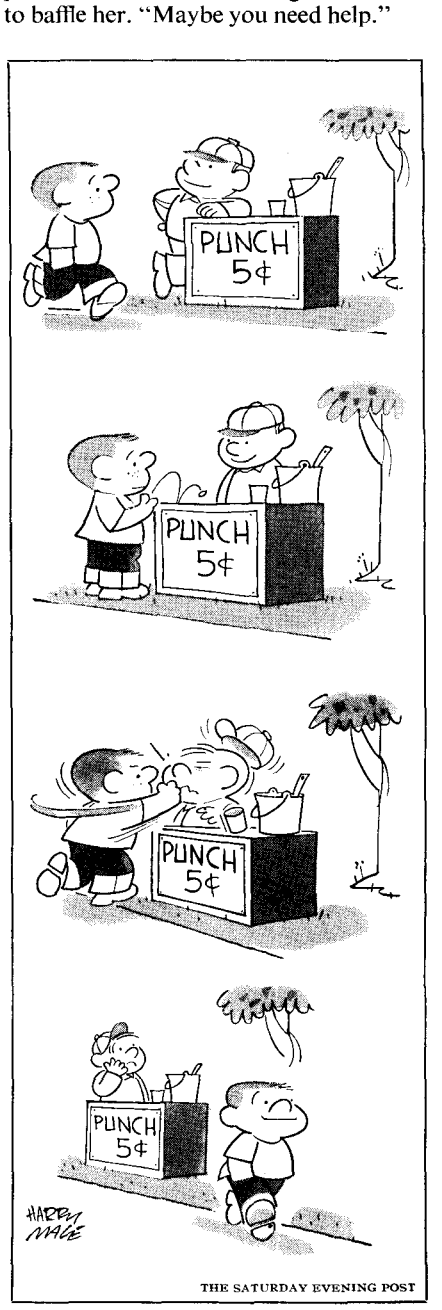
"If I find somebody I want, I'll love him."

Bonnie's eyes were level, candid, with deep seas of sincerity in their depths. Toby was suddenly frightened. There was an inner pathos about this girl. Pathos and directness and determination in a girl made a bad combination. A man might not be able to handle it.

"Civilians make more money than sailors," Bonnie said reflectively, "but you don't make much money, do you? You drive an awful old car. What do you do?"

It was no time to defend his automobile at his own expense. "I advise people. Business has been terrible lately. Nobody wants advice. A man with mice knows that he needs a mousetrap, but a man who needs advice doesn't know it."

"I don't think your advice is good. Maybe that's the trouble. You're not very smart. You weren't smart about Mr. Lorton." Bonnie was looking into distance, a slight frown on her face. A new profession like advice-selling didn't seem to baffle her. "Maybe you need help."



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All the warning bells were ringing now. Toby picked up the check. "Sam Lorton is the boy who needs help," he said. "We'll be late."

"You help him. I'll help Mrs. Lorton," Bonnie said.

He thought that she was kidding, but he wasn't certain. For such an obvious person, she could be strangely cryptic at times; her expressive face could turn poker-calm. They drove out of town on a road that was something designed for a Technicolor musical on a wide screen—brightly colored flowers, white fences, glimpses of blue water. The address that Sam Lorton had given them was in a small town, twenty miles down the curving beach. The house itself was easy to find, white with red tiles. The sand of the beach fanned out like a layer of hot frost.

Sam Lorton opened the door and he did not look happy. "My wife is going to see you," he said ominously, "but she isn't going to believe a word you tell her."

Bonnie was frightened again. Toby could feel fear emanate from her. She moved closer to him and she very obviously straightened her shoulders, bracing herself. The interior of the house was cool. The furniture was light, and the colors more cheerful than they were in the big house, but Toby did not register detail. This, he thought, was another of Sam's possessions and quite nice indeed—a super beach house, a minor mansion. He was not prepared for the woman who entered the living room quietly through the open French doors.

Annabelle Lorton was tall and slender, with striking white hair swept high on her head, severely cut above the temples. She had regular, almost classic, features and she moved with grace. She was wearing a simple cotton dress, dark green with red piping. Toby had time to observe detail because her entrance was unhurried. She had dignity.

Sam had forgotten their names, so his attempt at an introduction was awkward. His wife ignored both the awkwardness and any necessity for names. "How do you do?" she said. "Please be seated. I understand that you have something to say to me."

There were four chairs forming a square, with several feet of space between chairs. Bonnie sat stiffly, as she had in the other house. Mrs. Lorton was relaxed. Toby tried to be, but he was painfully aware that neither Sam nor Bonnie was carrying the ball. Somebody had to carry it.

"It's this way, Mrs. Lorton," he said. "My cousin Bonnie, Miss Ryburn, that is, received a present from a man. He's in the Navy. When she saw what it was, she was upset. She threw it away. She just threw it in the handiest place, which happened to be an automobile. She never gave a thought to the fact that it might be difficult for the person who owned the automobile to explain it. She was just upset."

His voice sounded well from his position behind it, and so did his text—brief and to the point. The "cousin" touch was a sudden inspiration that gave Bonnie family roots. He could tell from Annabelle Lorton's expression, however, that there would be no applause. Her eyes measured him, then moved to Bonnie who sat stiffly silent. She rose and crossed the room.

"You will pardon me, I hope, if I am less than cordial," she said. "I have heard many similar stories today, quite similar stories."

She came back with a package wrapped in paper that was belligerently pink. She removed the paper and held a tiny bikini in her hand. Prepared though he was, Toby experienced shock. The thing did have eyeballs all over it—ovals outlined in blue on a white background, with blue pupils inside the ovals. Annabelle Lorton was holding it up before Bonnie.

"Is this yours?"

"I suppose so. Yes. It was. I threw it away."

Bonnie rose. Annabelle Lorton was standing, and Bonnie took a step toward her, seeming to gain confidence on her feet, facing the other woman.

"You can't get this straight listening to men, Mrs. Lorton," she said. "They always change things around to make them sound better. Toby has been very nice to me and he's honest and he doesn't want any reward, but he isn't my cousin, and I get all confused listening to him. He wants to help Mr. Lorton like all those other men, and I don't think that Mr. Lorton needs help. I think you do. That's what I came out to do. I wanted to see you."

Annabelle Lorton no longer looked cold and aloof. Her eyes were interested and they lighted her face. She was an attractive woman. "What do you mean," she said, "by saying that I need help?"

"I mean that if I had a husband and I found a bikini in his car, I'd hit high *C*. I just wouldn't like it even if I knew that he didn't have anything to do with it. I'd take it out on him. But I'd really be all torn up if he put something in the paper telling everybody in Texas that I was unreasonable and giving him a bad time."

Bonnie stood straight and she wasn't afraid of anyone in that moment. She was strangely eloquent. Annabelle Lorton smiled, a brief, twisted smile. "I want to talk to you," she said. "Let's go out on the sun deck."

The two women walked to the French doors and out of the room, ignoring the men. Toby watched them go. His ego was shaken. He looked at Sam Lorton.

"Well," he said, "you're off the hook."

Sam Lorton mopped his forehead. "Yes. That Bonnie is quite a girl for her age. I never saw anything wrong about putting that ad in the paper. A man's never too old to learn from women."

Toby wondered if the things that a man learned from women ever did him any good. He could hear the voices from the sun deck, mere voices without any decipherable words.

"I'm much obliged to both of you," Sam Lorton said. "You're a fine young couple. If you haven't got a job that suits you, son, I'll give you a better one for a wedding present. I guess I own at least a piece of any kind of business you'd like."

"Thanks. I'll let you know."

Sam's eyes were kind. He would do anything that he promised to do and he was probably a sure-fire operator in the world of men. There wasn't any time for discussion. Bonnie and Annabelle were entering the room and both were smiling.

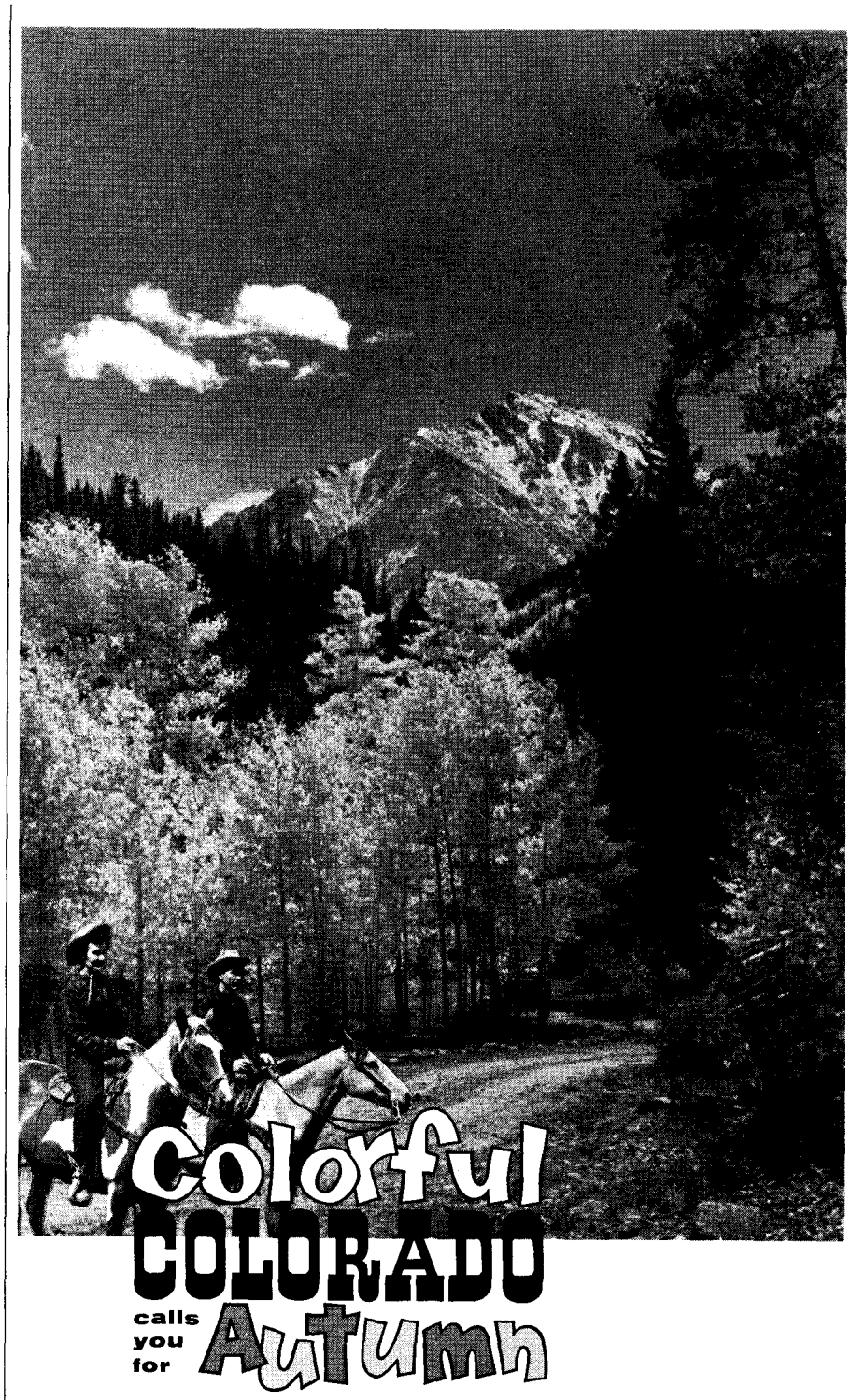
Outside in the sunlight a few minutes later, Toby felt tall again, walking beside Bonnie to his car. "About the reward," he said. "I can have a job as a wedding present. I don't know what you get."

Bonnie didn't seem to be paying any attention. She was holding the pink-wrapped bikini in her hand and she was frowning. Toby felt the impulse that was building in her. Sam Lorton's blue convertible was parked only a few feet away. Toby reached, with a surge of masculine dominance, and took possession of the package. Bonnie turned and she was all pink and gold in the sunlight, with round eyes and eyelashes that were little black spikes.

"You can't get a wedding present without help," she said. "You can't get it alone, I mean."

He kissed her then, and if Sam Lorton and company watched him do it, he never knew.

THE END



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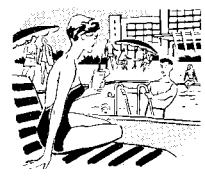

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Bomb by the Jailhouse Wall

(Continued from Page 25)

his fine. Maybe his job, if he didn't report on time for his shift."

Bruce said, invisibly savoring the small triumph, "He's night shift. Off today. Goes on tonight." Sometimes John P. Ballard's crisp efficiency was a trifle irritating.

The gray eyes bored into him. Then John P. said half grumpily, "Ah, h'm," which could have meant anything, including a simple need to clear his throat.

Bruce waited, but no further comment came, and he said, "I'll be getting on back to the office then, sir."

"Of course," said John P. Ballard.

The office smelled depressingly like a jail office, which was not an inspiriting smell at all. Bruce kicked the desk chair mildly, so that it slid back near the wall, sat heavily and tilted himself back, stopping just short of capsizing as his shoulders touched the wall. He looked disinterestedly at the opposite wall. Hard-eyed men looked disinterestedly back from various WANTED posters.

He thought rather gloomily that he had wasted a considerable portion of his life looking at this uninspiring gallery of printers' art. Very carefully he did not look at the gap at the lower left-hand corner.

There had once hung the sullen likeness of one Juan Jesus Ortega, and he had killed Juan Jesus Ortega in a dark and dirty alleyway some ten nights ago. Ortega had dropped the redoubtable John P. Ballard from behind and in the dark and, had Bruce not stopped him, he would surely have finished off John P. Ballard. But the saying of it, even in strictest truth, did nothing to ease it and, when Bruce had come into the office next day to discover that someone had crossed out the WANTED and penciled in BUT NOT NO MORE, he had felt a sickening surge of fury. He reached out to tear the thing from the wall and found that he could not touch it, even to tear it down, and he was secretly glad when some bloody-minded thief came into the unlocked office sometime later and stole the poster as a souvenir. Nowadays he scarcely even noticed the blank space where it had been—sometimes not oftener than twice a day. He went out into the street, at the last moment remembering to put on his coat.

At the Square Deal he had a beer; the proprietor had the best beer cooler in Ophir; he'd got a driller and a powder monkey in his debt and had them drill and shoot a cavern into the side of the rock ledge crowding his back door and in that cool and damp recess stored his barrels and kegs.

It was the quiet time of the day; the day shift was still laboring in the mines, and the night shift wasn't up and stirring yet.

Bruce mentally flipped a coin, called it heads even as it spun in imaginary mid-air, and went up the hill to Jenny's house. Jenny was baking, and her hands were still somewhat floury when she came to the door, and they left a pair of rather fascinating patches on Bruce's shoulders when he reached out, brought her to him and kissed her with warmth and enthusiasm.

"Well!" said Jenny, as soon as she was able.

"Well, yourself," murmured Bruce. "Ah, darlin', I've missed you." He lowered his head again and found himself kissing the back of a floury hand. Almost simultaneously he found himself bemusedly embracing only a segment of empty air. He sighed. Jenny was a decidedly embraceable bit of a girl. As she retreated across the kitchen, he followed, removing his hat.

Jenny took up her rolling pin and hefted it consideringly. Bruce stopped.

"Ah, Jenny," he said in wounded tones, "I haven't seen you in near a week."

"One might think 't was a year," said Jenny, "and in a dark cellar at that."

Said Bruce gallantly, "Ah, Jenny, sweet Jenny, a day away from you is as long as a year."

"Ah?" quoth Jenny sweetly. "And since it's not five minutes from here y've been all the while, I take it then that something must have held you away."

"Jenny. Sweetheart. You know what it's like—working noon to midnight every day of the week, and in between, too, with that clod of a Clyde to watch after."

"Then hand the whole lump of it to the clod and be done with it."

"Jenny, what would you have me do? You know John Ballard is flat on his back still."

"Aye, and whose worry is that? He has all the nursemaids he'll be needing. Now daddy has arranged for you to go to work at the mine any time, and you've not said aye, nay or when—and Father Doolin due here this very Sunday, and you've not so much as ——" To his great astonishment and dismay she began to weep.

Now Jenny never wept—or practically never—or if she did, it was privately and quietly, for Jenny was not a weeper over trifles.

"Ah, Jenny," he said, astounded, going toward her. She cuffed angrily at her eyes with a floured wrist and caught up the rolling pin.

"Come not one step nearer with your blarney," she said fiercely. "Just answer me plain and straight and with no flummery. Will you be rid of that miserable job and ready to stand with me before Father Doolin Sunday? Will you now, in a plain and simple yes or no?"

"Jenny," he said, "it isn't a matter of wanting to, or not, and it isn't as simple as all that."

"'T is that simple to me," she cried. "Will y' be makin' up your mind?"

He said quickly, affronted, "Don't snap your fingers at me, Jenny! I'm not your puppy dog, to come running."

Cried Jenny spiritedly, "You come to heel fast enough when Mr. John P. Ballard snaps his fingers!"

He looked at her long and carefully. Then he put on his hat and walked to the door. There are times when there is wisdom in retreat and folly in battle, and present indications were pointing at wisdom. Besides, he wasn't sure he had a good answer.

"Coward!" cried Jenny.

He banged the door behind him and heard her weeping before he set foot off the narrow porch. He hesitated and went back.

He opened the door gently and the hurtling rolling pin made a sizable dent on the inner jamb just about head high. He closed the door and went away.

Red Ophir screamed her high whistle fit to split a man's ears as he descended on the town, and within the minute the off-shift muckers came bulging out into the evening's light in clots and clumps, pouring like thick molasses from the jug mouth of Red Ophir's tunnel, funneled through the slower upward surge of the night shift going on.

Still hotly asimmer, Bruce went to the hotel. Mrs. Henderson, the buxom, widowed proprietress of the hotel, opened the door. John P. Ballard was propped higher on his pillows, spooning at a steaming bowl of soup.

"See you're busy," said Bruce sourly.

"Just having a bit of supper. Will you join me?"

"No, thanks. See you later."

"Stay. Be through in a moment. Mrs. Henderson was just waiting to take these things with her."

"Yes," said Mrs. Henderson reluctantly. "Do come in."

Perversely he decided he would. He stood about, idly looking out the window as Mrs. Henderson hovered solicitously about John P., plumping up pillows as he finished, all but wiping his graying dragoon mustache for him, before she finally gathered up the dishes and auxiliary linen and departed.

John P. made a little ceremony of clipping and lighting one of his cheroots, after offering Bruce one, which he stiffly declined. "Now then," said John P. Ballard. "What is the problem?"

"I'm sick of this job. I'm sick of the hours and the pay and the help I'm supposed to be getting from that knothead Clyde."

John P. looked at him. "I take it," he said gently, "that you intend to take the job at the mine then."

"I didn't say that."

"No." John P. removed his cheroot and looked at it thoughtfully. "However, for the sake of argument, do you think you will be any happier working as a straw boss under Colin Cassiday? Does the prospect of working underground all day or night appeal to you?"

Bruce said gruffly, "I've a couple of other chances, if I want to take them."

"Ah?" said John P., raising his eyebrows.

Bruce said lamely, "Oh, I've had a couple of offers," feeling it entirely possible that the redoubtable John P. had heard all about it long since. But John P. merely sighed and shifted his wounded shoulder carefully. "If you're determined, I suppose Clyde ——"

Bruce said peckishly, "Oh, dammit!" feeling put-upon and helpless. "I told you I'd stay on till you were well; I'll stick with it."

"Thank you," said John P. Ballard sincerely. "I appreciate it." He puffed a soft blue cloud toward the ceiling. "Is—ah—Miss Cassiday becoming impatient with the arrangement?"

Bruce said stiffly, "She'll get over it."

"Ah," said John P. noncommittally through a cloud of smoke. "Anything else I can do for you just now?"

Bruce recognized a dismissal without needing a wall to fall on him. "No, sir," he said and went away from there.

Ophir was a lucky tramp gone from rags to riches too fast to change clothes. Ophir was a constantly growing straggle of shacks and tents and knocked-together buildings with the sap still bleeding from their boards. You could see her a good many miles away on a clear night, all ablaze with lights, a glowworm precariously clinging to the steep stony flank of the mountain, feeding off Red Ophir Mines, Inc., hanging to this nourishing teat in spite of the tailings dump which tried to crowd it off its ledge; clinging rough and tough and mean and rich and giving not a damn for anything else.

Most any week night found her as noisy as a small battlefield, with the artillery rumble of deep male voices, the overhead wail of passing shells supplanted by a sort of amorous tomcat caterwauling supplied by higher male voices, interspersed with the Minié-ball shrieking of the ladies of the night. After midnight it would die down a little, say to the level of a bear and a bobcat being rolled down-hill in the same barrel, but the early evening hours were generally fairly vociferous.

It was not quite midnight when Bruce was attracted to the steady racket of a big mucker who labored methodically, attempting to kick in the door of the butcher shop, now closed and dark.

"Whoa, whoa," he said to the man. "That's enough of that. What do you think you're doing?"

His man turned away from the door ponderously. He was roughly the size of a Percheron stallion, and his iron-hobbed boots thumped like shod hoofs.

"Why, hell," he said, "I just wanted a little raw meat."

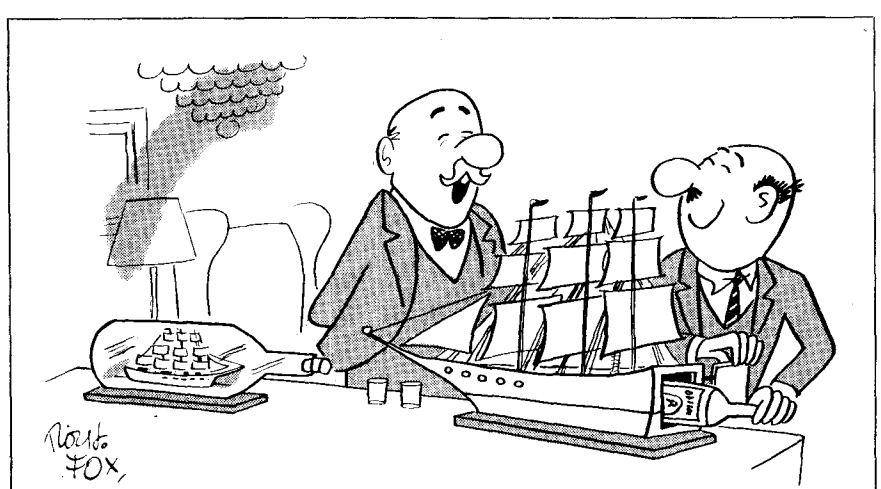
"Well, you're a little late. Come around in the morning when the place is open. Now come on away from there."

The man took a couple of slow clumping strides and looked down at him. "D' ye know who I am?" he demanded. "I'm Bloody Billy McCoy an' a ring-tailed roarer. I can outfight an' outdrink an' outfrolic any man alive. I can jump higher an' squat lower an' spit furder aginst the wind than any thush and such in this so-an'-so town. I ——"

"Sure," said Bruce. "You bet. Come on now."

Bloody Billy McCoy knocked Bruce onto the flat of his back, the blow delivered without preliminaries or change of expression. Bruce heard Bloody Billy's pealing joyous shout and rolled away from the big man's trampling rush. He got to his feet, the side of his face still numbed by the clubbing blow, and the inner boiling he'd felt for some time came almost happily to the surface, and he walked straight into Bloody Billy McCoy's second charge.

It was a dandy brawl while it lasted. Bloody Billy had the reach and the heft, but Bruce had speed and less tonnage and unimpaired co-ordination and the



"Awfully clever of you, Humboldt, reversing things that way."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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overwhelming assurance that he was going to knock Mr. Bloody Billy McCoy out from between his ears if he could and, while he did not accomplish this literally, he did, after some considerable time, fetch the big mucker down at only slightly more effort than chopping down a seasoned oak stump. Bruce took air in great gasping breaths—both fists were pretty well banged up—and there was a salty taste in his mouth from the split lip Bloody Billy had given him with another massive clout.

He looked around. The fight had attracted quite a crowd, including Clyde, his temporary night marshal. Clyde was six feet and three inches of knobs and angles. He had earnest blue eyes and pale brows, which gave him a rather surprised look, and his face ran rather more to nose than to chin, and his movements seemed more awkward than organized, more tentative than determined. He carried a Colt's dragoon revolver in a dragoon holster, as a result of which Clyde looked about as military as a mule with a musket.

Just now Bruce looked upon him with favor, clod though he was, for the great inert hulk of Bloody Billy McCoy presented something of a problem, and though Clyde was perhaps not much for smart, he was pretty good for strong.

"Well," said Bruce. "Just in time. Give me a hand with him."

"Sho," said Clyde. Together they carried and walked and guided Bloody Billy McCoy to a cell.

Bruce turned the key in the lock and gingerly touched the puffed and throbbing area about the side of his head. He said gruffly, "Think you can handle it for a while?"

"Why, sho, guess so," said Clyde.

The bathhouse was locked, of course, and rather than try to rouse the barber, Bruce jiggled the back door shrewdly until the hook climbed out of the eye and the door came open. He tested the water in the two copper boilers atop the stove. Still warm. He built up the fire.

He soaked himself in steaming water. He got out and regarded his suit sourly. He brushed at it, but it would need sterner cleaning measures than that. There was a rip down the left side, under the arm. There wasn't much fun left in this game, he decided.

John P. Ballard scrutinized him long and slowly and carefully. Then he shook his head slowly and carefully. He demanded, "Why?"

Bruce's attempt at a carefree grin missed its mark by several linear feet. There was the fat lip for one thing. And the iridescent, peacock's-tail shades to the area surrounding his left eye—plus the large greenish swelling which nicely concealed the basic shape of his right cheek. Under the steady, cold gray eyes of John P. Ballard, he gave up the attempt entirely.

"Ah, it was just one of those things," he said.

"The hell it was," said John P. Ballard succinctly. "You were looking for a fight all day. You were tickled to death when you found one."

Bruce opened his mouth. John P. looked at him. Bruce closed it.

"I have attempted," said John P. Ballard, "to make a peace officer of you. There are enough armed ruffians and brawlers behind badges, God knows, to have brought the trade into disrepute."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce stonily.

"Ah," said John P. wickedly. "I've hurt your feelings."

Said Bruce rather rashly, "All right, how would you have done it?"

"I'd have laid a pistol barrel across his thick skull and jailed him. I would not have wallowed in the street with him. Because next time he would expect me to do it again—he and all his friends. Never let such a situation develop. Never play a game by someone else's rules. When a peace officer is in charge, he takes charge. He does not brawl, quarrel or quibble. He takes charge. Now if you wish to withdraw and meditate on it further, I bid you good day."

Bruce, with commendable prudence, withdrew to meditate. While he did so, he tried cold compresses on his iridescent eye. They seemed to do no good. The Chinese man professed to have no raw beefsteak, only stew meat. Bruce went back to meditation and cold compresses, reclining on the hard bed in his small and cheerless room. With neither body nor mind showing much improvement, he dozed off and did not wake until full dark, his mouth tasting as if he had been shearing sheep with his incisors, his head feeling as if he had been stuffing the fleeces in the cavity between his ears.

He washed his face and combed his hair and descended into the full-throated uproar of Saturday night in Ophir in a sour and disgruntled mood.

... ...

On This
I Didn't Count

Because, last night, to get
to sleep
More speedily and fully,
I counted several thousand
sheep,
Today my mind is
woolly.

Jean Carpenter Mergard

... ...

A new gambler had set up table at the Lucky Lady. Bruce leaned against a convenient pillar and watched, with what he considered fine impartiality, until the gambler looked up once and inquired softly, "Looking for something, sir?"

Bruce gave him a small smile. "I'll let you know if I am," he said.

"Oh, I'm sure," murmured the gambler. His professionally expressionless eyes went over Bruce carefully, lingering somewhat longer than necessary on the fat lip and the spectacular eye. Then he took his eyes away as curtly as a dismissal and said, "Everybody in? Here we go, then." With almost invisible spurning flicks he sent cards around the table. Behind Bruce, someone snickered. He did not bother to look around to see who.

Traffic moved on the street in knots and clumps, in surges and currents and eddies; moving with the current, Bruce heard one voice say clearly, "Aye, that's himself, wid his headlight all shinin'." He didn't look around for that one either.

He came onto a knot of miners outside the Square Deal, and a big bucko moved out to intercept Bruce, who stopped, watchful of the man's hands, hooked thumb in waistband. The man stood with his hobbed boots set well apart, flushed with drinking, warm with something besides whisky.

"Now," said the man, "where's me friend Billy McCoy this evenin'?"

"In jail," said Bruce.

"He missed his shift. The boss'll dock 'im—maybe can 'im. 'T is a bit rough, for just gettin' his nose wet, is it not, now?"

"Go bail him out, then," said Bruce.

"Why, it just might be we'll be doin' that, in our own time an' way."

Bruce said quietly, "Sure. Just don't try anything foolish now."

The man grinned a faint jeering grin. "There is a difference atween tryin' an' doin,'" he said. "I doubt you'd have taken Billy McCoy an' him sober."

Bruce looked him over carefully. "And now you'll never know, will you?" he said and walked straight ahead. At the last possible moment the man gave way to let him past.

Clyde came on a little early; Bruce turned the keys over to him. When just one man was on duty and there was a prisoner, it was customary to lock the office and carry the keys.

"I'll stay on awhile," said Bruce. "They're howling a little wild tonight."

"Sho," said Clyde, looking not at all perturbed. He rammed the keys in his pants pocket and ambled phlegmatically downstreet. Bruce somewhat sourly watched him go, turned and went upstreet.

They met again, perhaps an hour later, in the street in front of the jail. Bruce watched as Clyde plodded toward him, thinking, *He'd make a fine plow horse.* Then he heard something or saw something—he was not afterward sure. He walked across and tried the knob to the office door. Locked, as it should have been.

He shrugged and went around the corner of the building, and two of them came at him in a grunting charge and slammed him back hard against the rough-slab siding. A small green orb burned briefly just at the edge of vision as his head rapped against the wall.

"Gimme room," said a voice, and the two of them dropped hastily back, and Bruce saw dimly the big one coming at him with the pick handle clubbed and swung overhead. Frantically he went in under it, driving his own shoulder and elbow into the muscled body, hearing the crash of the pick handle on the boards. His man recovered his swing and turned almost with him, and Bruce dragged the pistol out from under his coat. At the last possible split second Bruce fired not at the man's head, but over and aside, giving him the full of the horrifying flash and blast of forty grains of exploding black powder, and the man abandoned the pick handle in mid-air and clapped his hands to his face and fell away as if he had been shot head on.

Bruce blinked his eyes, himself half-blinded by the blast, dimly saw another of them charging, swinging a foot-long segment of hexagonal drill steel. Clyde, looking mildly astonished, came lumbering in and said, "Hey," and put up a protesting hand, hauled it back just in time as the man wheeled and took a hack at him with the drill steel, whereupon Clyde stepped gracelessly aside and took a slung shot from his hip pocket and struck his man quite forcibly on the back of his head as he went by, the man plowing head on into the alley's dirt.

Bruce, breathing hard, said, "Thanks."

Said Clyde placidly, "Sho," and then Bruce heard the sputter and saw the dim flash and flutter and dived for the forecorner of the building, shouting a warning at Clyde. Almost instantly, it seemed, the fuse burned down to the charge, which cut loose in a terrifying flash and roar. A flying board whacked Bruce across the coattails, flat-side-to, fortunately, and then his ringing ears felt a strained and continued silence.

Dazedly he looked at Clyde, who looked even more thunderstruck than normal, if that was possible, and cautiously both looked back into the slot alongside the building. The charge of powder had removed almost the entire corner of the building, exposing the common cell known as the bull pen, and on the heaved and buckled flooring Bloody Billy McCoy was wandering aimlessly about on hands and knees, muttering, "Don't be botherin', boys—'t is not worth the trouble."

In the dirt of the alleyway lay the one who'd taken the flash of Bruce's pistol and the further concussion of the blast, lying curled up, knees to chest, head wrapped in muscular arms, showing no inclination to uncurl at all; the one Clyde had clouted lay peacefully asprawl, blissfully unaware, and two others were huddled dazedly into the dead-end corner of the slot. When Bruce spoke to them, they came out with lamblike meekness.

He was herding them into the single small cell left unwrecked, when John P. Ballard appeared, looking pale and sick but somehow dignified, despite the tail of the nightshirt dangling outside his yanked-on trousers, his pistol ready in his right hand, the other arm in a sling.

In vast amazement Bruce cried, "What are you doing here?"

John P. looked at him. "Why," he said, "I was somewhat concerned about you."

Bruce felt a sudden warmth he'd have died before revealing. He said gruffly, "Nothing to fret about. All under control."

John P. said somewhat stiffly, "That's fine. Might report to me when you're through here."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce.

John P. Ballard was once more in his bed when Bruce went to his room. He listened without comment to Bruce's report, ending with Bruce faintly grinning. "Couple of them squawking about cramped quarters; I told them they could patch the bull pen tomorrow, if they needed more room."

"Fine," said John P. Ballard. Then, very casually, "Think Clyde can handle it all right, now?"

Bruce had grace enough to look slightly sheepish. "Clyde's more man than I gave credit for," he admitted.

John P. Ballard puffed contentedly at his cheroot. "Well, run along, run along. Be enough to keep you busy tomorrow, I suppose, even if it is Sunday. Good idea you had, at that. Let those mine muckers carpenter up the damage they did. Keep 'em under a shotgun, and keep 'em busy. Fine idea."

Bruce said quietly, but determinedly, "No, sir. Sundays are quiet generally. Sunday night particularly, Clyde can handle it. He can sleep in the office if he has to."

"Well," said John P., astounded, "what do you think you're going to do?"

"Why," said Bruce, "I expect I'm going to get married."

John P. looked at him bitterly. "You're going to knuckle down," he said. "You're going to quit."

"No. I'm going to take a couple of days off. I am going to go uphill right now and tell her."

"She'll be asleep."

"She can wake up."

"Ah, but she made some conditions."

Bruce grinned tightly, "Why," he said gently, "you've convinced me. I've been too soft. I'm going to tell her, this time."

John P. looked at him long and speculatively. Then his mustache twitched as he smiled. "I'll wish you luck," he said. He sighed. "I wish I could stand up with you and kiss the bride."

Bruce smiled back. "It's a hard life, sir," he said.

"Get out of here," said John P., and Bruce got.

He stood outside the hotel and listened to the dulling roar of his town. He went up the long climb toward Jenny's house and, somehow, the closer he got the faster he went.

THE END

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Why our horseshoe is upside down

Quite often folks ask why the golden horseshoe on each can and bottle of light Olympia Beer is "upside down." According to an old superstition, won't the good luck "spill out?"

Not at all! When you pour a bottle or can of Olympia Beer, the good luck horseshoe is no longer upside down. *This* is the moment when good luck—and good refreshment—will attend you! Actually the horseshoe came from an old crest of the founder's family—and good fortune was certainly with Leopold Schmidt in 1895 when he discovered a rare artesian brewing water—the priceless ingredient that has brought fame to Olympia for 65 years. This remarkable water is also noted on each Olympia label by the famous saying:

"It's the Water"

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Forest of Death (Continued from Page 28)

distance from North America to Europe was different from anything anybody had guessed. I can't tell you what that difference is. It's still classified "secret," and that ought to tip you off as to how important it is. But that wasn't the only mistake we found in the geography of the world. We relocated lots of other places. The Bahama Islands—even Cuba—aren't exactly where they're supposed to be, and now we were surveying our way down the east coast of South America.

Don't try to understand how we work. It's too technical. I'll tell you only what happens. "Hiran Ground Stations" like ours are set up in the area to be surveyed. They can be a hundred, two hundred or five hundred miles apart. A specially equipped airplane flies back and forth across a line between any two stations broadcasting electronic signals. Electronic equipment at the ground station picks up the signal and throws it back to the airplane. In the airplane a quick little gismo measures the time it takes the signal to go from the airplane to the ground station and back, and it makes a record of these figures.

When the "Hiran" airplane has all its figures, it flies back to a nearby air base where there are hot and cold running water, chow halls and air conditioning. That's where the mathematicians take over. Using the figures brought in by the airplane, they can calculate the distance between any two ground stations to within a gnat's eyelash.

Wagon Twenty-Eight, code name for our ground station, was the most difficult one to build. First the helicopters lowered the construction crews into the forest by cable. The gas-driven chain saws of the crews looked like toys compared to the great trees, but they nibbled relentlessly. When I saw the first towering "quipo" fall, roaring and thundering into the gorge below, I felt I had witnessed the murder of a jungle god.

Twelve thousand pounds of equipment were flown in after that. It included my electronic transmitter and receiver, all the radio equipment, two gasoline-driven generators, a fifty-foot antenna tower and lumber for duckboards and tent platforms that would keep us out of the mud.

There were three of us to man the site. Henry L. Griggs, airman first class, radio operator, a tall, brawny character who's my kind of man. Hank had been with me when we were working off the side of Mount McKinley in Alaska, and we'd been together, too, in that cold camp on the Greenland icecap. He was quiet, tough and always there when you needed him.

The third man was José Maria Enrique Pedrozo, airman third class, ground power specialist. He kept our generators and engines running, supplied the juice for my electronic equipment and Hank's radios. He was born in Puerto Rico, but reared on East 126th Street, New York City. If it hadn't been for that upturned nose, he'd have been unusually good-looking. When Captain Wilson assigned him to my unit, he apologized.

"I hate to put this guy on your back, Sergeant Waters," he'd said, "but he's all we've got; and if anybody can handle him, you can. Pedrozo is bright—very bright—but he's got a lot to learn. He made the grade to airman first once, but thought it made him a colonel. That's why he's back down to airman third. If he gives you any special trouble, call us. We'll understand. He's a real turkey." And from that moment on, the name "Turkey" stuck to him like a tick. Hank and I called him "Joe" to his face; but when we were alone, he was simply "the Turkey."

It would have been a hard start under good conditions. As it was, we were tense and uneasy, and the Turkey kept us off balance. He was low man on our totem pole and he didn't like it. He acted and talked as if he were as good as the next fellow and then proved that he wasn't. We'd all been through the same survival schools in the Air Force. We could each do anything reasonably well, but he didn't bother to. His clothes were all over the place and generally dirty. He wouldn't even scrape off the fungus that grew on his boots unless I ordered him to.

I kept saying to myself, *The kid's never had a chance. Take it easy. Give him a break.* But I couldn't.

Just take the shaving business. I've been a master sergeant for six years and I know morale turns sour if we don't keep clean and on the ball every day. When I say "shave," my men shave, but not the Turkey. When I said "shave" to him, he laughed. "What's it to you?" he said. "It's my face—my beard."

In our sunny spot on the mountain it was usually ninety-seven degrees Fahrenheit, and the humidity ran up around eighty-nine per cent. Do you know what that alone does to men's nerves? I walked over to him and said, "Shave!"

"Watch it, boy," said the Turkey. "You're smokin' hot. Hank, lend me your razor. I ain't got no blades."

"You're lying," Hank told him.

The kid laughed again, turned and went into the cook tent, where he kept his razor and blades.

That's the way it was, day in and day out, with the three of us. If we'd been able to get away from one another, it would have helped. Hank and I wanted to go hunting, fishing and exploring in the forest, but we didn't dare. The Guaharibos had laid down the law.

It happened in the fourth week. We'd been going out into the forest a little farther every day. One morning, when the Hiran aircraft was flying back and forth between two other stations and wouldn't need us, the three of us started out for one of our walks. We came to the lip of the campsite and stepped off the duckboard walkway to go down the steep slope into the valley below.

"Hold it!" Hank said.

Where they came from I don't know, but there they were—six of them, not two hundred feet below us. I've seen a lot of tough men, but these were the toughest. They didn't look at us with any particular kind of hate in their eyes. There seemed to be only a simple question among them—should they kill us now or later?

I went through the time-honored rituals. I held my hands out in a sign of peace. I bowed, smiled, stepped backward and whispered to the others.

"Fall back. Easy!"

Hank played it exactly the way I called it, but not the Turkey.

"Hey, you!" he called, pointing at the oldest man among them. "Come here! I wanna talk to you! . . . Whatsa matter? Chicken? Come on up here!"

"Shut up!" I said.

"Go soak your head!" he told me and started down the slope by himself.

He would have gone down there, too, if it hadn't been for three things that happened almost at once. The Indians disappeared in a wink; I grabbed him by his shirt collar, and a black arrow seven feet long drilled into the forest floor at his feet.

I wish I could tell you he was impressed, but he wasn't. We stepped back into the camp, the Turkey jabbering with excitement. "Jeeze! They're real! They're cool!" he was saying. "What we gotta do is make friends with those characters! We work at it! We figure it out! We set it up! We can do it!"

"No, we can't," Hank said. "They're just Indians—dirty Indians! You can't trust 'em! I'd as soon put a couple shots over their heads."

"You stupid?" the Turkey shouted at Hank. "Then why act like it? I tell you I can make friends with anybody. I can. . . ."

He said a lot of other things, but I didn't hear them. I was looking at a black dart sticking in the side of the tent that covered our electronic and radio equipment. I pulled it out and studied it. The needle tip seemed dry and clean, but I didn't touch it. Three quarters of an inch back from the tip there was a beautifully set notch. This puzzled me. Why a notch? If they'd whittled a barb into that dart, I could have understood it. But a notch?

". . . think of it!" the Turkey was saying. "All of us sitting around a fire. Maybe roasting a peccary. All of us friends! I'm gonna do it!"

"Sure! Sure!" I told him. "Here's a souvenir for you."

I gave him the dart, and he took it as if I gave him a dart from a blowgun every morning.

"You fire one shot down at them Indians," he told Hank, "and you'll find one of these things stickin' out the back of your neck! An' I wouldn't blame 'em!"

"Whose side are you on?" Hank asked. He was looking off into the circling forest where the tree trunks rose like the columns of a great temple, and I saw him shiver.

"On my own side first!" the Turkey told him, "and their side second! You put one shot down there over their heads, and I'll laugh when this sticker hits your neck!"

"Cut it out!" I yelled, but it was too late.

Hank's fist had caught the Turkey full in the face, and the boy was on the ground. When that happens, a camp is going to pieces fast, and it scared me. I laid into them both. I dealt a new deal right there and I put every stripe I had behind every word. There'd be no shooting at the Indians for any reason; no more roughstuff in camp, and I'd send the next man who opened his mouth to cooks-and-bakers school.

After that, things were a little better. For weeks the perspiration oozed out of our skins and trickled down our bodies in comparative peace. Of course, I was running the camp with a tight fist, and that wasn't good for any of us.

One thing we could do was to keep in touch with the other ground crews. Hank tuned into one or the other of them every day by radio, and we swapped what news there was. Nearly all the ground sites were better off than we were. The nearest camp to us, Wagon Fourteen, a hundred miles to the north, had a friendly village nearby. That meant housekeeping help and social life. Wagon Twelve was on the shore of a mountain lake. Wagon Nineteen, five hundred miles to the northeast, was half a mile from a paved highway. If the stories of hunting and fishing that went back and forth were only half-true, they still sounded fine. Sergeant McGinty at Wagon One had bagged a jaguar!

No matter how often it rained, we kept the equipment dried out and ready. Four times, however, in the first three months we were almost washed out of camp. Each time the pounding, roaring rain ripped the dirt from under the foundations of our wooden platforms so that they tilted dangerously. Each time it took almost everything we had to relevel the platforms and to get the equipment working again.

So it was a little rough, but every time the Hiran air crew wanted to use our station, we were ready. My electronic receiver and transmitter bounced the signal back to the aircraft just the way the book said it should, and we had a high score for good readings.

Nevertheless, the going got tighter and tighter every day. There was so little to do, and the mail and supplies didn't always get in on Fridays. If you could have felt those rain squalls barreling down, if you could have seen the fog rise out of the trees like smoke from a forest fire, you'd understand. There were times when the helicopter just couldn't find us. And one day Hank broke.

He came out of the supply tent with that old Krag hunting rifle of his.

"Where you going, Hank?" I asked.

"Hunting," he said simply, and I knew nothing would stop him.

I tried to think it through, but I'd just about had it myself. Hank was my friend, and I understood why he had to get out of the camp. On the other hand, I couldn't let him go—go alone, that is. That's when I broke.

"Wait for me," I said.

"For me too!" the Turkey yelled.

"No!" I told him.

He looked so hurt I felt sorry for him. I put my hand on his shoulder. "Somebody's got to stand by, Joe," I said as gently as I could, "and for all I know, you may be the last survivor. If you are, you can have my candy ration."

Feeling suddenly wonderful, I went into the tent, got my bolt action out of its oiled rags and filled my pockets with ammunition.

Blazing our trail with a hatchet, Hank and I began our first hunt in the most magnificent land I have ever seen. The shade was so dense that the muddy floor was clear of underbrush. Around us there were only the trunks of the incredible trees and the bodies of the great woody vines coiled like snakes before they soared into the foliage above us. The first canopy of greenery was not too far up. It was made of palms and tree ferns and of

"There's no extreme Hartwell won't go to for a gag."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the philodendron, bromeliads and orchids that grew against them and upon them. Above that canopy was a second made up of the new generation of giant trees, a generation not yet full grown, a generation stunted by the shade of the parents. Above the younger generation the oldsters reached to the top of the forest, some two hundred feet above us.

Walking in and out and around the colossal, buttressed trunks, we felt insect-small, and our lives seemed short compared to their many-centuried existence. Where we walked there was no breeze at all, but it was cool and wet, and we were silent. To have spoken would have been like desecrating the quiet of a cathedral.

We saw no game of any sort. In the forest everything has learned to live in the tops of the great trees where there is sunlight. Everything climbs—monkeys, snakes, sloths. Even the porcupine has a prehensile tail. But somewhere on the ground there had to be tapir, peccary, jaguar—and man!

I did not see the stealthy movement of a shadow, but apparently Hank did. He made a catlike turn and fired from his waist. Even as the crash of his rifle echoed through the nave of the forest, something flew by my face like a wingless bird, and we saw the Indians.

There were maybe seven or eight in a panic-driven run. It must have been their first rifle shot and it had been so startling to them that the one who had taken a bead on me with his blowpipe had missed by six inches.

"Thanks," I said.

"Let's get out of here," Hank whispered.

It was three miles back to camp. We half-ran all the way, thinking we were taking advantage of a head start. We had still a mile to go, however, when a thrashing in the trees ahead stopped us, and we saw the body of a small howler monkey fall into the crest of a palm. In a shower of leaves and rotted fronds it continued to slide down, half-holding, half-falling. It hit the ground drunkenly twenty-five feet ahead of us, and we saw it was struggling to pull something out from under its arm. When the monkey got hold of it, I saw it was a dart. He yanked at it frantically. There was the tiniest possible snapping sound, and the dart broke off in his hand. The poisoned tip was still in the monkey. Now I knew why the dart was notched! The little animal drooped and died in front of us, and we couldn't move for what seemed a long time.

"Watch it!" I whispered. "Don't shoot unless you have to! Don't touch the monkey!"

"Got you!" Hank breathed.

With rifles at high port and their safeties off, we walked around the dead monkey, knowing that an Indian with a curare-tipped dart in his blowgun was within a hundred feet. Yet nothing moved. There was only the sound of our breathing and the distant chatter of parrots from the top canopy. We walked slowly from there on, enjoying every step as if it were our last.

A hundred yards downslope from our camp we stumbled on the Turkey squatting by a little stream. Was he standing by the radio to take a call from headquarters? Was he ready to give us covering fire if we needed it? No. He was too busy building a little house of reeds, and we could see that inside the house there were two men made out of my pipe cleaners. He had rubbed one in the mud until it was brown; the other he had left white, and they faced each other with hands raised in peace.

"This is the best sign of friendship I've made," he told us as we came up. "You see, the little brown man is ——"

"Get up that hill," I said quietly, "as fast as you can!"

He must have heard the fear in my voice, and the three of us scrambled up the slope to what we hoped was the safety of our camp. When we told the Turkey what had happened, he gave his usual reaction—a laugh.

"What didja expect?" he said. "Supposin' you was a farmer an' somebody starts killin' off your pigs and horses and chickens! How would you feel?"

"If you don't shut your ——" Hank began.

"Don't play this so dumb!" the Turkey went on, his voice high and intense. "They coulda shot you instead of that monkey! Those guys got brains! I gotta make friends with them! I gotta!"

That night we took turns standing guard, but nothing happened. An old moon came up late over the mountains, and I could see heavy fog in the valley, hear the animals of the forest in full nighttime cry and feel the air thicken with moisture. It hadn't rained yesterday or the day before. I remember thinking that we'd probably catch hell and high water the next day. At 0400 I routed Hank out and crawled back into my jungle hammock for another sleep.

Hank's voice mixed with my dreams. "Don't go down there!" he was yelling. "Come back!"

"You gonna stop me?" the Turkey was talking from a long way off. "Maybe shoot me in the back of my head?"

My eyes popped open on a gloomy day where the hidden sun was well up already. I zipped open the mosquito bar and flipped out of my hammock, yelling, "Joe! Joe! Come back here!"

From the edge of the camp I could see the Turkey downslope about seventy-five yards, swinging along as if he were going for a walk in a park.

"Pedrozo!" I shouted. "I'm telling you to come back here! That's an order! Come back!"

He heard me, but he only waved, as if to say, "Nuts!"

"He's going to see if he's got an answer to his sign," Hank said. "He may need cover. I'll get the rifles."

"Keep them out of sight," I told him, "and get the glasses too."

When Hank handed me my binoculars, we got down on our stomachs on the duckboard. Just as my focus came sharply on the Turkey, I saw that he had come to the stream and knelt down to look at his house and pipe-cleaner men.

He didn't see the Indians at first, but I did. They moved from among the trees on the far side of the stream and closed in on him in a tightening semicircle—blowguns, bows and arrows and machetes ready. Hank swore under his breath, and the perspiration began running into my eyes.

There was a baker's dozen of them this time, a shoulder-to-shoulder arch of men. The man in the keystone position was obviously the chief. Like the others, he wore nothing but a breechcloth. His short bobbed hair was thoroughly grayed, and his leathered skin was crosshatched with wrinkles. I could tell by the shape of his jaw that he had no teeth. I decided he was the same old man the Turkey had yelled at that day of our first meeting.

Apparently something made a noise, and the Turkey looked up and saw them standing halfway around him. I have to hand it to him—he didn't jump. He stood up slowly, hands wide, palms up. His back was to me, but I know he was talking—talking fast. His audience, however, was stone-faced, motionless.

Any man who knows the ABC's of survival treasures his knife above everything else. He sleeps with it and keeps it shaving-sharp and clean. Some of the veterans prefer heavy pocketknives, some scabbard knives—but not the Turkey. He carried a switchblade, of course. I admit it was beautiful. One look at that six-inch blade, and anybody would know it was designed for skinning, whittling, eating and fighting.

He reached in his pocket, and I knew he was going for it. But, he took it out folded, showing it off as if he were a magician going into his act. He held it high and pushed the button in the handle. The blade flashed out. The circle of Indians jumped. The Turkey laughed and folded the blade back into the handle so they could see exactly how it was done. Again and again he snapped it open, folded it up—and finally handed it to the chief. The old man hesitated. The Turkey insisted. At last the old man reached out carefully and took the knife.

He couldn't work it at first, but the Turkey moved right in and showed him. In a few minutes the old man was popping the blade and folding it like an expert. More important, he was laughing with excitement.

I wish I could tell you that the Turkey made friends with the Indians that simply. Apparently, however, every group of people in the world—black, white, yellow or brown—is divided into at least two political parties. I couldn't tell here which were Democrats and which Republicans, but an argument was starting.

It looked as if one side were saying, "He gave us his knife. He's our friend." The other side said, "So we got his knife. This is the time to kill him." The only thing that saved the Turkey for the moment was that the president was on his side. The old man ended the argument by sending six young warriors off into the forest, but they didn't go far.

I couldn't see their black dart flying back through the shaded forest a hundred yards away even with good binoculars. All I know is that in the middle of a laugh the Turkey threw his arms into the air and screamed. The Guaharibos began milling around, shouting furiously, and the Turkey was coming up the hill toward us on the double, his face strangely twisted.

Hank fired three shots into the trees, and the little brown men disappeared as if they'd been erased. I didn't even realize it was raining until I sprinted down the muddy slope to help the kid up the last twenty-five yards. When he fell prone on a section of duckboard, I saw the butt of the dart close to his shoulder blade.

Remember the monkey. Remember the notch. I slit open his fatigues with my knife, cut deeply into his flesh right beside the dart. He winced violently and groaned, but I lifted it out. Butt, notch, and tip—it was all there.

"Pappy and I," the Turkey said in a broken kind of voice, "we—we understood. We'd—we'd be friends except for them soreheads. Next time . . . you see . . . next time . . . we'll all be friends . . . don't blame Pappy . . . he was. . . ." There was a pause filled with only the sound of the rain falling harder, harder, harder. Finally the Turkey made a small animal noise in his throat and finished with his dying. As if to mark his death, the rain flooded from the sky with rumbling anger.

Hank and I turned the Turkey on his back and, to keep the rain from hammering his dead face, we covered him with a tarpaulin.

"Get on the radio!" I yelled.

"Can't get a signal through this water!"

"Try it!"

The shouting went for nothing, however. Already the grinding water had overflowed our drain ditches and washed out the rocks and stakes that anchored the guy ropes of the tents. The chow tent was buckling badly, and the equipment tent collapsed helplessly under the wild drumming.

It was no longer a question of calling headquarters; it was a question of whether we could save the equipment. Splashing through the muddy water that boiled up through the duckboards, we fished out tie rope, block and tackle. We made a good if clumsy package of the wet tent and the electronic and radio equipment; but even as we worked at it, the wooden platform beneath it tipped and slithered.

Hank fought his way to the high side of the camp and made a pulley secure to a young mahogany tree. I made the other end of the tackle fast to the package, and just as we took up the slack, the platform under it made a weird half-pivot and started to move into the valley. The tackle and one stump, too deeply rooted to be washed out, stopped it; and it hung tilted on the lip of the campsite.

"Affirmative."

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The rain increased its speed, weight and ferocity until we had to lash ourselves to the same tackle that snubbed the equipment. The falling water seemed to be a perpendicular wall around us. The chow tent, the tarpaulin fly over the mess area and the mess table itself were gone now. Hank grabbed me by the arm and shouted into the cup of my ear.

"Over there! The Turkey!"

His tarpaulin had washed away, and I looked just in time to see him sledding off into the valley on his duckboard funeral barge.

It rained six inches an hour for three hours. Do you know what that means? When the rain stopped and the sun burst out, when the steam rose from the forest around us and when there was only the sound of running water in the mountains, Hank and I were only half alive. Still lashed to tackle, we slipped down into the mud and slept.

In the afternoon we waked up and groggily counted our blessings. We had very few—no food, no dry clothes, no weapons, no ammunition, no pots, no pans, no tents. We had almost nothing.

To get started again, we had to get that platform and its equipment back and level it. We had to restep the fifty-foot mast that leaned at a crazy angle. We had to find the generators, haul them back up to camp, dry them, repair them and start them. We had to recover supplies and tents and set the tents up. We needed strength, food and time—and we just didn't have any.

"How would you like to have your throat cut?" Hank asked.

"It would help," I told him.

"They're coming," he said, jerking his thumb toward the valley. "I just hope they make it quick."

Sure enough, they were coming up the last straight stretch of trail; and because they were in single file, I could not tell how many there were, but I guessed at twenty-five. The chief—"Pappy," as the Turkey had called him—was in the lead. They must have known we were washed out and helpless, because they walked without fear of any sort.

When they came to the edge of the camp, so close to me I could see the quick movements of their dark eyes, Pappy stopped, and the line behind him stopped. Pappy was about four feet eight inches tall; that's more than a foot shorter than I am. He weighed maybe a hundred and twenty pounds; that's sixty-five pounds less than I weigh. He could have been sixty-five or a hundred years old—I wouldn't want to guess—and I was right about his teeth; he didn't have any. But don't get me wrong. I wouldn't want to tangle with him in any way. He was the word, the law and the power of his people. You'd have to be blind not to see it.

To my surprise he spread his hands wide, palms up, in the sign of peace the Turkey had made to him. I smiled and spread mine out too. What else could I do? Pappy snapped an order; and as the line moved on into our camp, I began to learn new things faster than I could understand them.

Two men in the line carried the body of the Turkey on a bier made of saplings, lianas and split palm leaves. They carried it into the center of our mud-stricken camp, lowered it to the ground carefully, and Pappy made a speech. I didn't understand one of the strange sounds. On the other hand, his sign language was good. He told me he was the chief of the people in this valley. He reminded me of the white and brown pipe-cleaner men the Turkey had made. He showed me the knife the Turkey had given him. He told me he had made a compact of friendship with the dead man, and that it had been broken by another man, one of his warriors, *too young to think.*

In the United States we sometimes talk carelessly about the law of "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth," but the way Pappy understood it would curl your hair for a week. He shouted something to his men, and four of them dragged forward the man who had shot the Turkey in the back. The man's wrists were bound in front of him with a liana. He was forced to his knees into the mud at my feet, and I couldn't believe it.

What power did skinny José Pedrozo have that would make a Stone Age chief carry out the tribal laws in his defense? Was it because the Turkey had an idea, a feeling or a way of acting that was a common denominator for all people? I didn't know and I certainly didn't have time to think it through.

One of the Indians handed Pappy a machete, and Pappy passed it to me, handle first. It was made of cheap trader's metal, but it was heavy in my hand, and my thumb told me it was scalpel-sharp. The man at my feet was young, and the black eyes in his round face looked up at me with hate.

"I don't know what you're gonna do," Hank said from behind me, his voice tight and ragged, "but you're supposed to brain him!"

Oddly enough, my inner ear played back the voice of the Turkey. "*Next time . . . you see . . . next time . . . we'll all be friends.*"

I took a good grip on the machete. Reaching down between the man's arms, I cut the vine that bound him so cruelly and I motioned him to stand up. What the Indians expected then I don't know. By the eager way they crowded around us, I think they expected a knife fight. I wasn't planning on that. I handed the machete to the young Indian handle first, and then he didn't know what to do with it. He trembled for a while as if he wanted to cut me, but I was unarmed. Little by little he relaxed, finally returning the machete to Pappy with a shrug. That's when I got my idea.

"Forget this stuff," I said to Pappy. "We've got work to do."

I stepped over to the tilted platform, and with my hands and body movements I told Pappy what kind of help I needed. Many men, lift. Move this back to there. Level. Other men go down into valley. Bring back my motors and tents. Understand? Yes. It was as if they'd signed a contract, and Hank and I began rebuilding our camp with the help of twenty-eight Guaharibo Indians.

We're still at Wagon Twenty-Eight. The Turkey is somewhere in a military cemetery, and nobody is going to take retaliatory action against Pappy's people. I explained that the Turkey wouldn't have wanted it that way and that we should respect his wishes. After all, according to my reports, he was a model airman. His replacement is a nice-enough kid from Seattle.

About once a week Hank and I go fishing and hunting in the fabulous forest with Pappy and the boys. Pappy uses my bolt-action rifle, and I use his blowgun. Every now and then they all come over for dinner and bring the food. We've had boa and sometimes a peccary roasting over the firepit. My good pipe and tobacco go around and around the circle of brown men, punctuated in three places by white faces.

Stone Age men or not, the Guaharibos in this valley are helping us to measure the earth electronically. Wagon Twenty-Eight couldn't operate without them. Sometimes I hear the Turkey laughing. He knew it would be this way.

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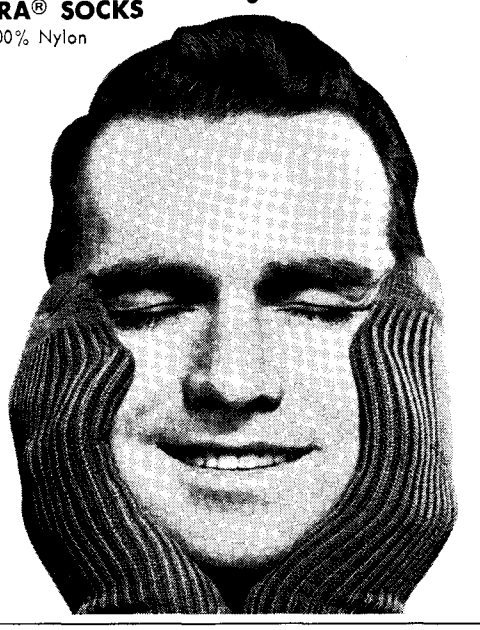

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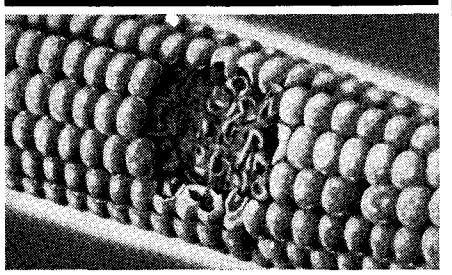

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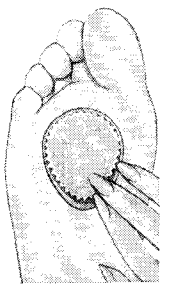

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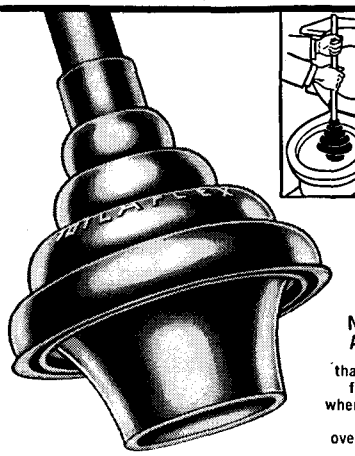

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Tugboat Annie's Sentimental Journey

(Continued from Page 37)

"So that's where the old dugong was last night, eh?" he gloated, then went swiftly to the door. "Hey, Jake, come up here," he called.

Quickly, when Jake appeared, Mr. Bullwinkle confided his suspicions. "Sure, she came up an' gave me the 'good-by forever' snow job just now! But that was just to throw me off. Somethin's perkin', Jake! So stay awake—an' if they yank the *Narcissus* outta dry dock an' bring her back here, we're takin' off fast!"

"Takin' off where? Did Annie say?"

"Course not, ya stoopid! But she didn't hafta. I know now where she spent the night. An' if we beat her down there and maybe find out whatever it is she's stumbled over," he ended rapturously, "brother, we're in business!"

Mr. Bullwinkle's reasoning was buttressed when a little later, accompanied by Cave, Severn boarded the company's big and elaborately equipped emergency salvage barge—self-propelled by a general utility engine—to check the pumps, diving gear and other possible necessities, and to brief the small but efficient crew.

But still, tense and eager, the *Salamander's* master waited. "We dunno yet what the deal is," he told Jake. "Maybe that salvage barge is all that's needed. But if the *Narcissus* comes back outta dry dock without her overhaul and picks up supplies an' that new wire hawser I tricked Flea-brain Annie over, then we'll know it's somethin' big. Sure, it's a gamble. But that old mamma sea lion never did play fer peanuts!"

His wait paid off, for soon afterward the *Narcissus* entered the slip. But she was not halfway to her mooring, with Peter at the wheel when, with a roaring bow wave, the *Salamander* surged quickly past her, outward bound. And Severn watched her go with a sigh of relief.

"Probably off to pick up a towing job," he commented to Cave. "Bullwinkle's a pretty smart *hombre*. If he'd seen us leaving with the *Narcissus* and the barge, he'd have smelled something and probably shadowed us out." His contented gaze followed the speeding *Salamander* around the pierhead. "But he's gone now—and since he doesn't know where we were going, that's one big worry off my mind."

"When will you get to Port Henry?" Cave asked, deeply interested.

"We'll clear the strait about ten and be off the port by daybreak. Like to come along?" Severn asked cordially. . . . "Good! Glad to have you."

Having missed the ferry-and-bus connection, it was late evening when Annie again reached Port Henry. Welcome or not, she intended to watch the salvage operation to its finish. She stopped to pick up Snoosebox and his boat, and soon they were crossing toward the noisy, flood-lit activity on Dogleg Spit. And though Annie had seen the tremendous performance of O'Dowd's earth movers the previous night in removing boulders and hard-packed earth, her low spirits soared at the progress already made in digging out the *Suva Star*.

Hard-packed sand and debris had been cleared from superstructure and deck and more than halfway down the apparently still whole and seaworthy hull, leaving just enough to keep her upright; and adequate balks of heavy timber were in readiness to steady her in the final stage of her floating. Now the dry-docklike cradle of earth and rocks around her was being rapidly enlarged. But left intact still was a thick wall of sand and earth on the deep-water harbor side; and simultaneously, as the tide rose to fill the dug-out basin, powerful streams from the salvage barge gradually would batter down and wash away the restraining wall.

"It's puffick, Tim," Annie said admiringly to O'Dowd, who had given personal supervision to the work. "We won't even need kedge anchors out, for all the *Narcissus* has to do is keep a tow-line strain on the schooner—a couple boys from the salvage barge'll board her aforehand to handle the line—whiles the tide floats her. An' wid the last o' that wall washed away deep enough, out she comes! Ye done a great job, son!"

O'Dowd grinned. "Yeah, not bad, maybe, for a guy who wouldn't know a backstay from a binnacle. But I guess Snoosebox forgot to mention"—his grin widened—"that I was a merchant-marine officer during the war."

At daybreak, as Annie and Snoosebox rode out toward the harbor mouth through a stiff, rising wind and rough tidal chop to greet the arriving *Narcissus* and barge, Snoosebox predicted a gale.

Annie nodded. "Won't blow strong till nightfall, though, not from that direction. An' long afore that Severn'll have the schooner off an' under way. Put me alongside the *Narcissus* when she's near the spit, will ye? I want to talk to Alec."

Severn was topside with Cave, watching the activity on Dogleg Spit, when Annie drew alongside. He gazed down at her without surprise. "Thought you'd be showing up," he said coldly. "This your idea of a vacation?"

But Annie, who had just then caught sight of Cave, stood up in the boat and shot a quick, expectant glance to seaward. Then she turned back to Severn. "What ye got the queer feller wid ye fer?" she asked harshly.

"I invited him! Who do you think's running this company?" he returned angrily. "Look, Annie, don't start butting in."

"Well," she conceded reluctantly, "guess they ain't much he kin do now to foul up this deal." And again she glanced seaward. "I took care o' that!" Then briefly she outlined the position of the *Suva Star* and the planned procedure for freeing her. "Better git her out fast though," she advised him. "This wind'll help to push her off, but ye'll be buckin' it clear back to Flattery. And the sooner ye git her inside the strait ——"

"Thanks, Annie," Severn said dryly. "But I've handled salvage jobs a few times before. Way this is set up, a moron couldn't miss."

"That's what I hadda figger on!" she snapped. "Well, see ye."

She returned to the boat, and Snoosebox lay off and on while the barge was put in position and the *Narcissus'* towing wire was secured to the *Suva Star*. With the tide rising and the barge's giant pumps hosing battering-ram streams of water at the disintegrating intervening earth wall, the basin began to fill.

Then the hoarse roar of a big tug's whistle was heard; and at high speed, in a sharp starboard turn, into Port Henry's harbor surged Mr. Bullwinkle's *Salamander*.

Gleefully Annie had Snoosebox run close to the *Narcissus*, for she was keen to learn how her rotund little boss would handle this situation. But Severn, completely nonplused, was staring at the approaching *Salamander*.

"H-how the devil did he get to know about this?" he croaked to Cave. "And what's he doing coming up from the south?"

Mr. Bullwinkle, ignoring them, drove his roaring bow wave straight at Snoosebox's boat, where he quickly had spotted Annie. Stopping abruptly, he leaned, purple-faced, over his rail.

"I seen some stinkin' liars in me time," he roared, "but ——"

"Why blame me," interrupted Annie virtuously, "if I accidentally let a bus schedule fall outta me purse wid Deep Harbor marked on it 'stead o' Port Henry? Sure, Deep Harbor's seventy mile south o' here! But so what? I don't know nobody, so why should I go there?"

During Mr. Bullwinkle's vitriolic rejoinder, Cave looked at the now beaming Severn. "Reassessment Number Two," he murmured, and turned back to watch Annie's complacent grin as her boat rolled and bobbed in the *Salamander's* wash.

A half hour later, under the assault of barge hoses and tide, and with the schooner now afloat within her basin, the wall suddenly caved. Instantly Severn, at the *Narcissus'* wheel, jingled for Slow Ahead; and as her propeller beat increased and her towing wire stiffened for the final steady pull, the *Suva Star* began to stir. Slowly at first, then, pushed by the favoring wind across the spit, she moved with increasing speed out into the tide rips of the open harbor.

O'Dowd's workers blasted their horns, Severn blew the *Narcissus'* whistle, and Annie and Snoosebox yelled joyously. But suddenly Peter, who stood outside the pilot shack, shouted an alarmed warning; for a gust of wind unexpectedly had increased the already fast-moving schooner's speed; and as she rode up on the *Narcissus'* wake, the towing wire slackened and dipped beneath the surface.

For Severn it was split-second decision—to stop and prevent the wire from fouling his propeller—in which case the *Suva Star* might run him down—or to try to swing clear, with the inevitable tangling of his screw.

Peter leaped into the wheelhouse; but already Severn, white-faced but calm, had rung for Full Ahead and was spinning the wheel hard over. The *Narcissus* quickly responded, surging the necessary few feet out of the way, clearing by scant inches the *Suva Star's* deadly rush. Then she drifted past, and Severn jingled Stop.

But already, with a series of wrenching bumps below the stern, the *Narcissus'* propeller had jammed to a halt with the steel-wire hawser inextricably wound and tangled around it, while the schooner, under her initial impetus, drifted fast across the narrow harbor toward the shelving, boulder-strewn foreshore of Park Point. And, still linked by the towing wire, she was now dragging the helpless *Narcissus* with her.

Immediately seizing his chance, Mr. Bullwinkle started in fast pursuit of the *Suva Star*, and racing to forestall him was Tugboat Annie. But Mr. Bullwinkle got there first.

"Let go that wire!" he yelled up at the panicky barge hands on the forecastle-head. "Stand by for mine an' make it fast! Then I'll take ya off!"

Quickly they threw off the *Narcissus'* wire and it splashed into the sea. The *Salamander* moved closer, ready to send up a shot line to which her hawser was bent. But Annie snatched Snoosebox's tiller and surged in between the tug and the schooner which, now relieved of the *Narcissus'* drag, was moving faster than before.

"Don't take that shot line!" Annie's hurricane voice commanded. "Ride her to the beach an' I'll take ye off later!" They hesitated. "Fifty dollars bonus if ye stick wid her!" she yelled. And when they signaled their assent by tossing Bullwinkle's shot line back on his tug, Annie grinned up into her rival's fury-reddened face.

"How'd ye like that fer a pot o' skunk soup, pal?" she gibed. "Thought she'd be all yours wid yer line aboard, didn't ye?"

Returning to the now anchored *Narcissus*, and noting with approval that the end of the cable beyond the tangle had been marked with a buoy, so it would not be lost when the wire was cut, Annie boarded her. She found Severn clustered with others around the stern, where a diver from the barge already had gone down to inspect the damage. And while they waited, a distant crunch told them that the schooner had gone ashore on Park Point.

"But we want you to know, Gifford, that we'll never have the personal regard for the computer that we've had for you."

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But their attention, when the diver emerged and made his report, was diverted to the present emergency.

"How does it look, Ben?" Severn asked anxiously.

"It's a mess, Alec!" Ben replied. "Still, the hot sticker'll cut through it in five minutes."

"A—a hot sticker?" Cave asked, puzzled.

"Electric-oxygen torch. On contact, it cuts through steel like soft butter," Severn explained.

"Yes, yes! Of course," Cave replied. "I'd never heard it called that before."

Ben was given a hot sticker from the barge and submerged again, while the *Salamander* reappeared and hovered nearby. But when time passed and Ben did not resurface, Severn became worriedly impatient.

"What the devil goes on down there?" he fumed. "That wire should have been cut through ten minutes ago. Ah, here he is!"

When Ben's faceplate was removed, he exploded in angry frustration. "This thing don't function right," he protested holding up the hot sticker. "It's fine for a few seconds, then—bingo, it won't cut through. I've been workin' all around that tangle, but it's as tight now as when I started. Maybe this sticker's defective. Lemme try a fresh one."

Mr. Bullwinkle, who was eagerly listening, leaned closer. "Hey, Severn," he said mildly, "is that the wire Annie got ya from Yon's salvage yard?"

"So what if it is, clunkhead?" Annie interposed belligerently.

"Nothin'," he said airily, and grinned. "I kin wait."

Another hot sticker, successfully tested on a submerged piece of wire rope, now was handed to Ben and again he descended. But when, again after a long wait, he was recalled to the surface, he had made no more progress than before. This time, however, perplexity overrode his anger. He had been using hot stickers since they were invented, he declared profanely, and they unfailingly had worked before. "And what to do now," he concluded baffled and defeated, "I just blame well don't know."

"Well, great day!" Severn burst out. "Something's got to be done. Half the morning gone. And a gale blowing up that'll drive the schooner so far up she'll never come off. Annie"—in angry frustration he turned on her—"you got me into this mess! Time and equipment wasted. Fifteen hundred dollars to O'Dowd. And here we are—stuck!"

Instantly Annie flared. "When ye'd ninety thousand dollars' wuth o' cedar at the end o' yer towline, ye little busted-up nipsqueak, everythin' was honky-donkey!" she told him furiously. "But the minute ye're in a jam ye jump on me again! Well, nuts to ye!"

"Pardon me," came the dulcet, overelaborate voice of Mr. Bullwinkle. "Did I hear ninety thousand dollars mentioned?" Momentarily his gaze wandered off to the distant, stranded *Suva Star*. "I'd bin wonderin' why ya thought her worth salvagin'. An' jes' think—when the gale hits, Severn, yore *Narcissus*'ll drag her anchor an' pile up along with her."

"You an' yer big mouth!" rasped Annie.

"Me an' me big tug, dear," he grinned. "So what about a deal?"

Severn hesitated. "What kind of deal?" he asked uncertainly.

"Well, first," said Mr. Bullwinkle with easy confidence. "I'll get ya outta that tangled propeller bind in ten minutes. Second, ya got no choice, for if the gale starts blowin' you ashore I'll charge plenty to tow ya to safety. That's salvage, too, remember."

"How could you clear the propeller when Ben couldn't do it wid the hot sticker?" Annie demanded.

"That's atween me an' the little birdie, Fatso."

Cave said to Severn quickly, "I wonder if I could explain ——" Then, his quick glance traveling from Annie to Mr. Bullwinkle, he stopped.

But Severn had not been listening. "What's the rest of the deal, Bullwinkle?" he asked.

"That's the easiest part," he said blandly. "All ya do is sign an agreement turnin' all salvage rights to the schooner over to me. That's before I clear yore wire, o' course. Then ya can toddle off home."

Anxiously Severn turned to Annie. "What do you think?" he asked, his voice low.

"I've quit thinkin'!" she said abruptly, her big face grim. "This is your baby, now—an', brother, you kin have it!" And, turning, she stumped forward to the short bow deck and, massive legs braced, stared somberly across the white-capped harbor to Park Point, where excited townspeople now were walking out to stare at the again derelict *Suva Star*.

Then, as she watched, Annie's filmed, unhappy gaze began to soften, and her thoughts strayed back to the happy, turbulent hours with Terry on that very spot; and as always when thinking of her graceless reprobate, her big body began to shake with inward laughter. So, with her normal cheerfulness restored, her brain began to click, and from the mélange of memories an idea sparked which sent her presently climbing purposefully up the ladder to the wheelhouse.

Here she yanked out an old chart of Port Henry harbor and eagerly perused it. When Peter stuck his head in, she waved him abstractedly away, thrust the chart aside, grabbed pencil and paper and began hurriedly to write.

Peter, meanwhile, returned to the fantail, where Severn, putting off his decision on Mr. Bullwinkle's deal, had sent Ben down again for a final—and again unsuccessful—try.

"O.K. then, Ben," Severn was saying resignedly. "You can go back to the barge now." He turned to Peter. "Did you find her? Where is she?"

"In the pilot shack, talkin' to herself. Don't cross her, Alec," Peter warned as Severn started for the ladder. "She's in a queer mood an' she just might clout ya one!"

Annie had finished writing when Severn entered, and she looked at him, her blue eyes hard and bright. "What's the score?" she asked sharply.

He shrugged. "Ben tried again. No dice. I hope Bullwinkle isn't just talking through his hat, because I've got to ——"

"He ain't," she assured him flatly. "I've knowed him too long!" She glanced at her watch, restless and impatient. "There ain't much time now an' I got a lot to do. I'm goin' ashore an' prob'ly won't be back. So ——"

"You won't be back?" he said uneasily. "Annie, if it's what I said, I'm sorr——"

"Lemme finish!" she cut him off. "An' lissen careful. Make yer deal wid him, but not now. Bargain wid him! Argue! Stall him off! Keep Ben bobbin' up an' down under the starn like a cork if ye hafta. This wind won't blow up full afore nightfall; an' the later it gits, the less chance he'll think he has o' gittin' that schooner off afore she really piles up. So the easier he'll accept our terms!"

"But what about our men?" he said.

"Ye'll hear from me in plenty time to git 'em off safe. I'll make darn sure o' that. The important thing right now is, string him along till ye hear from me. Don't close nothin' till then. Ye hear that, Alec? Nothin'!"

"Hear from you? How?"

"On the ship-shore phone. Here." She handed him what she had written. "This is the agreement ye'll make wid him—exackly as it is. Don't alter one word! An' when I call ye, give it to him, but not a second afore!"

Rapidly Severn scanned it and his face flushed with anger. "He'll never accept this, you idiot!" he snapped. "Why, you've got him agreeing to pay O'Dowd's fifteen hundred! You mean you're going through all this rigmarole just to make him ——"

Suddenly Annie grinned. "Ain't that a pistol? Look, I gotta sashay, fast! Mind now—not one move except to keep him dandlin' till ye hear from me." He followed, despondent-faced, as she bustled out. Then at the top of the ladder she paused. "An' as yer limey pal would say," she flung back, "keep a stiff upper crust."

Snoosebox was waiting alongside and, as Annie clambered into the boat, she glanced across at the hovering *Salamander*, then muttered quickly, "Take us close by, Snoosebox. I wanna spread a little cheer."

Hearing the boat's putt-putt, Mr. Bullwinkle emerged quickly from the galley where, while impatiently waiting for Severn to surrender, he was sharing a snack with Jake. As the boat passed, Annie waved and grinned at his scowling face.

"Aw revoo, Chimp!" she called with high good humor. "See ye in Secoma!" And Snoosebox swung the boat on course for the town.

"In Secoma?" Mr. Bullwinkle muttered. Annie's planned barb of unease already was festering when he rejoined Jake and told him what the suspiciously debonair Annie had said. "Now what the hell d'ya s'pose the old thief's up to?" He began pacing. "Every time I got a deal set she starts buggin' me," he complained. "I ain't gonna feel safe now, Jake, till I've got that schooner in tow an' we're headed fer home!"

On the landing at the foot of the street Annie said good-by to Snoosebox with a promise that she would return to Port Henry for the balance of her holiday. Then, after securing a handful of small change at a store and checking the departure time of the ferry-connecting bus, she entered the nearest phone booth and called a Secoma number. The duration of the call was longer than she had expected and time was short; but when at length she hung up, her mastiff face was placid, and she dialed the operator again.

The second call was to Olive in the home office. When she explained what she wanted done, Olive was dubious. "I don't know, Annie," she demurred. "With the boss not here, I don't know if the cashier will ——"

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Pop was a good cop but, when the town decided to dismiss all policemen past seventy, he was turned out of his lifetime job. As the job never had age requirements, Pop claimed he was being fired without cause. He sued.

"I did a full day's work every day, as ably as any other man on the force," Pop asserted. "There wasn't an earthly reason for firing me."

"Seventy years is reason enough," the town attorney retorted. "Any man that old is incapable of performing police duties adequately."

If you were the judge, would you reinstate Pop?

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Pop won. The court said that while "by law, at twenty-one, a minor becomes an adult, and as such is suddenly endowed with the wisdom of elders," the law never says that a person who passes seventy suddenly loses status and ability. It added that many distinguished public servants are past seventy.

Based upon a 1959 Indiana decision.

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"It's got to be did—an' right away, Olive!" Annie insisted forcefully. "Tell him I'll cover it wid me own check when I git in. It'll play beer an' sniffles wid me savin's if this thing falls through, but I can't help that now! . . . Ye will? Swellegant!"

Forgetting in her satisfaction to hang up the receiver, she made the bus just in time. But the Secoma ferry was delayed, both arriving and leaving, and the trip across the sound was rough and blustery in the growing gale which, she knew, still held heavy odds against her.

The street lights were on as she arrived at the company building beneath a dark sky and with fast-increasing raindrops raising puffs of dust along the wharf. Ridden now by almost unbearable suspense, she clattered up the stairs and burst into the office in a gust of wind and rain.

"Where's Olive?" she gasped as Fred, startled, hastened to shut the door. "Oh, there ye are! Did ye git it? Tell me—quick!"

"Yes, I got it, Annie," Olive replied; and Annie, with vast relief, dropped into a chair. But almost at once she was on her feet again.

"Fred! Phone Alec on the *Narcissus* fer me right away," she rasped. "What am I thinkin' of, takin' me ease whiles ——"

She broke off and crossed to the window, peering out into the wet, fast-gathering darkness; hearing the mournful blare of an outward-bound freighter as it passed the end of the slip.

"There'll be a little delay, Annie," Fred's voice broke in.

"Keep tryin'. Don't let up!"

As Annie again stared out, this time at the *Narcissus*' empty mooring alongside the rain-swept wharf below, nostalgia swept her. Suddenly her cramped little cabin with the rumpled bunk, Terry's grinning likeness on the cold steel bulkhead, and every creaking pitch and roll of the familiar old tug suddenly became dear to her once more. It was home.

With the helpless, anchored *Narcissus* lashed now by rain as well as wind, Severn and Cave stood in the lee of the tug's radio shack, waiting impatiently for Annie's call. And a few yards away was Mr. Bullwinkle, equally impatient because of Severn's dogged reluctance to make a deal. It was not yet eight o'clock; but the time margin, before wind and surf would force an immediate decision, was dangerously narrow.

"Stupid old biddy," Severn growled. "I'll give her ten more ——"

The radio shack door opened and Clem, the operator, looked out. "It's Annie," he said excitedly. "She's ——" But Severn, pushing past him, already was at the phone.

Annie was brief. "Close the deal now, Alec. Did ye ax him about payin' O'Dowd? Not that it matters now. That was jest insuran——"

"He's conceded that!" Severn rasped. "Where you talking from?"

"The office. See ye when ye git in. G'by!"

Quickly Severn hailed the *Salamander*, and with the contract mutually signed and a floodlight over the *Narcissus*' stern, Mr. Bullwinkle got into Ben's diving gear, was handed the hot sticker and he quickly submerged.

Less than ten minutes later he surfaced again with a wide, complacent grin. "Turn yore engine over slow, Sam," he directed when his helmet was removed. "If the shaft ain't bent, yore in the clear."

Big Sam hurried below, and presently a quick wash of brine beneath the counter told them that all was well. And when Mr. Bullwinkle returned triumphantly to the *Salamander*, she shot off through the rain and wind-filled darkness toward Park Point and the not-too-arduous rescue of the *Suva Star*.

Severn, on the *Narcissus*, waited glumly until the lights of the *Salamander*, with the schooner in tow, approached, then headed for the harbor mouth. He turned abruptly to Peter. "Up anchor!" he ordered. "And pick up the buoy and get that wire reeled back on the drum. We're going home."

Later, as they slogged north through the night in the teeth of the gale with the *Salamander* towing the wallowing *Suva Star* a quarter mile astern of them, he returned, fuming, to the messroom, where he had left Cave while he again visited the radio shack.

"Darn woman!" he snapped. "Just because she got me off the hook with O'Dowd she thinks ——"

"Now what?" asked Cave mildly.

"I called the office just now," Severn spluttered, "to tell her Bullwinkle had the *Suva Star* in tow and we were on our way in. Know the answer I got? I was told she was asleep on one of the tugs and had left orders not to be wakened by anyone but Gabriel!"

"The chap with the horn, I presume?" Cave replied dryly.

"So you see what she's like?"

"Yes," said Cave thoughtfully after a pause, "I think I do."

Annie, still heavy with sleep, was on the wharf in the morning when the *Narcissus* arrived. She listened impassively to Severn's account of Mr. Bullwinkle's triumph, showing interest only when he described the mysteriously rapid freeing of the *Narcissus*' propeller.

"Wonder how he done it?" she mused. "Prob'ly chawed it through wid them big water-rat teeth o' his. We'll ax him when he comes in. Meanwhiles, I got a little important business uptown." And with a wave she set out along the wharf.

When Mr. Bullwinkle entered the slip a few hours later and had docked the *Suva Star* astern of the *Salamander*, Annie had returned from town and was waiting for him.

"Hi, Beautiful—if ye don't mind me lyin'!" he hailed jovially, and jerked his thumb toward the *Suva Star*. "What's yore favorite flowers? I wanna send ya a nice 'Gates Ajar' fer throwin' that plum in me lap."

"Plums kin give ye a bellyache too, sometimes," she replied equably. "Come on over. Alec wants a conflab wid ye."

Mr. Bullwinkle hesitated only a moment. Then, seeing it as an opportunity to flaunt his victory a little longer, he nodded.

When he entered, Severn was at his desk with Cave nearby and Annie, like an impassive major-domo, waiting at the open doorway. And it quickly was apparent, from the glances they threw at her, that the meeting was as much a puzzle to Severn and Cave as to Bullwinkle himself.

"Set down," Annie invited, closing the door. "An' don't soil the chair."

"Look," he said bristling, "if yore gonna start that again ——"

"I was kiddin'," said Annie. "It's a old chair. Tell us, genius, how'd ye cut that mess o' wire last night?"

Mr. Bullwinkle was gratified, but he declined. "There might be a next time, Annie," he said. Then to the others, "Am I right?"

"No, Captain Bullwinkle." Unexpectedly Cave's cold voice answered. "You're wrong. If lives were at stake you might not be around. And if you won't tell them I will."

"You?" said Mr. Bullwinkle derisively. "You're a limey. So how could you know?"

"Let me guess, then," Cave replied evenly. "On one point, anyway. You were in the American Navy at one time?"

"Coast Guard commander," said Mr. Bullwinkle proudly. "But we used a lotta Navy gear."

"And when the—er—hot sticker wouldn't cut through this particular wire, Captain Bullwinkle, you at once recognized that it was Navy type."

"I don't get it," Severn put in, perplexed. "Wire rope is wire rope."

"Not this kind—which Mrs. Brennan inadvertently bought as surplus at the salvage yard," Cave said. "Civilian wire such as you are familiar with is of steel throughout—strands and cores. But the strand and center cores of this Navy type are of hemp rope, with steel wire on the outside only. It is lighter—more flexible."

"So that's why," said Annie excitedly, "the hot sticker wouldn't ——"

"That's it," Cave agreed. "The hot sticker, run by electric current, easily cuts the outside wire. But when it meets the hemp it loses electrical contact, and the hemp cores, both strands and center, remain uncut. So our friend here took a knife down as well as the hot sticker and simply cut through the hemp. Correct, Captain Bullwinkle?"

"Sure is!" Mr. Bullwinkle grinned. "An' that big tight-tangled lump o' cable come adrift like spaghetti, in nothin' flat!"

"O.K.!" Annie rasped, her irate stare on Cave. "If you knowed that, why didn't ye say so at the time, 'stead o' lettin' Bullwinkle walk away wid the *Suva Star?* You in cahoots wid him like I figgered?"

"In cahoots wi' me?" Mr. Bullwinkle yelped indignantly. "It's you an' Severn, ya big fat grease-pot, he's been playin' footsie with!"

Cave was calm. "There was no deal with either of you," he said evenly. "If your men had been in real danger, Annie, I'd have gone down and cut that cable myself. But since it was a—well, a contest between you two which for a personal reason I wanted to see resolved, I didn't think it would be fair to intervene."

"Still, you bein' a foreigner, like Bullwinkle said, how come ye know so darn much," Annie demanded, "about the kinda wire rope the United States Navy uses? Ye must be one o' them spyin' cloak-an'-suit characters that—that ——"

Cave smiled. "Nothing so romantic. In the Royal Navy Reserve during the Second World War, I worked pretty closely with your Navy in the Mediterranean and elsewhere and used a lot of their equipment, including the same type of wire as ——"

"Hold it!" Severn, who had been watching him sharply, suddenly interposed. "Cave—Caveau! I seem to remember a quite famous Royal Navy Reserve captain—read it or heard it, somewhere—who was —— Yes, that's it! Captain Sir Charles Caveau, who resigned as board chairman of British Commonwealth Steamers—the Commonwealth Line, that is—to take command of ——"

"Look here, Severn," the other protested, flushing. "I didn't intend ——"

"—of all Allied sea salvage operations! Isn't that right, Cave? Or is it Sir Charles ——"

"Caveau, yes," the other admitted quietly. "But ——"

"I wasn't prying," Severn told him. "Just happened to remember."

"It doesn't matter really. I'm back with my company now, of course. And since we're planning a regular schedule for our ships between here and the United Kingdom, I thought I'd have a holiday and a quiet look-round out here before contracting for services we'll need, such as wharfage, supplies, towing ——"

"Towin', did ya say?" interrupted Mr. Bullwinkle avidly, and jumped to his feet with a butt-sprung bow. "After the mess these two numskulls made outta last night's deal, ya ain't got far to look! Am I right, Mr.—er—Lord ——"

"Mr. Cave will do," the other replied, smiling.

"O.K.," said Mr. Bullwinkle complacently, and thrust out his hand. "When ya're through wi' this crummy outfit, I'll be waitin' on me *Salamander*, right across the slip!" And with a triumphant grin at Annie he swaggered toward the door.

"Jest a minute, chum," said Annie, halting him. "Afore ye swell up an' blow away I want to thank ye."

"Huh?" he said with quick suspicion. "Thank me for what?"

"Fer towin' our cargo home last night fer nothin'," Annie told him calmly, and Cave and Severn gave her a sharp, startled look.

"Ho-ho! That's Fatso for ya—always the clown!" Mr. Bullwinkle chortled. Then: "What cargo?" he demanded.

"Just a moment, I was here first."

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"Why, the cargo o' sawed cedar aboard o' the *Suva Star*, o' course," she replied indulgently. "That ninety thousand dollars' wuth."

Mr. Bullwinkle glanced quickly at the others, but, since they registered only blank perplexity, he regained his assurance. "Don't bother me, louse-brain!" he growled. "I gotta go uptown an' cash in on me schooner deal."

"Pooh," said Annie mildly. "Ye couldn't sell her fer kindlin'."

"I know that," he said impatiently. "It's her cargo what's gonna make me rich."

"It can't," said Annie patiently. "Not when it belongs to Alec, here. That's why I didn't worry, reely, when ye got to haul her offa Park P'int last night."

"Keep this up, Annie," Bullwinkle replied portentously, "an' I'll hang one on ya, so help me."

"What'll that git ye," she asked warmly, "but a coupla shiners? But I mustn't be mean. Mebbe it's that ye jest can't read. That agreement what ye signed wid Alec last night, fer instants."

Feverishly he yanked it from his wallet, while Severn, startled, did the same.

"Don't sprain yer brain, Bullwinkle," went on Annie kindly. "I kin tell ye what's in it. It simply says that fer releasin' the *Narcissus* an' payin' Tim O'Dowd his fifteen hundred bucks, Alec gives you all rights to salvage o' the *Suva Star*. But they ain't one teentsy word in there about her cargo."

"So what, ya fat fool!" he retorted contemptuously, greatly relieved. "Any idiot knows that under admiralty law regardin' salvage, a salvaged vessel an' her cargo is inseparable. . . . Ain't that so, Mr.—Si—whatever yore name is?"

"Yes," Cave agreed, but his eyes were on Annie. "That is generally true."

"Under admiralty law, sure," said Annie complacently. "But this cargo don't come under admiralty law."

Severn, who since reading the contract had been regarding her with growing irritation, broke in.

"For heaven's sake, make sense, Annie!" he snapped. "I hate to agree with Bullwinkle, but ——"

"I'm tryin' to, Alec," she said meekly. "Well, anyways, yestidday, when I seen the *Suva Star* ashore on Park P'int, I got to thinkin' about the time when me an' me husband Terry—the ol' rummy!—was married in Port Henry an' how we celebrated our honeymoon by gettin' throwed in the pokey there fer fightin'. Me an' him an' Snoosebox."

"Who the devil's that?" Severn asked sharply.

"A pal o' me an' Terry, what stood up fer him." Suddenly Annie shook with mirth. "Why am I sayin' 'stood up fer him'? That's a laugh. Either him or Terry was fallin' flat on their puss every three seconds ——"

"Annie, please!"

"I'm sorry! An' anyway ye seen him yestidday, runnin' me boat. Le's see—where was I? Oh, yeah—Park Pin't! That's where we was pinched. Well, it was a state park then, same's it is now, as I checked on the chart. So it's governed by state law. An' since the *Suva Star* was last lyin' in state territory, not Federal navigable waters, she come under state law too! You folks gittin' all this?"

"Go on," Severn told her.

"An' state law says that property—an' cargoes is property, Bullwinkle!—remains always in possession o' the owner; the owner in this case bein' the underwriters o' that schooner, since they'd paid off the insurance to the original owners o' ship an' cargo, when she went ashore the fust time on Dogleg Spit. An' that time, admiralty law applied to her—which is a horse of a different complection!"

"Ya'll never make this state-law bunk stick in court, Annie!" yelled Mr. Bullwinkle.

"Tell that to the state o' Washin'ton." Annie replied, grinning. "I've a'ready checked it this mornin'! So all I done when I left ye yestidday, Alec, was to go ashore an' phone the underwriters, offerin' 'em a thousand dollars cash fer the schooner's cargo, an' givin' 'em a fast ten minutes to make up their mind."

"They accepted, of course?" Cave asked, smiling.

"Accepted? Brother! They jumped at it like Horatio Horse's-tail there jumps at a dime. So, next, I phoned Olive to rush 'em the money. Wait a minute ——"

Annie opened the door. "Olive!" she bawled. "Fetch me that *Suva Star* cargo bill o' sale." Presently she returned and gave it to the speechless Severn. "There ye are, ye ol' gafoozler," she said complacently. "Sell that cargo, an' it'll be the easiest lump o' loot ye ever got!"

"The hell he will sell it!" roared Mr. Bullwinkle, shaking with fury. "Not while it's in my possession. An' I've got it!" He pointed with quivering finger. "Right there across the slip! An' state law or no state law ——"

"Yeah, I figgered on this, too, ye ugly baboon," Annie interrupted placidly. "So I sashayed uptown this mornin' on a coupla errands. One was to check on that state law, like I said. The other was—well, I wouldn't be supprised if a state marshal, wid me writ of attachment, was waitin' fer ye on the *Suva Star* right this very minute! 'Course, ye kin easy git a release. All ye gotta do is post bond to the amount of our claim. Hey! Where ye runnin' to, Hot-spot?"

But Mr. Bullwinkle, making violent observations between his teeth, had rushed blindly from the room.

Cave smiled as Annie turned back to them. "Do I have to tell you who gets our Secoma towing business now, Annie?" he asked.

"Don't tell it to me. I'm on'y a wore-out ol' tugboat skipper," she disclaimed. "Tell it to that fat little businessman behind the desk there, wid the silly grin on his puss."

Then, rushing suddenly to the window, Annie flung it open. "Hey, Bullwinkle!" she yelled.

"Wadda ya want now, ya—ya mount o' misery?" he shouted furiously back from across the slip.

"Don't be mad! I jest wanted to thank ye again fer towin' our cargo home fer free! An' if ye ever need a friend, dear," she ended earnestly, "buy a dog."

THE END

... ...

Denouement

By Doris Moore

Palms at evening
Smooth a rumpled beach.
All along the dunes
They walk unhurried.
One small bird blooms,
Chirps a scissors sound,
Snips ribbons from the gold
And purple sky.
Then I love you, then!
Hearing it rattle once
Between the fronds,
Seeing its crisp lightning
Over the sea and gone.

... ...

BLUE-JAY...the faster way to remove corns!

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Why is Blue-Jay the *faster* way both to relieve pain and to remove corns? Because only Blue-Jay has the wonder drug Phenylium! It penetrates the corn to its base where it stimulates the growth of new skin underneath the corn—to push it up and out. Nobody else can use Phenylium because Blue-Jay scientists invented it. So corn products *without* Phenylium are much less effective in removing corns.

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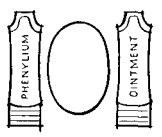
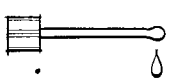
Choose the Blue-Jay treatment for the type of corn you have



Blue-Jay new complete pad treatment permits you to control the amount of medication applied. Phenylium and healing ointment come in separate tubes. Soft, adhesive pads promptly relieve the pain.

For that corn on top of your toe, use Blue-Jay new plastic corn plaster. Corn-removing Phenylium is right in the pad. New smooth plastic sticks firmly...until you take it off.



For a stubborn corn or large callous areas, use Blue-Jay liquid corn-callous remover. Apply the liquid Phenylium daily for two or three days. Four felt pads are included with liquid.

BLUE JAY

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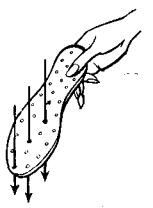

To relieve foot fatigue wear new Blue-Jay foam insoles in your shoes. They're extra-cushiony and air-conditioned to keep your feet cool and dry. The insole that will not curl up in the shoe. Tan color for men, pink for women.

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Above, men's-garden-clubber Thomas Curtis of Rockford, Ill., hybridizing a Golden Chalice lily. He has more than 70 varieties of lilies in his garden.

Ten Thousand Men With Trowels

(Continued from Page 13)

and awards. Most men's garden clubs have adopted the program.

Members of the Jackson club garden with an extra zest which has brought them such national honors as the Johnny Appleseed Medal, perhaps the highest award for amateur male horticulturists; gold and silver medals for outstanding achievement in gardening and in service to the Men's Garden Clubs of America; the post of poet-laureate of the M.G.C.A., filled by a Mississippian who can rhapsodize in verse on almost anything that blossoms; and two national presidencies.

The incoming national president, Bryant Horne, who is public-relations director for the city of Jackson, reveals a secret of the local gardeners' success when he boasts that at least one species of flower or shrub blooms in his yard every month of the year. Indubitably Jackson has the climate for flowers. But it takes more than climate, a green thumb and a willingness to go down on your knees to the good earth to start men gardening. Bryant Horne admitted this to me.

"I guess it's only fair to tell you," he said, "that behind a whole lot of these clubs there are wives who talked the men into trying."

My own personal and very quiet entry into membership in the M.G.C.A. was different, of course. I was led into it by an ex-detective sergeant. My friend Sam Valencino, a businessman who was a law officer and Bertillon expert when we came to Greenville, Mississippi, twenty-five years ago, persuaded me to attend a club meeting and sit still through a talk on crape myrtles. At first I didn't believe it could be done. Now I am convinced. I am even encouraged. My wife is president of *the* Greenville Garden Club, for ladies only. But I am sure that I can tell her a thing or two about violets.

The Men's Garden Clubs of America sprang from the brave feeling of one lone male that he could outdo the ladies in the gentle pursuit of horticulture. This man of courage, Leo W. Nack, a Chicago utility-company engineer, brashly entered a newspaper-sponsored contest for home gardeners in 1927. He won the $1000 grand award from a field consisting mostly of outraged females.

Nack, the victor, then conceived a bit of strategy to keep ahead. Why shouldn't men gardeners get together and exchange ideas to help them win future contests? He wrote batches of letters to all known horticulturally inclined males in the Chicago area. Only sixteen responded. But these enthusiastic pioneers formed the first men's garden club in the country, on February 28, 1928.

For two years, the hardy little band of Chicagoans grubbed and grew flowers in male isolation as lonely as a post in Antarctica. Not until 1930 was another men's gardening club founded. At that time, the celebrated cartoonist, Jay N. (Ding) Darling, established a male group at Des Moines, Iowa, largely from husbands emancipated from the local women's garden club.

The national association came into being at Chicago on September 26, 1932. From a start in the Midwest, it moved gradually into New England and the South. Today the 234 clubs are divided into eleven regions, with national headquarters at Morrisville, New York, and one full-time, salaried officer, an executive secretary fittingly named Spader—George A. Spader.

Spader, a former chief horticulturist at State University Agriculture and Technical Institute at Morrisville, directs such national activities as the M.G.C.A. campaign against billboards and advertising on Federal highways, promotion of soil conservation, school gardening, park beautification, tree and lawn planting and the formation of new garden clubs.

Most of the club memberships are built up around average or all-round gardeners rather than specialists who devote themselves to a single species, although many men do belong to specialty groups such as rose or dahlia growers.

The largest of the clubs flourishes in Atlanta, Georgia. Its 250 members include a rear admiral, two generals and six colonels, retired from the services but active gardeners; two judges, an alderman, nine doctors, a Secret Service agent and a score of top business executives. All garden with a purpose.

Barney Wentz, a top Secret Service agent who guarded President Eisenhower at the Summit Conference in 1960, calms his "Presidential jitters" with an hour or two daily among his roses. Brig. Gen. William E. Brougher, a survivor of the Bataan death march, finds surcease from that awful chapter of American history in his all-round garden that bears fruits, flowers and vegetables. Philip G. Stokes, a retired rear admiral, became so absorbed in his orchids that he now grows them commercially.

The therapy of gardening is explained by another Atlantan, Dr. Floyd Harper, professor of actuarial science at Georgia State College, in a sentence, "I know of no better tranquilizer for frayed nerves than the down-to-earth contacts experienced by the gardner."

My friend George Lirely, an agronomist with the Illinois Central Railroad, expresses the same thought this way: "There's not a man living who didn't have a farming ancestor with dirt under his nails. We all want to do something with our hands. And if you can't relax your tensions in your garden after a day of fooling around with IBM machines, pulling teeth or running trial balances, you're lost."

Medicine for a Sick Continent

(Continued from Page 21)

through the blood streams and digestive tracts of her suffering millions. And they are unbelievably difficult to cope with. Poor nutrition and poverty abet the germs; superstition and taboos complicate the cure.

Yet of all the problems afflicting the huge, troubled continent, those concerned with health are the ones in which help from the United States and other western countries is most welcomed and appreciated. Medical assistance is, moreover, the type of foreign aid with which we have had the longest experience, beginning as it did with the missionary doctors, who have been serving for more than a century.

During a recent visit to several African countries—French Cameroons (now independent Cameroon), Gabon, Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda and Egypt—my wife and I saw an unforgettable cross-section of these health burdens. Here was an infant, wrapped in a frayed blanket, dying from a malarial infection of the brain. "A third of the babies in this part of Cameroon are born with malaria," Dr. Dale G. Foster, the doctor at the Presbyterian mission at Sakbayeme, told us. "It is a main cause of infant mortality." In a university-affiliated hospital in Uganda were infants marked by the apathy, the puffiness and the flaking skin of kwashiorkor, a severe protein deficiency. Doctors and nurses there were also striving to save other babies wasted away by general starvation.

Sleeping sickness, once a terrifying scourge of the rain-forest country, has been greatly reduced by modern medicines. But tuberculosis is still a major killer, and venereal diseases, tropical ulcers, skin infections and disabling arthritis are all part of the African burden.

Many of these things we saw against exotic backgrounds of flame trees and bougainvillaea, bright green forests and brown rivers. But the beauty of the surroundings made the misery no less miserable. This is a land where poor health is the common condition of the people, where a third to a half of the infants die in their first year, and only 50 per cent of the survivors live to adulthood.

Africa is short of everything medical—doctors, nurses, hospitals, medicines and modern health information among the people. This last-named deficiency is the most widespread and the most difficult to correct. For primitive man's ideas about food and sickness, as anthropologists have repeatedly pointed out, are bound up in tribal lore and in the supernatural. Therefore it is not enough merely to expose people to the scientifically true and proven. Cultural patterns are deeply ingrained. He who would change them must first understand their mysteries in detail and must then approach the problems with tact and resourcefulness. To western doctors, including missionaries, this is one of the most intellectually stimulating aspects of health work in underdeveloped areas.

Although the pull of tribal traditions is strong, thousands of Africans have rejected them to embrace modern concepts. Many have acquired a college education in America or Europe or in the few universities in Africa. They are in business or the professions, or are serving in government positions at home or in the U.N. We met many others who, lacking a college or medical-school education, have nevertheless become highly skilled in medical techniques. In fact, an outstanding contribution of the medical missionaries in the Cameroon and Ethiopia has been the training of African medical assistants, or *infirmiers*. Starting with no more than a grade-school education, these young men enter a training period which may run to fifteen years or more. It is a combination of formal instruction and apprentice-type experience at the doctor's shoulder. Depending upon the extent of their training, they perform services ranging from wound dressings to Caesarean sections and major surgery of the stomach and intestines.

One of our first stops in a tour of medical missions of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. was at the Central Hospital at Elat, a section of the town of Ebolowa, in Cameroon. The 300-bed hospital was humming with activity. Taxis roared up in clouds of red dust to deposit patients at the entrance of the yellow concrete clinic or the new surgical building across the road. Other patients came on foot, most of the men in blue or white cotton trousers and shirts, some in long wrap-around skirts of gaudy "Independence" cloth. The women wore bright printed dresses, cut in western style, gay kerchiefs at impossible angles on their heads, and solemn-eyed babies on their backs.

In one large, sunny operating room we found five surgical procedures going on at the same time—two hernia repairs (hernias are extremely common here), a pelvic operation, an operation for a bleeding ulcer, and the removal of cancerous tissue from a leg. Two other operations were under way in another wing. Yet the only M.D. present was Dr. Frank W. Newman, the board-certified orthopedic surgeon who directs the hospital. The other surgeons were all skilled

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African assistants, trained by the missionary doctors.

Doctor Newman, a lean, handsome man in his fifties, and his attractive wife, Betty, a registered nurse who supervises the nurses' training, the operating rooms and the orphans' nursery, have an easy relationship with their African colleagues and speak the local Bulu language.

Sixty per cent of the patients coming to the mission hospitals at Elat and at Sakbayeme, the second largest hospital in the group, require surgery. The mission doctors say they could not begin to meet the demand without the trained assistants. Most of these men arrived at their present positions of gowned and masked responsibility over long and difficult paths. For Jerome Nko, the genial, graying first medical assistant at Elat, the route began with a frightening boyhood experience and a clean break with what he realized were cruel tribal customs.

When Jerome was a small boy, his father, a chief with eight wives, was bitten by a snake as he walked through the forest. His leg swelled rapidly and he became desperately ill. For three days he lay in pain and fever. Finally the elders of the village called in a witch doctor, who questioned the wives and performed a dance to find out who was responsible for the chief's misfortune. Suddenly, as the witch doctor pranced about among the frightened villagers, he whirled on the chief's favorite wife, Jerome's mother, and accused her of having cast a magic spell, sending the snake to bite her husband so she could marry another man.

The people at once leaped on the poor woman and began to beat her with sticks. Jerome, although terrified by the sudden attack, pleaded with his relatives and persuaded them to take his apparently dying father and his mother to the mission hospital. There the doctor upbraided the chief for believing the accusation against his wife. "No magic caused this sickness of yours," he said. "You know you were bitten by a poisonous snake. You should thank God that your life has been spared."

The chief, his wife and Jerome were all so shaken by the experience and so impressed by their subsequent treatment in the mission hospital that they became Christians. Jerome determined to acquire an education in medicine. When he finished school, he entered the medical assistants' course at Elat, where he has been on the staff for many years.

The preparation of the medical assistants is by no means as thorough as the graduate physicians', but they meet an urgent need in tropical Africa—the vast area south of the Sahara and north of the Union of South Africa. The present supply of M.D.'s here is estimated at 7500, or only one doctor to every 22,000 people. In some regions the distribution is as thin as one to 164,800. In the U.S. the ratio is one doctor per 750 persons.

Jerome and Doctor Newman and their fellow surgeons at Elat operate in modern tile-floored surgical units. But the wards of the typical mission hospital in Cameroon are low brick structures, usually with dirt floors and roofs of palm thatch or corrugated iron. Some of the beds are spring cots, with mattresses, and for these the patient pays about forty-two cents a day, which is still more than half of the workingman's average daily wage of seventy-seven cents. Most of the beds, however, are shallow boxes on legs or plain wooden frames with rope springs, and for them no charge is made. Patients pay for medicines, X rays, laboratory work and surgery, if they are able. Fifteen to twenty per cent of the mission medical services are given free.

Scattered around and beneath the hospital beds are the simple miscellany of the African household—black iron cooking pots, brightly decorated enamel basins, potatoes, peanuts, lengths of sugar cane, clusters of bright orange palm nuts, and that ever-present staple of tropical African diet, ground and fermented manioc, neatly wrapped in plantain leaves. The faintly sour smell of the manioc blends with the odor of palm oil in a characteristic aroma that pervades every Cameroonian hospital, home, bus and railway coach.

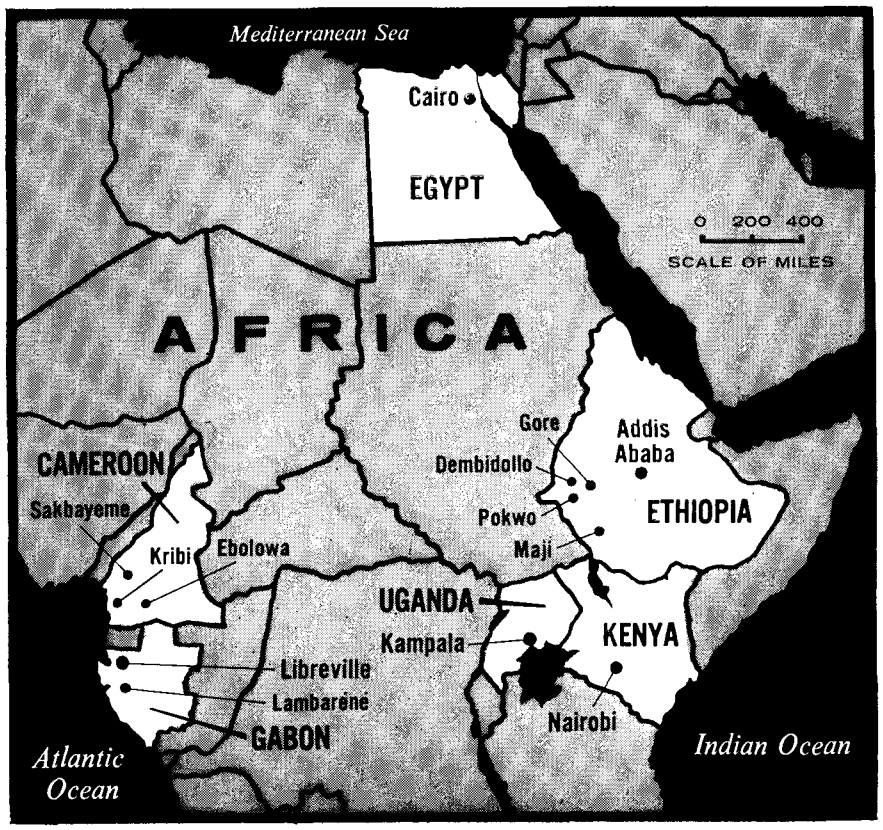
Women relatives do much of the nursing and also provide the patients' meals. The common dishes are peanut gravy on manioc or rice, and gourds, cooked like squash.

The average Cameroon family obtains enough starchy food from its forest garden and its clump of banana trees; but few eat enough meat. Because of animal sleeping sickness transmitted by tsetse flies, cattle cannot be raised in the south. The sheep, goats and chickens are hoarded for special feast days or as wealth with which to buy wives. As a consequence of their low protein intake, a majority of people coming to the hospital are anemic.

Another cause of anemia is hookworm, which produces internal bleeding. And nearly everyone is infested with one or more kinds of intestinal parasites. These, of course, are the common curse of most of the underdeveloped areas of the world. "If someone would just send over machines to drill a few thousand ten-inch privy holes six meters deep," remarked Doctor Newman, "and provide concrete covers for them, this would be far cheaper than the cost of treating all the patients with worms and burying those who die of dysenteries and typhoid."

Public-health needs are similarly acute across the continent in Ethiopia, where both the Christian missions and the Ethiopian Government are striving to meet them. A government school at Gondar, operated partly by United States Point Four personnel, is turning out qualified public-health officers to man centers throughout the country. Presbyterian hospitals are training medical assistants. And recently His Majesty, Haile Selassie, asked the United Presbyterian Church to staff a proposed fifty-bed hospital at Gore and supervise fifteen health centers in surrounding parts of Ilubabor province, in western Ethiopia.

Distribution of all medical care in Ethiopia, however, is complicated by rugged terrain and sketchy communication and transport facilities. Its 20,000,000 people live in a country roughly the size and shape of the combined states of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana. It is a wild and beautiful land of thorn-tree deserts and thinly forested mountains. Nearly every mountain top is farmed by a different tribe, speaking a different language. The only railroad is a line from Addis Ababa, the capital, to Djibouti, in French Somaliland on the Gulf of Aden. Good roads are few, and over many routes mules are more reliable than cars. The airplane has opened up the country, of course, but neither the Ethiopian Airlines, which piles passengers, bags of coffee and bales of hides into the same C-47's, nor the small Missionary Aviation Fellowship plane can land at some of the remote mountain villages.



Author Spencer and his wife visited hospitals in six countries during their tour.

Where medical attention is available, however, people will walk for days to obtain it, as we found at Maji, 8000 feet up in the mountains of southwest Ethiopia. We ourselves arrived here via a Missionary Aviation Fellowship flight to a desert airstrip thirty-five miles from Maji. There we were met by Fred and Daisy Russell, a jovial, ruddy-cheeked missionary couple who have roughed it in Ethiopia for more than thirty years. In their four-wheel-drive jeep we crawled back up the mountain road they had just descended, a six-hour trip each way over what was virtually one long, steep, twisting boulder field.

Yet this was fast travel compared to the journey made by patients we saw next morning at the Maji clinic. Here Mrs. Nessie Pollock, widow of a missionary doctor and now a nurse, was treating a family of almost naked Termas. They had hiked for three days from their own cluster of grass huts in the warmer lowlands to seek help for their twin babies, seriously sick with pneumonia.

In the forty-degree morning air of the mountain top they were shivering and their teeth were chattering. The man had a small blanket over his shoulder. That was all. His wife and her sister wore short leather aprons, and a half-dozen necklaces of colored beads. One woman had a clay saucer four inches in diameter in her lower lip, Ubangi fashion. The other had removed her saucer, and her open lip hung in a loose loop. The babies were completely naked except for a few beads.

No one at the clinic could understand the Terma language, nor could the Termas understand Maji or Amharic, the official language of Ethiopia.

"I had a hard time with them yesterday when they arrived, poor things," Mrs. Pollock told us. "The mother pushed me away when I tried to give the babies penicillin shots. I finally won out, and today the babies are better, so the mother is co-operative."

The citizens of Maji, also at the clinic for treatment, wore the conventional Ethiopian dress. For women this is a long white garment, like the classic Greek robe, with a red or green border. Their crown of fluffy black hair is confined in a black or brightly colored net. The men affect the military jacket and jodhpurs favored by their emperor, and both sexes drape the shamma, or scarf, over their shoulders, pulling it around the head and face in cool weather.

At the thirty-bed hospital at Dembidollo Dr. Troy O. Morgan, a young Oklahoman, keeps a busy schedule, assisted by two graduate nurses—Gerda Kleinn from Germany and Felisa Manongdo from the Philippines—eight Ethiopian dressers and four Ethiopian women aides. He is also conducting a dressers', or medical assistants', school.

During hospital rounds we were introduced to a pair of newborn twins, Esther and Ruth, held proudly in the arms of their nine-year-old sister, Almaze Gezau. "One of them was born at home," explained Nurse Kleinn, "and the mother came to the hospital when she realized another was still to come. But both the mother and the father have active tuberculosis, so they sent Almaze here to learn to take care of them."

The treatment most in demand throughout Ethiopia is a "murphy," by which the patients mean an injection. The Amharic word for needle or pin is "marfi," which to American ears has an Irish sound. "Murphies" are given for many of the complaints at Dembidollo, including vitamin and calcium deficiencies. And we accompanied Doctor Morgan and two dressers, Ijerso Amunta and Abdessa Yohannes, to a small village out in the hills to give preventive "murphies" against typhus fever.

"More than 170 people died of typhus during the past several months in a district near Dembidollo," Doctor Morgan said, "and we are trying to give preventive inoculations to as many as possible."

A twenty-minute flight dropped us from the comparatively cool 7000-foot Dembidollo plateau to the tropical heat of Pokwo, 5000 feet lower on the Baro River, a tributary of the White Nile. The people here are tall, lithe, blue-black Anuaks, a Nilotic tribe, most of whose 40,000 members live across the border in the Sudan. Fishermen, farmers and hunters, they are grateful to the missionaries, who have done much to improve their lives without too much alteration of their customs. Their clothing is still appropriately minimal. An apron of goatskin or a brief length of cloth tied around the waist is standard attire for either sex. Sometimes a longer piece of blue or brown homespun is thrown over the shoulder, toga fashion. Both men and women do their hair in dozens of tiny braids, arranged in patterned rows over the head. Some of the girls "set" their hair in corkscrew curls with red river clay. Most of them wear ruffs of wiry black giraffe-hair necklaces, strung with

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bright beads and leather amulets; and a single chain of beads hangs from the pierced lower lip of some of the women.

Sitting on the concrete floor of the high-roofed, open-sided waiting room at Pokwo ("place of life") were fifty-five or sixty persons, many of them women with naked babies on their laps or at the breast.

"*Dery jono*," they said, in the Anuak greeting, which means, "Is your body light?"—an expression similar to our own "How do you feel?"

"*Ya, dery jono*," replied Dr. Dan Reynolds, the young missionary physician, letting his tongue roll over the "r" as the Anuaks did.

Simon, Doctor Reynolds's chief dresser, or medical assistant, registering patients at a white table, motioned two or three to follow us into an inner examining room. One was a young woman holding a baby whose eyes were red with trachoma, an infectious disease that blinds thousands of Africans. Doctor Reynolds squeezed antibiotic ointment into the eyes and urged the mother to repeat the treatment three times a day for three to six weeks.

"We tell them this," he said to us, "but we're lucky if they keep it up for even three or four applications. As soon as the baby feels better they'll stop."

As she left, the woman handed another medical assistant, Amos Ajulo Jwok, a gourd bowl containing six ears of corn. Patients also pay with eggs or chickens.

Doctor Reynolds sees as many as 130 patients a day, and to the usual array of Ethiopian ailments he must add snakebites, spear and gunshot wounds and horribly mutilating injuries inflicted by crocodiles.

The next patient was the victim of a poisonous black snake, which she said had crawled under her sleeping net. The venom of this variety is tissue-toxic and it had produced a deep ulcer in her leg that was slow in healing.

"We'll have to try a graft," Reynolds said. "You know the Anuaks like the kind I use on these cases, and on bad burns—a pinch graft, with bits of skin from other parts of the body spotted like islands on the raw area. When they heal they make marks like tribal scars."

Of all the health problems that undermine the African's energy, none is so insidious, so entwined in tradition and therefore so difficult to correct as the errors in his eating habits. These are a major contributing cause of chronic illness and early deaths.

Particularly vulnerable are the infants and young children. No one is more keenly aware of their needs, and of the cultural obstacles to be overcome, than Dr. Derrick B. Jelliffe, a British doctor who has studied the care and feeding of children in many of the tropical and subtropical areas, where more than half of the world's children live. Doctor Jelliffe is presently the UNICEF professor of pediatrics at the medical school of Makerere College in Uganda. Here he is ideally situated to explore the mysteries of African diets and to help improve them. For Makerere, also called the University College of East Africa, is a bright crucible of the tribal and the modern, one of the continent's finest schools of higher learning. Its handsome buff and red-tile-roofed buildings, modern in design, stand on the green hills of Kampala, the principal city of Uganda. The British territories of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika—all in the process of achieving independence—share in the financing and management of Makerere. Most of its 900 students come from these three countries, many of them on government or tribal scholarships.

Collaborating with Doctor Jelliffe in the nutrition studies are Dr. F. John Bennett, professor of preventive medicine, and Dr. Richard F. A. Dean, for many years the director of the British Research Council's Infantile Malnutrition Research Unit at Mulago Hospital, which is affiliated with Makerere's medical school.

"We face peculiar challenges in this work," Doctor Jelliffe remarked. "We can't assume that all local dietary customs are wrong. We try to determine which really are harmful, which are beneficial, and which are neither, but merely strange to our eyes."

One nutritionally sound habit the East African tends to give up as he becomes "urbanized" is the eating of ants. They are in ample supply in the huge red anthills that rise like sand castles from the flat ground. "We've had the ants analyzed," Doctor Jelliffe told us, "and they are a good source of protein—about thirty per cent. But the partially educated Baganda are ashamed to eat them. I say to them, 'Why should you be ashamed? All of us have our peculiar dietary practices. Some of us eat shrimps and snails. So what's wrong with ants?' Actually, I've tried them. They are crunchy and sort of fishy."

Another traditional practice the doctors consider beneficial is the prolongation of breast feeding well into the second year. Mother's milk is the most dependable source of protein for African babies, especially in tsetse-fly regions where cow's milk is unavailable.

"Unfortunately, as the mothers become exposed to western ideas and advertising," said Doctor Jelliffe, "some become just sophisticated enough to want to stop breast feeding. But they don't have enough money or information to provide proper substitute food. They mix powdered milk, in skimpy quantities, with contaminated, unboiled water for bottle feeding, and this is almost a lethal combination.

"Here you see some of the results of these dietary mistakes," the doctor remarked, as we entered a children's ward of Mulago Hospital. In the first bed was a pitiful bundle of skin-covered bones. Every tiny rib stood out. The dark skin hung in loose wrinkles on the arms and legs. The pinched face was that of a sad old man.

"This is marasmus," said Doctor Jelliffe, "a disastrous lack not only of protein but of calories from all sources—in other words, total starvation. The child is three months old. His mother died two weeks after he was born, and since there were no women relatives to help out, the father tried to care for him alone. He fed him only a thin corn gruel and some mashed plantain. When the baby got diarrhea he fed him even less, and this is the result. We are giving him milk and vitamins and minerals, by tube—and we're hoping."

In the next ward was an infant whose expressionless eyes stared from a puffy face. Her arms and legs were swollen, her skin flaking as though she had been boiled in oil. Doctors have described this as "the most fatal and widespread nutritional disorder known to medical science." It is a severe and specific type of protein deficiency, and it goes by the name of kwashiorkor, a word in the Ga language of Ghana referring to a child "displaced" by another pregnancy.

First identified in 1933 in Ghana by Dr. Cecily Williams, kwashiorkor is now recognized in all of the underdeveloped countries as one of the world's major pediatric problems. We had seen dozens of cases in Guatemala several years ago, and others in India. Dr. Robert Collis, in his book *African Encounter* (Scribner's), tells of treating 400 children with kwashiorkor in the University Hospital at Ibadan, Nigeria, in a year and a half. He remarks that "the mortality rate remained over twenty-five per cent and seemed to baffle all attempts to lower it by modern treatment," an experience many other physicians have had.

Principal lifesaver for these youngsters is skim milk, sometimes with extra milk protein added. Antibiotics are also administered—and skillful and affectionate nursing care to get the baby to eat. But all this often comes too late. To make real headway against this lethal type of malnutrition, one must focus on causes and their prevention, as the Makerere doctors are doing. Kwashiorkor in Uganda is the product of several "cultural variants" in child rearing. First the mother stops nursing the baby—usually because she is pregnant again. She then places him on a diet woefully short of proteins—corn gruel, perhaps, or "matoke," which is steamed plantain, the favorite dish of Uganda.

Here is the second cultural variant contributing to kwashiorkor. For matoke is not only a popular food consumed in huge quantities by the Baganda people but its source is a plant of great emotional and symbolic importance to them. Plantain—the variety of banana always eaten cooked—is said to have been introduced into their country by Kintu, founder of the tribe. Beer is brewed from its leaves. When a baby is born, it is placed on fresh plantain leaves. The only trouble with matoke is that it contains but 1 per cent protein and almost no vitamins. In short, it's a poor food for the growing child.

But how do you change a dietary pattern based on a great national dish?

"You teach the mothers that matoke is a good energy food," the Makerere doctors explained, "but that it is even better when given with other items high in proteins, such as skinned red beans, powdered peanuts, an egg or some fish, or even ants and green grasshoppers." As additional preventive weapons against kwashiorkor, Doctor Jelliffe and Doctor Dean have incorporated some of the local protein foods into "formula mixes," to be given when the babies are weaned.

In the Uganda culture is a third factor that has much to do with the poor nourishment of the young child. This is the custom of sending him away to live with relatives when another baby is born. There are many explanations for the practice; it comforts an elderly relative, cements clan solidarity, avoids "spoiling" the child, and lightens the mother's burden. But Doctor Dean and Dr. Marcelle Geber, who have studied the effect on many children, find that it is nutritionally harmful. The toddler is not only suddenly deprived of breast milk; in his abrupt separation from the mother he often refuses to eat at all.

But not all native customs are harmful, as the Makerere doctors emphasize. For example, the often-remarked precocity of the African baby, who can sit up, walk, talk and use his hands months before the white child of the same age, may result from sound practices during his first year or two of life. Doctors Dean and Geber suggest that the close companionship of mother and child, with the infant on her back, going wherever she goes and seeing the world around him, may partly account for his rapid development. Unfortunately, the precocity seems to disappear by the age of three.

Is it the child's "displacement" by the next baby, the shift from good feeding to poor, that slows his advance? Can something be done to maintain the precocity and improve the growing African's chances in later life? These are among many questions that challenge the observant health worker in Africa, whether he is attached to a mission, medical school or government hospital. In joint efforts to find useful answers, the westerner and the African should do much to smooth the path to independence. THE END

"Back to the salt mines!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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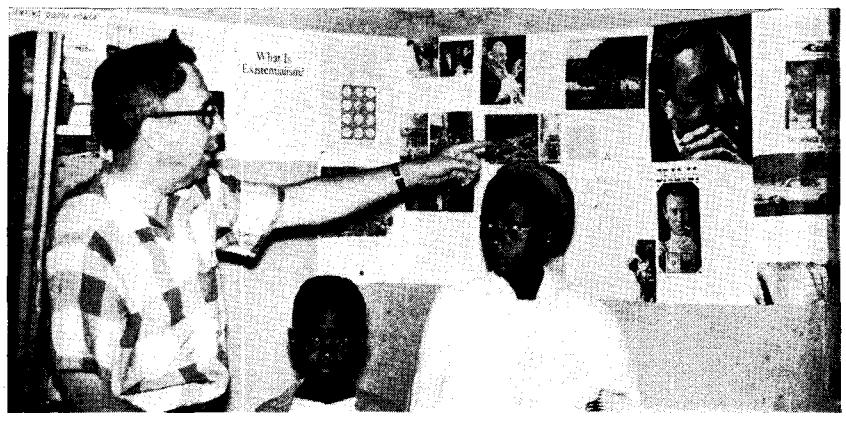

The Post's Steve Spencer encounters existentialism in Ethiopia.

On September eighteenth Alfred A. Knopf will publish *Adventures of the Mind, Second Series.*

This announcement gives us particular pleasure, for in April of 1958, when we launched our ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, there was considerable skepticism even among our staff that more than a handful of readers would relish an opportunity to stretch their mental muscles. The doubters doubt no more. Our first Adventure inspired one of the biggest mail responses in *Post* history. Newspapers hailed the series as "courageous exploration," "a splendid service," "a milestone in the publishing business." Knopf published a collection of Adventures which later was offered through the Book-of-the-Month Club; it is being printed by foreign publishers in seven languages and by the U. S. Information Agency in thirty-eight languages. Sales of the book in this country are nearing the 180,000 mark, and an additional 20,000 copies have been sold in a Vintage paperback edition. Most important, the series is being discussed: Many of the essays are required reading in colleges; Philadelphia's Junto Adult School offers a series of ADVENTURES OF THE MIND luncheon lectures called Lunch 'n' Learn; the Pakistan Air Force plans to make the book available to its men.

Next week we shall publish Adventure No. 86 and tell you how you may order *Adventures of the Mind, Second Series.*

Coincidentally, **Richard Thruelsen** and **John Kobler**, the *Post* editors who conduct the series, have articles of their own in this issue. Thruelsen is on page 30 with TOURISTS' NEW FRONTIER; Kobler is on page 26 with a piece on the so-called Establishment—WHO REALLY RULES ENGLAND?

Kobler took a close look at England's Establishment during a five-week search for ADVENTURES OF THE MIND contributors in Europe and the British Isles. Many people he saw were both potential contributors and either members of the Establishment or authorities on it. Indeed, articles by four of them—Stephen Spender, John Wain, C. S. Lewis, Owen Barfield—will appear in *Adventures of the Mind, Second Series.*

Thruelsen took his family with him when he did his tourism research, and one night in the dining room of a posh hotel his seven-year-old son Eric spotted a beady-eyed intruder. "A mouse!" said Eric. "Throw him a crumb," suggested a man at an adjoining table. When the man took a closer look at our editor, he did a double take. "Thruelsen!" he said. "Greenstein!" said Thruelsen. The man turned out to be Cal Tech astrophysicist **Jesse Greenstein**, whose NATURAL HISTORY OF A STAR will appear in *Adventures of the Mind, Second Series.*

And if those aren't enough coincidences for one afternoon, we submit a photograph (left) of Contributing Editor **Steven M. Spencer** in the home of a Maji, Ethiopia, schoolteacher. While at work on MEDICINE FOR A SICK CONTINENT (page 20) Spencer spied *The Post*'s big-as-life photograph of philosopher **William Barrett** on the schoolteacher's mud-plastered wall. (Barrett's essay, WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM?, may be found to the right of Spencer's nose. It may also be found in *Adventures of the Mind, Second Series.*) Posing with Spencer are the son and wife of the schoolteacher. We wish we could state that their wall display indicates a desire to discover what some leading intellectuals have to say about man's ever more complex existence. Sad to report, no member of the family can read English. But they do feel our articles make fascinating pin-ups.

Authors' Gallery

Evans.

Rowland Evans Jr. is a New York *Herald Tribune* political correspondent who got to know John Fitzgerald Kennedy (THAT WIT IN THE WHITE HOUSE, page 19) quite well during the 1960 Presidential campaign and has seen him frequently since then. One day when Kennedy and Evans were talking politics, Kennedy looked at his watch, said he had to fly to Milwaukee right away, and why didn't Evans come along. "I went, without a dollar in my pocket or an overcoat on my back. Borrowed same, plus a razor, from Pierre Salinger on arrival in Milwaukee. Typical Kennedy style."

William E. Barrett of Denver, author of THE EYEBALL BIKINI (page 18), considers himself a serious writer (although not as serious as the William Barrett mentioned above). His novels include *The Left Hand of God* and *Shadows of the Images.* But *The Post*, he claims, inspires him to concoct such eccentric characters as a lady pilot whose plane collides with an eagle, and a Yankee who entertains Spaniards with his guitar-playing. Barrett says he has no idea how his current story got into his mental file. "I have never seen an eyeball bikini, and it is not the kind of thing a man would imagine, is it?"

Barrett.

Craig, Tolbert, Cunningham.

Robert Craig, an Army Air Forces veteran who writes technical films at Orlando Air Force Base, dreamed up FOREST OF DEATH (page 28) while in a Panamanian tropical rain forest, gathering material for a survival-training film. In our picture he's with Brig. Gen. Joseph A. Cunningham, boss of the Air Rescue Service, and M/Sgt. Charles Tolbert of the Pararescue airmen, who parachute into isolated areas to give emergency medical aid. Craig wrote a *Post* story about the Pararescuers, and you will see it in due course under the title, JUMP INTO PERIL.

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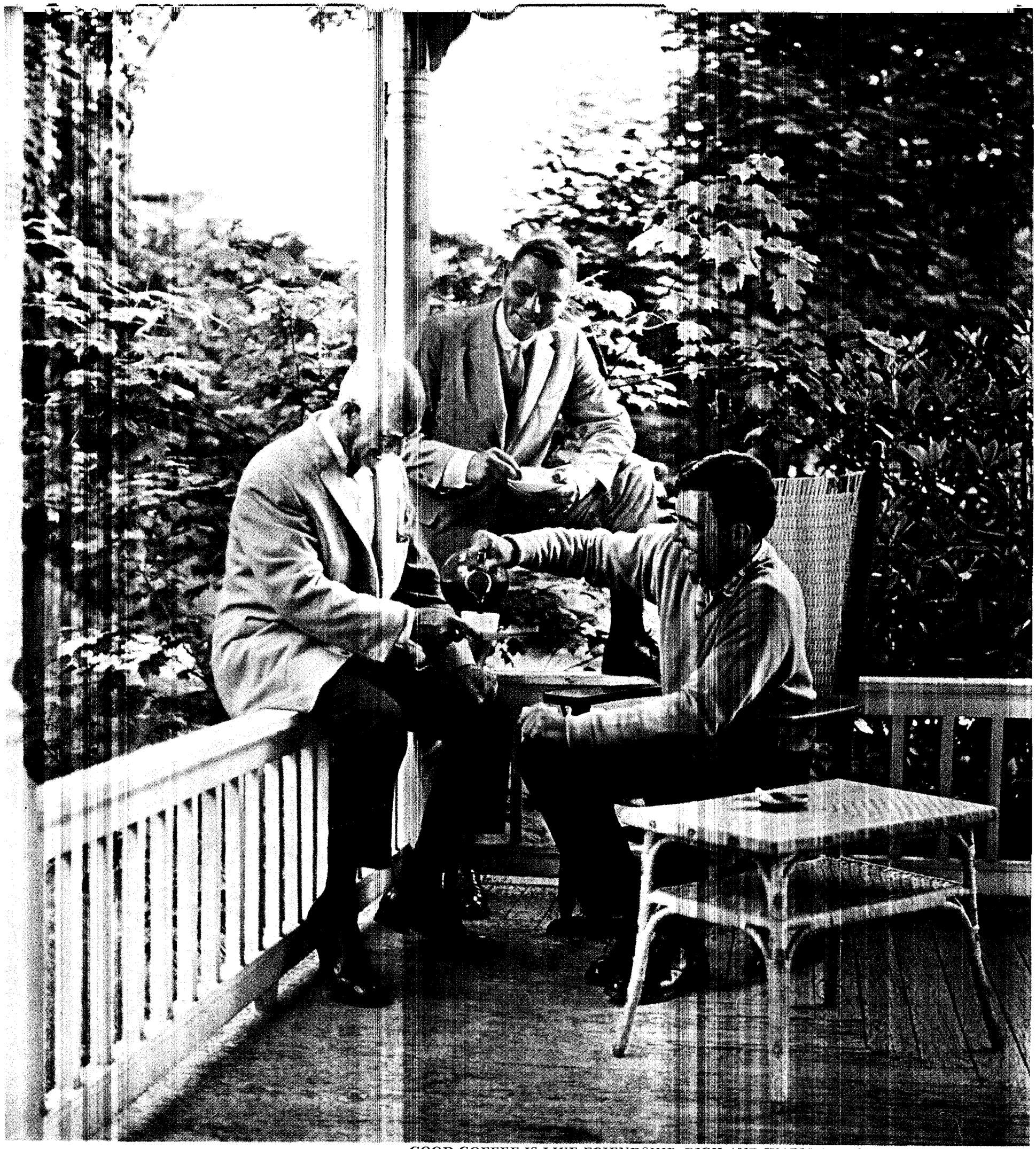

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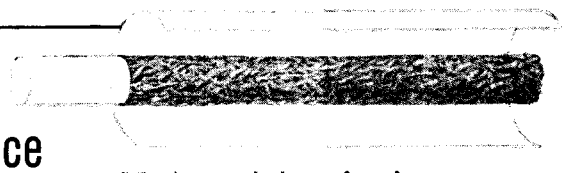

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